They Say

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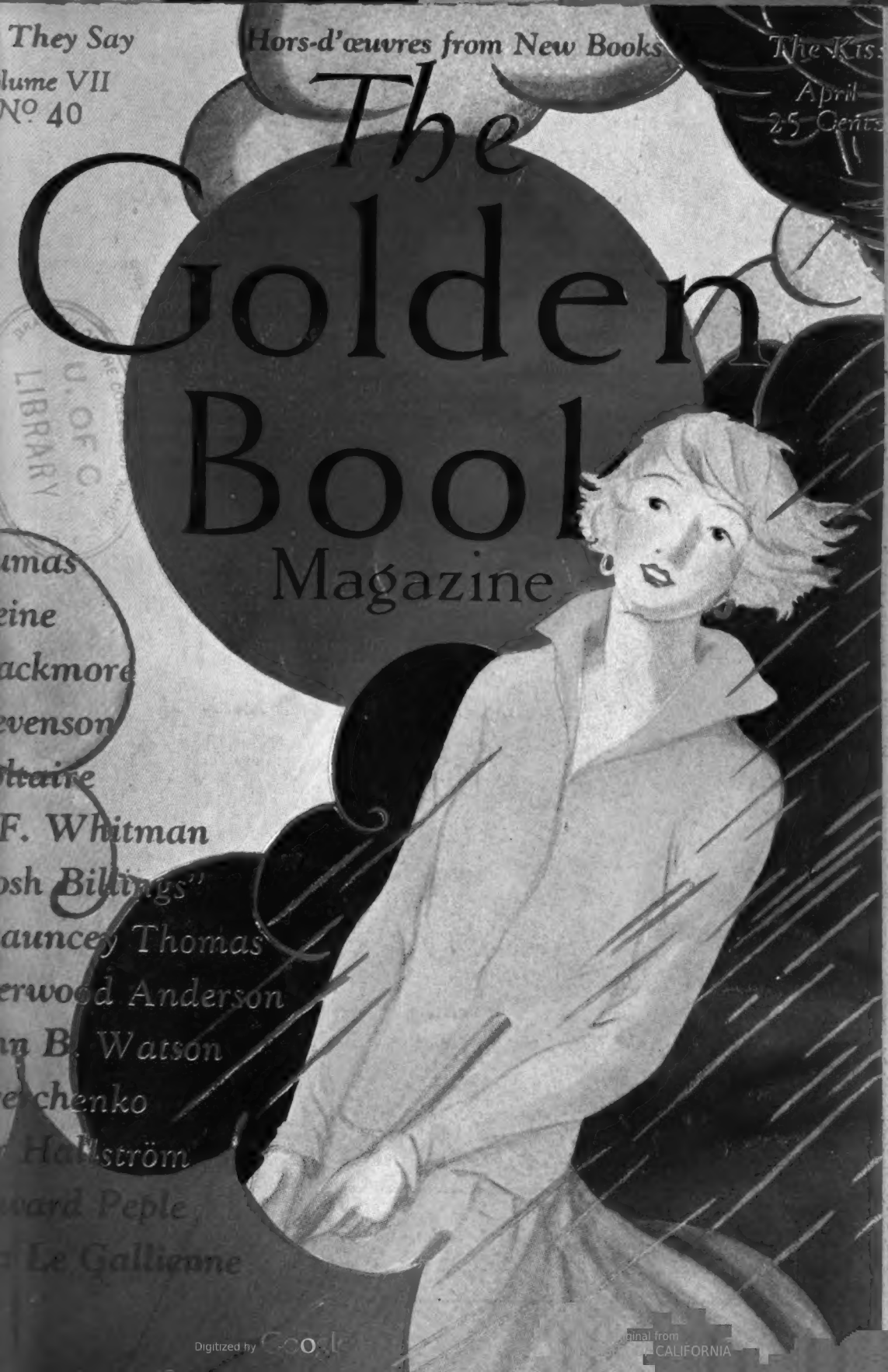
The Golden Book Magazine



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Perhaps the cigarette *you* smoke is *too strong !*

Cigarette taste gone stale. Not feeling yourself.

You need a mild cigarette. The mildest—Johnnie Walker.

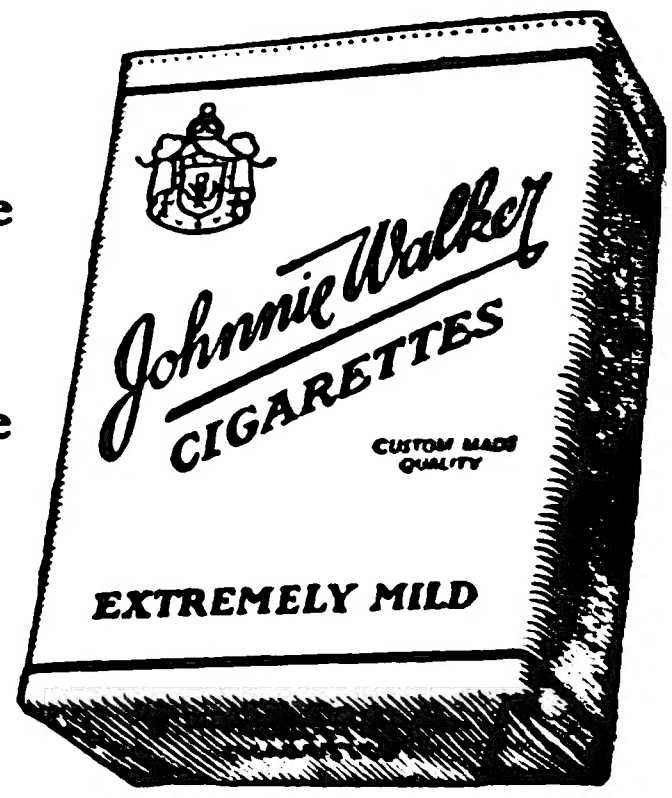
A cigarette of full flavor that never irritates.

Johnnie Walkers cost a bit more.

With good reason. Only the tenderest portions of fine tobacco in Johnnie Walkers. Vacuum-cleaned.

No stems—no bitter ends—no grit.

Wake up a sleeping cigarette taste with Johnnie Walkers. Try them—They are mild.



Johnnie Walker cigarettes

20 for 20c

EXTREMELY MILD • • • YET FULL FLAVORED

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Analasiss of the Frog

By JOSH BILLINGS

Illustrations by Heinrich Kley

IN WRITING for yu an analasiss ov the frog, i must confess that i hav coppied the whole thing, "verbatus ad liberating," from the works ov a selebrated French writer on natural history, ov the 16th sentry.

The frog iz, in the fust case, a tadpole, aul boddy and tail, without cuming tew a head.

He travels in pond holes, bi the side ov the turnpike, and iz accellerated bi the acktivity ov his tail, which wriggles with uncommon limberness and vivacity. Bi and bi, pretty soon before long, in a few daze, his tail iz no more, and legs begin to emerge from the south end ov the animal; and from the north end, at the same time, may be seen a disposition tew head out.

In this cautious way the frog iz built, and then for the fust time in his life begins tew git his head abuv water.

His success iz now certain, and soon, in about five daze more, he may be seen sitting down on himself bi the side ov the pond hole, and looking at the dinner baskets ov the children on their way tew the distrikt skoolhous.

Az the children cum more nearer, with a club, or chunk ov a brickbat in his hand tew swott him with, he rares up on his behind leggs, and enters the water, head fust, without opening the door.

Thus the frog duz bizzness for a spell of time, until he gits tew be 21, and then his life iz more ramified.

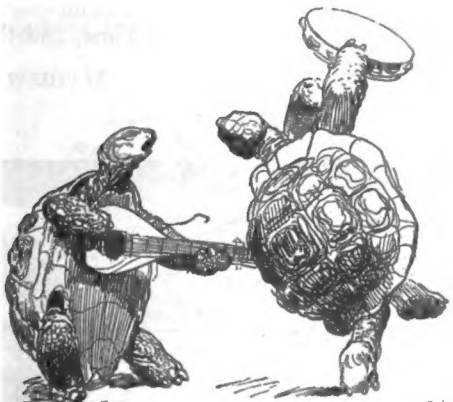
Frogs hav 2 naturs, ground and water, and are az free from sin az an oyster.

I never knu a frog tew hurt ennyboddy who paid his honest dets and took the daily papers.

I don't reckoleckt now whether a frog has enny before leggs or not, and if he don't it ain't enny boddy's bizzness but the frog's.

Their hind leggs are used for refreshments, but the rest ov him won't pay for eating.

A frog iz the only person who kan live in a well, and not git tired.



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APRIL

WELCOME sweet April! thou gentle Midwife of May's Pride, and the Earth's green Livery. Methinks I heare the little sweet birds making ready their warbling Accents to entertaine the Rising Sun and welcome him from the Antipodes and those remoter Regions that have all this Winter rob'd us of his comfortable beames and benigne influence. But now the Cuckoe is come and the laborious Bees looke aboute for honey. The Nightingale begins to tune her melodious throat against May; and the Sunny showers perfume the Aire. The Dew hangs in Pearles upon the tops of the grasse, while the Turtles sit billing on the little green boughs. The beasts of the Wood look out into the plaines. And the Fishes out of the deep run up into the shallow waters. The Fowls of the Aire begin to build their Nests. The Sun with his refulgent rayes enlightens and warmes the Aire, and the little Flyes to Flock and swarme in it.

Now the Muses try the Poetasters in the Pamflets. Time is now gracious in Nature, and Nature in time. The Aire is wholesome, and the earth pleasant, and the Sea not uncomfortable. The Trowt begins to play in the Brooks, and the Salmon leaves the salt Sea, and in spite of Wind and Tide will sport it in the fresh Rivers, and like the Hyeroglyphick Snake, takes his Tayle in his Mouth, and mounts it over the Mill-Dams. The Garden Banks are full of gay Flowers, and the Thorne and the Plumme are white with faire blossomes. The March colt begins to play; and the Cosset Lamb is learning to But in the Chimney Corner.

The youth of the Country make ready for the Morris-dance and the Merry Milkmaid supplies them with ribands her true Love had given her. The little Fishes lye nibling at the bait; and the Porpus playes in the pride of the Tide. The Shepheards pipe entertains the Princes of Arcadia with pleasant Roundelayes: and the healthful Souldier hath a march of delight. The Aged feele a kind of youth; and youth hath a spirit full of life and activity; the Aged hairs refreshen; and the youthful cheeks are as red as a Cherry; the Lark and the Lamb look up at the Sun, and the Labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day and Faith and Truth make the true Lovers Knot.

It were a World to set down the worth of this Month; for it is Heavens blessing, and the Earths Comfort. It is the Messenger of many pleasures. I hold it in all that I can see in it, the Jewell of Time, and the Joy of Nature.

MATHEW STEVENSON (1661).

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1 The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for *All-Fools' Day;*
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose, for pure merriment; . . .

But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greater *Fool* reputed,
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent.
Poor Robin's Almanack (1760)

2 At the last moment, there is always a reason not existing before,—namely, the impossibility of further vacillation.
GEORGE ELIOT.

3 Next came young April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds. SPENSER.

4 A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears. ALDRICH.

5 O vaporous Moon of Spring,
Would that one plunge into Ocean
Might win me renewal of life
As a part of thy light on the waters.
Japanese (LAFCADIO HEARN).

6 To-day, Good Friday, potato planting, according to Devon tradition and superstition, is the rule in every cottage garden.
Etchingham Letters.

7 The rain, though raining every day
Upon the just and unjust feller,
Falls chiefly on the just—because
The unjust has the just's umbrella.
ANON.

8 I must die in harness, like a hero—or a horse. HOOD.

9 John Morrison, who lives in Bernera, of Harris, wears the plant called fuga dæmonum, sewed in the neck of his coat to prevent his seeing of visions, and says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about with him.
DEFOE.

10 I think often of what the Irishwoman said to me apropos of her sons going away from her to America: "But what use is it to cry, even if ye dhragged the hair out o' yer head! Ye might as well be singin' an' dancin'." She was crying when she said it.
SOMERVILLE.

11 Joy fills my eyes, remembering your hair, with tears,
And these tears roll and shine;
Into my thoughts are woven a dark night with raindrops
And the rolling and shining of love songs.
MIR TAQUI (MATHERS).

12 My Lady Pen comes to me and takes me into her house, where I find her daughter and a pretty lady of her acquaintance with whom I, notwithstanding all my resolution to follow business close this afternoon, did stay talking and playing the fool almost all the afternoon. PEPYS.

13 "But when you take boldness from a lover he is done for, and you may write him down with those who are fit subjects for a dirge." MENANDER.

14 Asses or Mules, rubbing often their ears, or braying much more than usually accustomed, presages Rain. Moles plying their works, in undermining the Earth, foreshews Rain.
Nature Secrets. WILLSFORD (1658).

15 Sweet Spring, thou lingerest; and it should be so . . .
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out!
Like man, when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt. SOUTHEY.

16 He would take very gloomy views of things and say to himself that in spite of all his goodness to them his children did not love him. But who can love any man whose liver is out of order?
SAMUEL BUTLER.

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17 I saw a stranger yestereen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place;
And in the sacred name of the Triune,
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song:
"Often, often, often
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise."
Gaelic.

18 I often shed tears in the motley Strand, for feeling of joy at so much life.
LAMB.

19 But who, Georgian,
Is equal with thee in beauty?
Round thy lily-white forehead
Thy plait can run twice:
Thy charming eyes
Are brighter than day, blacker than night.
Whose voice can express more strongly
The transports of ardent desire?
Whose passionate embrace is more alive
Than thy incisive kisses?
PUSHKIN (MIRSKY).

20 To appreciate Hamlet . . . will not be much use in practical life, except in those rare cases where a man is called upon to kill his uncle.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.

21 In the country half the population are talked into marriage, and gossips entirely devote themselves to continuing the species. MEREDITH.

22 It was not earth, it was not heaven,
It was myself that sang in me.
SARA TEASDALE.

23 When heaven begins and the dead arise no trumpet is blown. Perhaps the south wind will blow. THOREAU.

24 If you let a fool alone he will talk about himself, and let him be ever so foolish, this is a subject on which he can scarcely fail to become instructive and eloquent.
MME. GEOFFRIN.

25 In vain the orioles tempt me with their song to stray beneath the flowering trees;
In vain the grasses lure me by their colour to sit beside the pond.
There is one thing and one alone I never tire of watching—
The spring river as it trickles over the stones and babbles past the rocks.
PO CHÜ-I (WALEY).

IN RUSSIA

26 The grandfather is given fish to eat, and if it does not poison him and he remains alive, then all the family eat it.
CHEKHOV.

27 He that at midnight . . . should hear —the clear airs, the sweet descants— of her voice (*the nightingale*), might well say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"
IZAAK WALTON.

28 "Art," he continued, with a wave of the hand, "is merely the refuge which the ingenious have invented, when they were supplied with food and women, to escape the tediousness of life."
MAUGHAM.

29 I will lie down within,
Behold, I am sick with wrongs.
Then my neighbours come in
To visit me.
My Love cometh with them;
She will make a laughing-stock of the physicians:
She knoweth mine illness.
EGYPTIAN. (XVIII Dynasty papyrus).

30 "When ryes and rawnies lives together in dingles, without being certificated, I calls such behaviour being tolerably deep in the roving line, everything savouring of what I am determined not to sanctify. I have suffered too much by my own certificated husband's outbreaks in that line to afford anything of the kind the slightest shadow of countenance."
BORROW.

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The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VII APRIL, 1928 NUMBER 40

The Snow Story

Why the Hot Sulphur Mail Was Late

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS

Chauncey Thomas.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."—SHAKESPEARE.

BERTHOUD PASS is a mighty pass. It is the crest of a solid wave of granite two miles high, just at timber line. Berthoud is a vertebra in the backbone of the continent. It is the gigantic aerial gateway to Middle Park, Colorado—a park one-fifth as large as all England. The mail for this empire is carried by one man—my friend Mason.

On Berthoud is a pebble. One summer a raindrop fell upon that pebble, splashed in two, and each half rolled away; one danced down the Platte-Missouri-Mississippi, the longest river on the globe, to the Atlantic; the other tumbled down the Fraser, rolled along the Grand, thence through the greatest gorge on earth, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where the stars shine by day, to the Pacific. In the clasp of the Berthoud-born raindrop there were Europe and Asia one way, two oceans and the two Americas the other. Then from the two oceans the nebulized half-drops arose, sun-drawn, miles into the zenith and rode the upper winds straight back to Berthoud Pass. There they united and crystallized into a snow-flake. And with it came the cold. There, far above the Pass, the frosted spirit hung in Damoclean deadliness over a creeping speck below—Mason, the mail-carrier.

The rising sun glorified the snowflake; but away down there in Clear Creek Cañon, where other waters gurgled and strangled under the ice, it was still a blue dark. Mason and the sun began to climb. The morning light started down Berthoud just as Mason started up. The snow-flake watched the crawling atom, then blew across the Pass, and from all along the

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range gathered unto itself the storm. On Berthoud was all the power of the Arctic. But the intelligent dot climbed on.

Eleven months of every year there is snow on Berthoud; only in July are the flowers safe. Even then, in shades that the sun cannot reach—packed by the centuries—is snow that fell on the rocks before they were cold. How black, how sharp the shadows are on the heights—and how cold! In them for ages has lurked ice from the continent-grinding glaciers of the North. Silent Christmas finds Berthoud hung with avalanches. At Easter these white thunderbolts come to life; and, leaning over the valleys, are so exquisitely held that they are launched even by an echo touch. Up there in long, wavering lines and tiny whirls the gritty snow blows like sugar. Shrub-like, the tops of pines bend under locks and beards of alabaster moss, their trunks frigid for seventy feet in the crusted depths. Airy crystals float as on Polar fairies' breath; the sunlight is alive with blue sparkles; the twig splitting in the cold sends a puff of frosty feathers; in the gale white shot sings in level volleys. Nature on Berthoud in winter is not dead, but alive. She is congealed into a new life. The very air seems to snap, is thinner as if about to solidify. A mist, frozen to a transparent blue, quivers with its own chill. Water is not ice, but glass. When the black, solid lakes burst and shatter in the awful cold, ice splinters fly and burn like slivers of white-hot iron. Ice powder, hard, dry and sharp, grinds the web snow-shoes like steel filings. On Berthoud at night the stars are near; they silently crackle and spit colours like electric sparks.

In the valley just then the morning star paled as if frozen, and with a spiteful snap winked out. The line of sunlight, halfway down the Pass met Mason, halfway up. The blue-gray cold melted to a flood of heaven's own warmth. It would be warmer soon, then hot, then blistering there on the snow. Mason stopped to rest, panting steam; peeled off his coat and put on his veil.

To climb Berthoud in winter is the work of a man. It is too much for an engine. The man was at his work. Up, slowly up, the east side, around the Big Bend, up to the now deserted mail-barn, laboured the mail-carrier. The summit was a mile farther on and a quarter of a mile farther up. No arranged postal car, warm, light and convenient, was the lot of Mason. The car was on his back, a bag of mail. Contrary to regulations, devised by easy-chair postal officials in far-off Washington, the papers and packages had been held at Empire. Only the letters went over.

"They'll keep," had said the Empire postmaster, a man of vast common sense, as he filled his pipe from Mason's pouch. Then he and Mason had hidden the bag of second-class under the hay in the manger of the mail-team back in Empire until the thaw was over. So Mason traveled light—only sixty-four pounds on his back and twenty pounds of wet snow on each web a foot beneath the surface. By the bleak, now empty halfway station slouched Mason.

"Only zero! Hot. Whe-ew-w!" he gasped, as he wiped the sweat from his eyes with his shirt-sleeve. Mason meant it. Twelve feet of frigid white was between him and the earth; in the shadow the mercury was solid in the split tubes, yet in the sunlight the surface was slush. Mason was in his shirt-sleeves, with fur mittens on his hands. Icicles hung from his eyelashes, yet his cheeks were frying. His nose was a blister, though his face was veiled as heavily as Milady's on an escapade. In the sun the snow was mush—in the shadow it was marble. Such is sunlight and shade on the southeastern snow banks at timber-line. No wind. And the air was thin. Silence. The only sound was the carrier's bellowed breath, and the sock-rasp-splosh of the shoes. And Mason came to the summit—and the shadow. Noon. Here the mercury falls a degree a minute when the sun goes down. A hundred and four at noon, an inch of ice at dawn. The ground is frozen for five hundred and forty feet. Such is the summer summit.

But this was winter. Up the south gorge of the Fraser, from the Pacific side of the Pass, like the burst of a volcano, so cold that the smoke was snow-dust, roared the storm. Mason saw it—looked with the indifferent interest of long experience, and put on his short fur coat. As he retied his snowshoes he looked back—and down. Below him lay the west fork of Clear Creek, green in the coming spring. Mason stood on the rampart of winter. On either side the Pass towered pinnacles of storm-eaten rock, bleak as the Poles themselves. From their tops white powder streamed in the wind like crests, and floured down on the back-turned pigmy at their feet. The carrier was taking with his eyes, from the Atlantic side, a swift, silent good-bye of the infant summer. Straight to the south flamed the sun, so low in the clear sky that

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Mason, standing on Berthoud, felt that it was below him—infernal—and that he stood alone on the tip of the Universe. Behind him the swirling heavens were murky. The world was black, white and thin blue—silent, motionless, and cold, lit, but unwarmed, by the open furnace-door of hell.

But the cold was creeping for Mason's heart, and he flung his arms.

"Good for the legs," he remarked, to a stump that in summer was a dead pine tree. "Track looks like a hobbled elephant. Well—here goes." And down into the gorge went Mason.

That gale had started in Alaska and swept two-thirds of a continent to the southwest. In Montana it had torn the anemometer, the official whirligig, from the signal station, but left the register, and the needle pointed to eighty-five miles an hour. It was faster now. Caught by the wide mouth of the south fork of the Fraser and jammed into the upright narrowing of the rocky defile, the white fiend roared straight into the air a league and back over itself—chaos with flying chains. Into this walked Mason.

A single snow-flake, a bunch of frozen needle points, struck his forehead, but glanced away into the white pandemonium. Snow-sand cut his veil as if blown from a gun. Instantly his breath was sucked from his lungs and sent twenty thousand feet—four miles above the sea. Mason whirled, his back to the flinty sleet, and the storm fell upon the United States mail. But no snow-storm can stop the United States mail. With a belly-jerk Mason wrenched a breath from the torrent.

"Quite a Colorado zephyr," he yelled, but could not hear himself. There was almost perfect silence around him, because he could hear nothing—only a leaden roar. No slush here; the surface was sand paper. Zip-zip-zip, with his head low, Mason butted down the gulch. Then it eased up. The wind dropped to a mile a minute, and cleared greatly. Mason could see ten feet ahead. Easier now, he loped over the crust, down, down, down, leaving no track—not even a whiff of snow was blown from the trail. The snow was as hard, sharp, and glittering in the white night as the surface of broken steel. A blast of snow-sand caught the flying, dropping carrier square in the face. The ground ice cut like powdered glass shot from a battery. Mason, his arms before his head, ran into and leaned against a crackling pine. Amid these convulsions of the Wilderness he seemed like a frightened child.

Suddenly the pine straightened with a snap, quivering as if tired. Mason lowered his arms; all was still, quiet, pleasant. The snow was smiling; the sun was shining; there was no wind. But a mile—now two—boiling in the air—white hell churned.

"Lovely, ain't it? Snowslide gone off wrong end up," said a voice.

Mason jumped. A quick sweep of the distance showed nothing human but himself.

"Did I say that?" he muttered. "This bucking snow is about as good on a man's savvy as herding sheep. I'll be as locoed as a swelled-necked buck if I keep this up—Hello!"

"Howdy?" answered the voice, and from under a sheltering ledge, crusted over but filled soft and dry with icy-down as if banked from a feather-bed, heaved a sheeted figure and shook itself. It fairly rattled.

"Nice little blow, wasn't it? I had an idea I was the only pack animal of the long-eared breed on the Range—but I see I have company; baggage and all. Glad to see you, though. By-the-way, sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to ask you for those shoes—and that coat; also any spare change you've got, your ticker, and that mail-bag. Now don't go off half-cocked and empty, or we'll have trouble."

He of the voice had leveled a long six-shooter, white with frost and snow, at the mail-carrier.

Mason was not startled. What was the use? But he was annoyed—this lack of mountain courtesy. Then he grinned.

"Not this trip, pardner. Your artillery's as full of snow as the Arctic circle; while this instrument I have——"

A burst of flame, smoke and steam exploded between the two men. As it floated upward Mason saw the stranger bend double and squeeze his right hand between his knees. Blood was dripping over his felt boots and overshoes. A splintered six-shooter rang on the ice twenty feet away.

"I told you you'd have fireworks if you turned that ice-jam loose. No wonder she exploded. What'd you expect? You're too experienced a man by the looks of you to throw such a kid trick as that. Thought I wasn't heeled, hey? And you'd work a bluff on me, did you? Going to spear me on an icicle. Now, you fool"—Mason's tone became dry, metallic—"you wiggle

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a hair and I'll kill you. My gun hasn't been out all winter, and it's ready for business. Just off the hip; hot as buckwheats. Now don't do the stage-eye act on me, nor try any football dives—and leave that sticker of yours alone. You might cut somebody with it. No, thank you. I'll help myself. Straighten up now; and turn your back. See here— Are you going to do as I tell you, or shall I fix your hide so that they'll tan it for chair bottoms? Jump lively now, or I'll fill you so full of lead that you'll assay for Georgetown ore and it'll take the coroner's jury twenty-four hours to count the holes. Still, I don't want to kill you. It's a dirty job and I would rather walk you into town than haul you there on your back. Oh, don't go frothing now and sass me back like that. Of course I'm festive. Who wouldn't be, with a five thousand dollar winner—Hold on there.—Five thousand dollar gold mine, as I was a sayin', in your own self as a standing reward for Salarado —N-No. My dear sir, a single jump into my latitude and I'll plug you. Postoffice robber, ugh? And gathered in by Uncle Sam himself in the person of your humble striker. Lord! I ain't talked so much since speech-makin' over good luck come into fashion. Oh, yes; I know you. No; it isn't any lie, either. I have your circular description here in my pocket, right next my heart, to tack up in every mail window in Empire and Hot Sulphur. You're wanted, wanted bad; five thousand dollars' worth of bad, too; and I've got you—and incidentally I intend to keep you. Now drop that cleaver of your'n and shinny on down the trail there, or we'll have troub——"

A mile above a concussion jolted the cliff; a terrific echo to the pistol-shot. Down came the slide—gently at first—so far away it seemed only as wide as one's hand. In an instant the snow shot from under the two men. A mile of snow, bristling hair-like with root-torn pines, thundered down the slope. Mason and Salarado, forgetful of each other, were whirled into the air; and fell back on a huge slab of ice that crashed down that tumbling mountainside unbroken by the mass of fighting logs around it. This piece of ice on which they lay was thick and solid; laced and interlaced with tough brushwood frozen in. This woven acre rode the avalanche like a sled. A crag a quarter of a mile high, ten feet ahead, passed with a roar. A huge pine whipped by faster yet. That rocky spur half a mile down—now behind—was a pain in the ear. Faster, faster, dropping, falling, sailing—they are standing still; but on either side, up from below, the air and the mountains pour—then blackness.

An hour later a mountain lion sneaked over the wreck. A hill of snow, ice, broken stone and splintered logs damned the gulch. Away to the top of the Range the track of the slide lay like a scald. Miles away, high in the air, a cloud of white dust was floating. An eighth of a mile up the opposing slope had shot a huge piece of ice, and lay half buried in the débris. All Nature was hushed as if frightened. A screeching eagle went flapping far away. From under the ruin a wolf howled dismally; then weaker and weaker—a piteous whine—and silence. The frozen wind went up a gulch of naked, fire-blackened pines crooning a requiem. But the music from that wild cathedral breathed not of eternal rest and peace; it chilled the heart in icy triumph. Berthoud has struck a mountainous blow; and humanity—Where were the men?

The panther was hunting; his nose had found them, but not his jaws. Settling himself, he dug. As the famished brute raked a log to one side with his gaunt jaw, he heard a groan within an inch of his ear—whirling, he flashed up the mountainside a streak of yellow. But his work was done.

From the shallow hole reared the mail-sack, and the head and arms of Mason, all chalk-white but his face, which was a ghastly blue. He struggled carefully, then desperately, to free himself; but when he stopped exhausted, only his head and shoulders appeared above the snow.

"Pinned down—dead—my last trip—and yet not hurt. Freeze like a cockroach in the ice-house. Cool, my boy, cool—keep cool. Don't lose your head—don't get rattled, or you're a dead man. Now's when you need all your brains. Keep cool—though you'll be cool enough all too soon."

Mason's head disappeared in the panther-dug hole. Slowly the end of a small log ten feet away rose into the air and fell aside. Up straightened the grizzly head of Salarado, one side daubed with a red slush.

"Well—I—be—damned. This don't look much like hell; still it's a pretty good imitation," growled the desperado as he gazed around the piled confusion. He noticed the straining mail-sack. Salarado waited silently till Mason's haggard face again came above the rim. The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Hurt?" asked Mason.

"Don't think so. Both feet fast. How's yourself?" answered Salarado.

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"One leg in a vise—can't move it. What d'you think?"

"We're done for."

"Guess you're right. How's the snow 'round you?"

"None 't all—all ice. Solid."

"Hold still. I've got one foot a little loose," and Mason stamped on a log far below.

"Same log," said the thief. "Got us both."

Nothing more was said. They went to work. Mason unslung the mail-sack and laid it carefully aside. For an hour both men strained, pulled, twisted and dug at their white irons with bare fingers till the purple ends were raw. Great red finger scratches stained the snow around them. Human fingers are not panther claws. Both men were packed tight up to their arm-pits in solid snow. Four feet below the surface of the ruin their legs were fast between two parallel logs as in a steel trap. An inch closer and their ankles would have cracked like pipe-stems; an inch wider and the two men would have been free. They were not hurt; merely held. Berthoud had been kind only to be cruel.

"No use," panted Mason. "My trail ends here."

"Mine don't. I wish it did," murmured Salarado. The hard tone was gone; the voice was almost gentle. "Hell's ahead of me. You are an honest man, Señor, and have nothing to fear from death; while I"—and there was silence for many minutes. "Many's the time I've faced it, but not when I had to think it over—like this," he continued to himself.

Then they waited. A camp-robber, that bird of winter timberline, came like the blue angel of death, hopped and scolded within a yard of them, and mocked them.

"Lucky jay; you've got what I would give the world for," mused Salarado. Mason said nothing. He was thinking of a little raw-hide dugout down in the hot sands of New Mexico where Mexie lay basking in the sun; and over this picture like a haze crept the scene of a great fire in the night, with Indians about it, and a cauldron of boiling water steaming furiously. With a start Mason looked about him and recognized where he was. This was the cañon where so many years before he had fought the Utes.

"What is it, Señor?" asked Salarado.

"Nothing," answered Mason.

Mason was brave; yet he did not want to die. Life held so much for him to live and to work for, yet he waited calmly; his brain as cold as his freezing foot. At intervals the men struggled, wrenched their muscles with no hope of getting out, but to keep warm. The thirst-fever that comes from pain had dried Mason's tongue. He longed for water. A mouthful of snow burned like hot cinders; he spat it out and pressed his rigid jaw with stiff, bare hands to warm the aching teeth. He looked about for water. Fifty feet up the mountain, in the lead of a boulder, was a spring, but it was solid ink banked with crystal milk. The breeze was gently keen. Mason's clothes grew cold. He felt nude and shrank from them. His skin became small and tight, and smarted as though blistered. A chill shook him. Blunt pains worked along the bones and met in the joints. Each particular finger and toe seemed about to burst. His scalp stiffened. His chin was numb. The cold was gnawing between his shoulders, was biting for his heart. Only the wedged foot was warm, and strangely comfortable. Webs of spidery ice floated and vanished in the cheerful sunlight. Flashing wiggles swarmed before the man's angular eyes like joyous worms, and disappeared only to come again. Mason was freezing. Away in the sky loomed Berthoud Pass, hoary with ice ermine and wrapped in fleecy clouds. To Mason's hopeless eyes the wreath-veils seemed smoke and steam, curiously warm. He shuddered, locked his rattling jaws and grimly faced the end.

Up there on the summit the clouds were of gold; the very top was red. In oblivious majesty eternal rose the Pass; but over and about the two heads sticking in the snow a living spangle, a single snow-flake, flashing, dazzling, glittering, wafted like a dancing diamond. It tickled the cold flesh of Mason's face, then tumbled into the air in a very ecstasy of whirls. The man's head drooped, drooped, dipped, jerked back; dropped again; and hung pendulous. Mason was asleep, warm and comfortable. With a dull yell of pain he awoke. Salarado had hit him in the ear with a snowball.

"Hang on, Señor. Keep a scrapein'. Don't give up," were the rough words of cheer.

Mason knotted his muscles, shook off the torpor as if it were the tightening coils of a cold snake, and rubbed his burning ear.

"What's the use? We'll both be stiff in three hours. Might as well have it over with," replied Mason as if speaking of a card game.

Aroused, he freed his feet of the webs and

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pulled some feeling into the clutched one. From his pocket he took his lunch, until now forgotten, and silently tossed half to his fellow prisoner. The camp-robber captured a piece of meat in the air and flew squawking to a limb. Salarado swore at the bird in profane amusement. Mason re-divided his piece of pork and threw it over. The holdup protested, raked it in, and tossed it back. Mason chewed down his own share, but this piece of meat he put back in his pocket. Salarado looked at him:

"Say, pardner, you're a man."

The fires of life, rekindled, flamed up anew in the desperado.

"I will get loose," he snarled with set teeth as he tore frightfully at the snow around his waist.

"Try this; my hands are too stiff to use it," and Mason threw his watch to Salarado.

"Ah, Señor, a regular snow-plough," grunted the other as he sprang open the lid with his teeth and began to scrape.

"Sa-ay"—the yell rang up the Pass—"here's my knife."

Buried tight in the snow was the knife—Life itself—within easy reach, yet frozen fast. Mason did not answer, but waited. Just then Salarado's dead hands dropped the watch. It vanished along his leg into the black hole that held him, and then faintly clinked on a stone under the log-jam. With a curse the life-long criminal clawed viciously at the snow with scarlet fingers. Ten minutes of bloody scratching cleared the handle and hilt of the heavy bowie; and Salarado's head and shoulders arose triumphant, his gory right hand flourishing the priceless steel. The light from that blade flashed to the very top of Berthoud. Mason writhed to keep warm.

The shadows were growing longer now. In another two hours the sun would be down, and their lives would go out like candles. Salarado jabbed, ripped, strained, and from his burrow hurled ice, snow and splintered wood. Iron against water, with men for stakes. In thirty minutes he was free all but his feet. Both ankles were held between two logs; one thick as his waist, the other a mere pole. Hack, slice, split. In five minutes more Salarado crawled painfully, sweating and breathless, from the hole.

He tried to stand, but tottered and fell as if on stilts. He rubbed, he pounded, he rolled and twisted his numbed calves and feet; the thick, black blood turned bright and throbbed again. Salarado stood erect, danced sorely, and except for his skinless fingers and a scalp wound, now staunched with a frozen plaster of bloody hair, he was as well as ever. The bruised shoulder was unheeded. A lusterless snowflake dropped weakly at the man's feet. He stepped on it as he picked up the knife and clambered over the snow and logs to Mason.

Salarado looked at Mason and Mason looked at Salarado. Mason's lips were without motion, but in his eyes was the look of a paw-fast grizzly. The multi-murderer seated himself on a broken spruce branch not six feet from Mason, rested his hands on his knees and thought. He stared at the carrier. Here was a man whom two hours before he had tried to kill; who in turn stood ready to kill him; and even started him at the muzzle of his six-shooter on that short, sure road to a living death, the penitentiary for life, or the noose. Leave him there—why not? No crime—he had not put him there. What if it were a crime? Who would know? And what if they did? Far from being his first. In the spring—perhaps not for years—they would find the skeleton; and fleshless jaws say little. Dig him out—then what? Was it not to set free a messenger sure to start all the machinery of the law to land the rescuer in a cage—a cage—where nothing could come but insanity and death? Why again seek from what he has just escaped? And entirely by his own efforts, too. The watch? But the other's hands had been—still were—too cold to use it; so it could have done him no good. Salarado thought these things, seated there on the log-end in the snow-slide that frigid February day, facing his enemy—that enemy now harmless; but all-powerful when free. Why reverse their positions? Salarado looked at the Range ahead. In the setting sun the Pass was banked high with frozen blood. Hard, almost fatal it was. Why add a vindictive posse from behind? It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Mason, silent, waiting Mason—then at the empty hole, splotched with his own blood. Why not kill him quickly? One thrust and the cold tortured man would be out of his misery—surely an act of mercy. Was not this enough? The stage-robber, murderer, desperado—reckless, careless of life and death, hunted by thirty millions, a bounty on his head—thoroughly understood the situation. So did his victim. The camp-robber flickered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the

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pine tops, looked again at the Range, stiffened to his feet, picked up the bowie, glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing man.

"I would not trade places with you," curled from Mason's lips, but Salarado was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Salarado took the knife by the blade and handed it to Mason.

The light in Mason's eyes cannot be put into words. He tried to speak. Salarado smiled, and with wooden fingers tried to roll a cigarette. Mason bent into his dead-fall to hide his tears—and to work. A half hour and Salarado pulled Mason from the hole. A minute more and the two men, the morally white with black spots, the morally black with white spots, stood face to face. Mason put out his hand. Salarado took it—still smoking.

"Pardner, you're a square man. Thanks. Here—" Mason peeled off his fur jacket, his cap and his overshoes, "take these, and this," he added, as he handed the desperado two bills and some silver. Then he hesitated—but with a jerk unbuckled his cartridge belt and, with its dangling holster full of snow, handed it to Salarado. "You'll find the gun in the hole; I felt it with my foot. Don't use it unless you have to. She's sighted to a hair and has a soft trigger—but I want this knife. Good-bye. Mexico is the place for you. Less snow there." Both men smiled grimly. "Take straight down the gulch on the other side—it'll be frozen by the time you get there—and a freight is due at Empire at two in the morning—usually late, though. You can make it if you hump yourself. The shoes are in the hole there. I kicked them off. Eat that bacon when you get on top. It'll limber up your legs. Leave the tracks at the mouth of the cañon—she slows up there for the switch—for Golden is right ahead and your picture is in the Post Office there. Cut to your right, across the saddle-back you'll see about four miles to the southeast; then straight on southeast fifteen or twenty miles till you cross the Platte, and you'll hit the Santa Fé tracks going south. Jump 'em, and a week from now you'll cross the Rio Grande—quien sabe? Go to the Three Triangle outfit in Chihuahua, tell the foreman,—Pete Miller, he is known down there,—I sent you and he'll give you a job punching. He'll do it 'cause I snaked him out of the Republican two years ago with his chaps on, and she was a-boomin'—runnin' ice. I'd help you fish but those webs, but I got a case of cold feet and I guess I'll have to quit you."

Salarado breathed a slow curl of smoke and murmured, "Your foot's frozen, Señor? Mebbeso I go with you—part way?"

"No. No need of that; only frosted; all right now. I can stump it in all right. These dutch sock'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. You've no time to lose, pardner, so adios. Good luck to you. And—" Mason stopped, embarrassed—"and—if I were you, I'd quit this business. Don't pay."

"Si, Señor, you're right, I made up my mind to that in that hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't—you—" Salarado left the sentence as it was; but Mason knew. He gripped the desperado's hand again, but its five bloody fingers made him think of five one-thousand-dollar bills and half a score of murdered men.

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," Mason replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then with the knife held like a sword, Mason saluted the other and left him. Salarado's face gave a white-fanged smile, but said nothing.

On darkening Berthoud the snow had turned to ashes. At the edge of the timber Mason turned and once more waved the bowie. Salarado swung his cap. Then Mason passed beneath the pines. Looking back between the trunks, now out of the other's sight, he saw a puff of snow and a piece of brush go into the air from the hole. It was Salarado digging for the shoes.

Three hours late Mason limped into Chipmunk's. Ten feet on the level had buried the station in December. Only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Mason had been thinking; the inevitable reaction had set in, and he staggered under his load, for it seemed to him as if that sack held the mail of the nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was divided against itself, for Mason was an honest man and Salarado was everything that was bad. One word to those in the cabin he was approaching, and by midnight Salarado, the most dangerous criminal in the West, would be behind the bars—or lynched. Lynched? Mason shivered, and pushed open the hinge-complaining door. Gansen was swearing—had been for two hours.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to hold the team here

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a week and drive it all night? With the spirit thermometer fifty-two below at the Springs this morning? If I miss the Coulter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat-ax for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a mowing machine had been havin' an argument."

"Oh, nothing," said Mason, "bucked into a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed, and I lost my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of bumps and such things, besides a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess it's delayed in Denver, or else good people don't mail papers in the winter time."

"Where did you get that bowie?" grinned Gansen. "Regular yearling sword—some toothpick. Fine can-opener. Will it cut anything? Overgrown rooster spur, isn't it? Going to mow some hay? Better wait till the snow pulls out and the grass comes up."

"Uh. Mebbeso," and Mason thumbed the still frosted edge. "Swapped my six-gun for it some time ago. Nothing to shoot on the Range now. Better to chop wood with. Might use it for a sawmill some time. Or dig a prospect hole while I'm taking a siesta and letting the snowshoes cool off, or let the wind out of something. Questions break friendships, and comments are worse. That's why angels go on the warpath."

Gansen eyed that foot of chilled steel quizzically, opened his mouth to say something, then closed it.

"No noise," chuckled old Chipmunk into his whiskers.

"See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla," continued Mason as he sheathed the knife, "I want you to let up on trappin' along my trail. I don't like it. Found a marten in one of your infernal machines, and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles somewheres off the timber. I don't want any more of it. Savvy?

"Well, adios, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time—perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance sure. Ask the Coulter school-marm to save me a waltz. Sure, now. Ta-ta.

"Say, Chip! Get a wiggle on you. Got any coffee? I'm tired. W-whew!" And Mason lifted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. They soon had the coffee boiling.

Awakening from Sleep on a Spring Day

By LI PO

Translated by Shigeyoshi Obata

春日醉起言志

LIFE is an immense dream. Why toil?
All day long I drowse with wine,
And lie by the post at the front door.
Awakening, I gaze upon the garden trees,
And, hark, a bird is singing among the flowers.
Pray, what season may this be?
Ah, the songster's a mango-bird,
Singing to the passing wind of spring.
I muse and muse myself to sadness,
Once more I pour my wine, and singing aloud,
Await the bright moonrise.
My song is ended—
What troubled my soul?—I remember not.

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Amazement

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Stephen French Whitman.

THERE is sometimes melancholy in revisiting, after years of absence, a place where one was joyous in the days of youth. That is why sadness stole over me on the evening of my return to Florence.

To be sure, the physical beauties of the Italian city were intact. Modernity had not farther encroached upon the landmarks that had witnessed the birth of a new age, powerful, even violent, in its individualism. From those relics, indeed—from the massive palaces, the noble porches, the monuments rising in the public squares—there still seemed to issue a faint vibration of ancient audacity and force. It was as if stone and bronze had absorbed into their particles, and stored through centuries, the great emotions released in Florence during that time of mental expansion called the Renaissance.

But this integrity of scene and influence only increased my regrets. Though the familiar setting was still here, the familiar human figures seemed all departed. I looked in vain for sobered versions of the faces that had smiled, of old, around tables in comfortable cafés, in an atmosphere of youthful gaiety, where at any moment one might be enmeshed in a Florentine prank that Boccaccio could not have bettered.

One such prank rose, all at once, before my mind's eye, and suddenly, in the midst of my pessimism, I laughed aloud.

I recalled the final scene of that escapade, which I myself had managed to devise. The old café had rung with a bellow of delight; the victim, ridiculous in his consternation, had rushed at me howling for vengeance. But the audience, hemming him in, had danced 'round him singing a ribald little song. The air was full of battered felt hats, coffee spoons, lumps of sugar, and waving handkerchiefs. Out on the piazza the old cab-horses had pricked up their ears; the shopkeepers had run to their doorways; the police had taken notice. It was not every day that the champion joker among us was caught in such a net as he delighted to spread.

Where were they, all my jolly young men and women? Maturity, matrimony, perhaps still other acts of fate, had scattered them. Here and there a grizzled waiter let fall the old names with a shrug of perplexity, then hastened to answer the call of a rising generation as cheerful as if it were not doomed, also, to dispersion and regrets.

Then, too, in returning I had been so unfortunate as to find Florence on the verge of spring.

The soft evening air was full of a sweetness exhaled by the surrounding cup of hills. From baskets of roses, on the steps of porticoes, a fragrance floated up like incense round the limbs of statues, which were bathed in a golden light by the lamps of the piazza. Those marble countenances were placid with an eternal youth, beneath the same stars that had embellished irrevocable nights, that recalled some excursions into an enchanted world, some romantic gestures the knack for which was gone.

"After all," I thought, "it is better not to find one of the old circle. We should make each other miserable by our reminiscences."

No sooner had I reflected thus than I found myself face to face with Antonio.

Antonio was scarcely changed. His dark visage was still vital with intelligence, still keen and strange from the exercise of an inexhaustible imagination. Yet in his eyes, which formerly had sparkled with the wit of youth, there was more depth and a hint of somberness. He had become a celebrated satirist.

"What luck!" he cried, embracing me with sincere delight. "But to think that I should have to run into you on the street!"

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"I asked for you everywhere."

"In the old places? I never go to them. You have not dined? Nor I. Here, let us take this cab."

He hurried me off to a restaurant of the suburbs. Under the starry sky we sat down at a table beside a sunken garden, in which nightingales were trying their voices among the blossoms, whose perfume had been intensified by dew.

It was an old-time dinner, at least, that Antonio provided; but, alas! those others were not there to eke out the illusion of the past. To each name, as I uttered it, Antonio added an epitaph. This one had gone to bury himself in the Abruzzi hills. That one had become a professor at Bologna. Others, in vanishing, had left no trace behind them.

"And Leonello, who was going to surpass Michael Angelo?"

"Oh," my friend responded, "Leonello is still here, painting his pictures. Like me, he could not live long beyond the air of Florence."

Antonio, in fact, could trace his family back through Florentine history into the Middle Ages.

"Is Leonello the same?" I pursued. "Always up to some nonsense? But you were not much behind him in those insane adventures."

"Take that to yourself," Antonio retorted. "I recall one antic, just before you left us—" He broke off to meditate. Clicking his tongue against his teeth, he gazed at me almost with resentment, as if I were responsible for this depressing work of time. "No!" he exclaimed, looking at me in gloomy speculation, while, in the depths of his eyes, one seemed to see his extraordinary intelligence perplexed and baffled. "That war of wit is surely over. The old days are gone for good. Let us make the best of it." And he asked me what I had been doing.

I made my confession. In those years I had become fascinated by psychic phenomena—by the intrusion into human experience of weird happenings that materialism could not very well explain. Many of these happenings indicated, at least to my satisfaction, not only future existences, but also previous ones. I admitted to Antonio that, since I was in Italy again, I intended to investigate the case of a Perugian peasant girl who, though she had never been associated with educated persons, was subject to trances in which she babbled the Greek language of Cleopatra's time, and accurately described the appearance of pre-Christian Alexandria.

"I am writing a book on such matters," I concluded. "You, of course, will laugh at it——"

His somber eyes, which had been watching me intently, became blank for a time, then suddenly gave forth a flash.

"I? Laugh because you have been enthralled by weirdness?" he cried as one who, all at once, had been profoundly moved. Yet laugh he did, in loud tones that were almost wild with strange elation. "Pardon me," he stammered, passing a trembling hand across his forehead. "You do not know the man that I have become of late."

What had my words called to his mind? From that moment everything was changed. The weight of some mysterious circumstances had descended upon Antonio, overwhelming, as it seemed to me, the pleasure that he had found in this reunion. Through the rest of the dinner he was silent, a prey to that dark exultancy, to that uncanny agitation.

This silence persisted while the cab bore us back into the city.

In the narrow streets a blaze of light from the open fronts of cook-shops flooded the lower stories of some palaces which once on a time had housed much fierceness and beauty, treachery and perverse seductiveness. Knowing Antonio's intimate acquaintance with those splendid days, I strove to rouse him by congenial allusions. His preoccupation continued; the historic syllables that issued from my lips were wasted in the clamour of the street. Yet when I pronounced the name of one of those bygone belles, Fiammetta Adimari, he repeated slowly, like a man who has found the key to everything:

"Fiammetta!"

"What is it, Antonio? Are you in love?"

He gave me a piercing look and sprang from the cab. We had reached the door of his house.

Antonio's bachelor apartment was distinguished by a handsome austerity. The red-tiled floors reflected faintly the lights of antique candelabra, which shed their luster also upon chests quaintly carved, bric-à-brac that museums would have coveted, and chairs adorned with threadbare coats of arms. Beside the mantelpiece hung a small oil-painting, as I thought, of Antonio himself, his black hair reaching

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to his shoulders, and on his head a hat of the Renaissance.

"No," said he, giving me another of his strange looks, "it is my ancestor, Antonio di Manzecca, who died in the year fifteen hundred."

I remembered that somewhere in the hills north of the city there was a dilapidated stronghold called the Castle of Manzecca. Behind those walls, in the confusion of the Middle Ages, Antonio's family had developed into a nest of rural tyrants. Those old steel-clad men of the Manzecca had become what were called "Signorotti"—lords of a height or two, swooping down to raid passing convoys, waging petty wars against the neighbouring castles, and at times, like bantams, too arrogant to bear in mind the shortness of their spurs, defying even Florence. In the end, as I recalled the matter, Florence had chastened the Manzecca, together with all the other lordlings of that region. The survivors had come to live in the city, where, through these hundreds of years, many changes of fortune had befallen them. My friend Antonio was their last descendant.

"But," I protested, examining the portrait, "your resemblance to this Antonio of the Renaissance could not possibly be closer."

Instead of replying, he sat down, rested his elbows on his knees, and pressed his fists against his temples. Presently I became aware that he was laughing, very softly, but in such an unnatural manner that I shivered.

I grew alarmed. It was true that in our years of separation Antonio's physical appearance had not greatly changed; but what was the meaning of this mental difference? Was his mind in danger of some sinister over-shadowing? Were these queer manners the symptoms of an incipient mania? It is proposed that genius is a form of madness. Was the genius of Antonio, in its phenomenal development, on the point of losing touch with sanity? As my thoughts leaped from one conjecture to another, the tiled room took on the chill that pervades a mausoleum. From the bowl on the table the petals of a dying rose fell in a sudden cascade, like a dismal portent.

"The Castle of Manzecca," I ventured, merely to break the silence, "is quite ruined, I suppose?"

"No, the best part of it still stands. I have had some rooms restored."

"You own it?"

"I bought it back a year ago. It is there that I—" He buried his face in his hands.

"Antonio," I said, "you are in some great trouble."

"It is not trouble," he answered, in smothered tones. "But why should I hesitate to make my old friend, whose mind does not reject weirdness, my confidant? I warn you, however, that it will be a confidence weird enough to make even your experience in such matters seem tame. Go first to Perugia. Examine the peasant girl who chatters of ancient Alexandria. Return to my house one week from to-night, at dusk, and you shall share my secret."

He rose, averted his face, and went to throw himself upon a couch, or porch-bed, another relic, its woodwork covered with faded paint and gilt, amid which one might trace the gallants of the sixteenth century in pursuit of nymphs—an allegory of that age's longing for the classic past. I left him thus, flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling, oblivious of my farewell.

Poor Antonio! What a return to Florence!

A week from that night, at dusk, I returned. At Perugia I had filled a pocket-book with notes on the peasant girl's trances. The spell of those strange revelations was yet on me, but at Antonio's door I felt that I stood on the threshold of a still more agitating disclosure.

My knock was answered by Antonio himself, his hat on his head and a motorcoat over his arm. He seemed burning with impatience.

"You have your overcoat? Good." And he locked the door on the outside.

We stepped into a limousine, which whirled us away through the twilight. The weather made one remember that even in Florence the merging of March and April could be violent. To-night masses of harsh-looking clouds sped across the sky before an icy wind from the mountains. A burial-party, assembled at a convent gate, had their black robes fluttering, their waxen torches blown out.

"Death!" muttered Antonio, with a sardonic grimace. "And they called it unconquerable!"

As we paused before a dwelling-house, two men emerged upon the pavement. They were Leonello, the artist, and another friend of the old days, named Leonardo. The unusual occasion constrained our greetings. The newcomers, after pressing my hand, devoted themselves with grave solicitude to Antonio.

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He burst forth at them like a man whose nervous tension is nearly unendurable:

"Yes, hang it all! I am quite well. Why the devil will you persist in coddling me?"

Leonello and Leonardo gave me a mournful look.

We now stopped at another door, where there joined us two ladies unknown to me. Both were comely, with delicate features full of sensibility. Neither, I judged, had reached the age of thirty. In the moment of meeting—a moment notable for a stammering of incoherent phrases, a darting of sidelong looks at Antonio, a general effect of furtiveness and excitement—no one remembered to present me to these ladies. However, while we were arranging ourselves in the limousine I gathered that the name of one of them was Laura, and that the other's name was Lina. In their faces, on which the street-lights cast intermittent flashes, I seemed to discern a struggle between apprehension and avidity for this adventure.

The silence, and the tension of all forms, continued even when we left the city behind us and found ourselves speeding northward along a country road.

"Northward. To the Castle of Manzecca, then?" I asked myself.

The rays from our lamps revealed the trees all bending toward the south. The wind pressed against our car, as if to hold us back from the revelation awaiting us ahead, in the midst of the black night, whence this interminable whistling moan pervaded nature. Rain dashed against the glass. Through the blurred windows the lights of farms appeared, to be instantly engulfed by darkness. Then everything vanished except the illuminated streak of road. We seemed to be fleeing from the known world, across a span of radiance that trembled over an immeasurable void, into the supernatural.

The limousine glided to a standstill.

"Here we abandon the car."

We entered the kitchen of a humble farmhouse. Strings of garlic hung from the ceiling, and on the floor lay some valises.

As the ladies departed into another room, Antonio mastered his emotion and addressed me.

"What we must be, and what I must ask you to promise, may at first seem to you ridiculous," he said. "Yet your acceptance of my conditions is a matter of life or death, not to any one here present, but to another, whom we are about to visit. What I require is this: you are to put on, as we shall, the costumes in these valises, which are after the fashion of the early sixteenth century. Indeed, when our journey is resumed, there must be about us nothing to suggest the present age. Moreover, I must have your most earnest promise that when we reach our destination you will refrain from giving the least hint, by word or action, that the sixteenth century has passed away. If you feel unable to carry out this deception, we must leave you here. The slightest blunder would be fatal."

No sooner had Antonio uttered these words than he turned in a panic to Leonello and Leonardo.

"Am I wrong to have brought him?" he demanded, distractedly. "Can I depend on him at every point? You two, and Laura and Lina, know what it would mean if he should make a slip."

Much disturbed, I declared that I wished for nothing better than to return to Florence at once. But Leonardo restrained me, while Leonello, patting Antonio's shoulder in reassurance, responded:

"Trust him. You do his quick wit an injustice."

Finally Antonio, with a heavy sigh, unlocked the valises.

Hitherto I had associated masquerade with festive expectations, but nothing could have been less festive than the atmosphere in which we donned those costumes. They were rich, accurate, and complete. The wigs of flowing hair were perfectly deceptive. The fur-trimmed surcoats and the long hose were in fabrics suggestive of lost weaving arts. Each dagger, buckle, hat-gem, and finger-ring, was a true antique. Even when the two ladies appeared, in sumptuous Renaissance dresses, their coiffures as closely in accordance with that period as their expanded silhouettes, no smile crossed any face.

"Are we all—?" began Antonio. His voice failed him.

Muffled in thick cloaks, we faced the blustery night again.

Behind the farm-house stood horses, saddled and bridled in an obsolete manner. Our small cavalcade wound up a hillside path, which, in the darkness, the beasts felt out for themselves. One became aware of cypress-trees on either hillside, immensely tall, to judge by the thickness of their trunks. More and more numerous became these trees, as was evident from the lamentation of their countless branches. In its groan, the forest voiced to the utmost

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that melancholy which the imaginative mind associates with cypresses in Italy, where they seemed always to raise their funereal grace around the sites of vanished splendours.

We were ascending one of the hills that lie scattered above Florence toward the mountains, and that were formerly all covered with these solemn trees.

But the wind grew even stronger as we neared the summit. Above us loomed a gray bulk. The Castle of Manzecca reluctantly unveiled itself, bleak, towering, impressive, in its decay—a ruin that was still a fortress, and that time had not injured so much as had its mortal besiegers, the last of whom had died centuries ago. A gate swung open. Our horses clattered into a courtyard which abruptly blazed with torches.

In that dazzle all the omens of our journey were fulfilled. We found ourselves, as it appeared, not only in a place embodying another age, but in that other age itself.

The streaming torches revealed shock-headed servitors of the Renaissance, their black tunics stamped in vermilion, front and back, with a device of the Manzecca. By the steps glittered the spear-points of a clump of men-at-arms whose swarthy and rugged faces remained impassive under flattened helmets. But as we dismounted a greyhound came leaping from the castle, and in the doorway hovered an old maid-servant. To her Antonio ran straightway, his cape whipping out behind him.

"Speak, Nuta! Is she well?" he demanded.

We followed him into the castle.

It was a spacious hall, paved with stone, its limits shadowy, its core illuminated brilliantly with candles. From the rafters dangled some banners, tattered and queerly designed. Below these, in the midst of the hall—in a mellow refulgence that she herself seemed to give forth—there awaited us a woman glorified by youth and happiness, who pressed her hand to her heart.

She wore a gown of violet-coloured silk, the sleeves puffed at the shoulders, the bodice tight across the breast and swelling at the waist, the skirt voluminous. On either side of her bosom, sheer linen, puckered by golden rosettes, mounted to form behind her neck a little ruff. Over her golden hair, every strand of which had been drawn back strictly from her brow, a white veil was clasped, behind her ears, by a band of pearls and amethysts cut en cabochon.

Still, she was remarkable less for her costume than for the singularity of her charms.

To what was this singularity due? To the intense emotions that she seemed to be harbouring? Or to the arrangement of her lovely features, to-day unique, which made one think of backgrounds composed of brocade and armour, the freshly-painted canvases of Titian and the dazzling newness of statues by Michael Angelo? As she approached, that singularity of hers became still more disquieting, as though the fragrance that enveloped her were not a woman's chosen perfume, but the very aroma of the magnificent past.

Antonio regarded her with his soul in his eyes, then greedily kissed her hands. When the others had saluted her, each of them as much moved as though she were an image in a shrine, Antonio said in a hoarse voice to me:

"I present you to Madonna Fiammetta di Foscone, my affianced bride. Madonna, this gentleman comes from a distant country to pay you homage."

"He is welcome," she answered, in a voice that accorded with her peculiar beauty.

And my bewilderment deepened as I realized that they were speaking not modern Italian, but what I gathered to be the Italian of the sixteenth century.

I found myself with Antonio in a tower room, whither he had brought me on the ladies' retirement to prepare themselves for supper.

The wind, howling round the tower, pressed against the narrow windows covered with oiled linen. The cypress forest, which on all sides descended from our peak into the valleys, gave forth a continuous moan. Every instant the candle-light threatened to go out. The very tower seemed to be trembling, like Antonio, in awe of the secret about to be revealed. For a while my poor friend could say nothing. Seated in his rich disguise on a bench worn smooth by men whose tombs were crumbling, he leaned forward beneath the burden of his thoughts, and the long locks of his wig hung down as if to veil the disorder of his features.

Finally he began:

"In the year fifteen hundred, my family still called this place their home. There were only two of them left, two brothers, the older bearing the title Lord of Manzecca. The younger brother was that Antonio di Manzecca whose portrait you saw on the

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wall of my apartment in the city. It is to him, as you observed, that I bear so close a resemblance.

"In a hill-castle not far away lived another family, the Foscone.

"The Lord of Foscone, a widower, had only one child left, a daughter seventeen years old. Her name was Fiammetta. Even in Florence it was said that to the north, amid the wilderness of cypress-trees, there dwelt a maiden whose beauty surrounded her with golden rays like a nimbus."

I remembered our entrance into this castle, my first glimpse of the woman awaiting us in the middle of the hall, and the glow of light around her that appeared to be a radiance expanding from her person.

But my friend continued:

"Between the two castles there was friendly intercourse. It was presumed that the Lord of Foscone would presently give his daughter in marriage to the Lord of Manzecca. Fate, however, determined that Fiammetta and Antonio di Manzecca, the younger brother, should fall in love with each other.

"Need I describe to you the fervour of that passion in the Italian springtime, at a period of our history when all the emotions were terrific in their force?

"At night, Antonio di Manzecca would slip away to the Castle of Foscone. She would be waiting for him on the platform outside her chamber, above the ramparts, overlooking the path across the hills. It chanced that by the aid of vines and fissures in the masonry he could climb the castle wall almost to that platform—almost near enough, indeed, to touch her fingertips. Unhappily, there was nothing there to which she could attach a twisted sheet. So thus they made love—she bending down toward him, he clutching with toes and hands at the wall, her whispers making him dizzier than his perilous posture, her tears falling upon his lips through a space so little, yet greater than the distance between two stars.

"But almost everything is discovered. Antonio's meetings with Fiammetta became known to his elder brother.

"One evening, Fiammetta, from the high platform, saw Antonio approaching while it was still twilight. All at once he was surrounded by servants of his own house, who had been waiting for him in ambush. Before he could move, half a dozen daggers sank into his body. Amid the thorns and nettles he sprawled lifeless, under the eyes of his beloved. As the assassins dragged his body away, there burst from the platform a prolonged peal of laughter.

"Fiammetta di Foscone had gone mad."

At that tragedy, at least, I was not surprised. The Italy of the Renaissance was full of such episodes—the murderous jealousy of brothers, the obedient cruelty of retainers, the wreckage of women's sanity by the fall of horrors much more ingeniously contrived than this. What froze my blood was the anticipation gradually shaping in my mind. I felt that this was the prelude to something monstrous, incredible, which I should be forced to believe.

"She had gone mad," my friend repeated, staring before him. "She had, in other words, lost contact with what we call reality. To her that state of madness had become reality, its delusions truth, and everything beyond those delusions misty, unreal, or non-existent."

His voice died away as he looked at his hands with an expression of disbelief. He even reached forward to touch my knee, then sighed:

"You will soon understand why I am sometimes possessed with the idea that I am dreaming."

And he resumed his tale:

"Antonio di Manzecca was buried. His elder brother found a wife elsewhere. The Lord of Foscone married again, and by that marriage had other children. But still his daughter Fiammetta stood nightly on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, gazing down at the hill-path, waiting for her Antonio to climb the wall and whisper his love.

"Now she only lived in that state of ardent expectancy. The days and weeks and months were but one hour, the hour preceding his last approach to her. Every moment, in her delusion, she expected him to end that hour by coming to her as young as ever, to find her as winsome as before. In consequence, time vanished from her thought. And in vanishing from her thought, time lost its power over her.

"Her father died; but Fiammetta still kept her vigil, in appearance the same as on the evening of that tragedy. A new generation of the Foscone grew old in their turn, but Fiammetta's loveliness was still perfect. In her madness there seemed to be a sanity surpassing the sanity of other mortals. For by becoming insensible to

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time she had attained an earthly immortality, an uncorrupted physical beauty, in which she constantly looked forward to the delight of loving.

"So she went on and on——"

The tower shook in terror of the gale, and we shook with it, in terror of this revelation. My thoughts turned toward the woman below, who had smiled at us from that aura of physical resplendency. I felt my hair rising, and heard a voice, my own, cry out: "No, no!"

"Yes!" Antonio shouted, fixing his hands upon my arms. We were both standing, and our leaping shadows on the wall resembled a combat in which one was struggling to force insanity upon the other. He went on speaking, but his words were drowned in a screaming of vast forces that clutched at the tower as if in fury because the normal processes of nature had been defied. Would those forces attain their revenge? Was the tower about to thunder down upon the Castle of Manzecca, annihilating her and us, the secret and its possessors? For a moment I would have welcomed even that escape from thinking.

"Yes," he repeated, releasing my arms and sitting down limply on the bench. "As you anticipate, so it turned out."

I was still able to protest:

"Admitted that this has happened elsewhere, to a certain degree. In Victorian England there lived a woman whose love-affair was wrecked, and whose mind automatically closed itself against everything associated with her tragedy, or subsequent to it. In her madness she, too, protected herself against pain by living in expectation of the lover's return. Because that expectation was restricted to her girlhood, she remained a girl in appearance for over fifty years. Fifty years, that is comprehensible!"

"The principle is the same," said Antonio, wearily. "Every mental phenomenon has minor and major examples. But I will tell you the rest.

"The Foscone, also, finally moved to Florence. Their castle was left in the care of hereditary servants, devoted and discreet. On that isolated hilltop no chance was afforded strangers to solve the mystery of the woman who paced the high platform in the attire of another age. Was there, in the Foscone's concealment of the awesome fact, a medieval impulse, the ancient instinct of noble houses to defend themselves against all forms of aggression, including curiosity? Or was it merely the usual aversion to being identified with abnormality? Some abnormality is so terrifying that it seals the loosest lips.

"Now and then, to be sure, some servant's tongue was set wagging by wine, or some heir of the Foscone confided in his sweetheart. But the rumour, if it went farther, soon became distorted and incredible, amid the ghost-stories of a hundred Italian castles, palaces, and villas. I myself found hints in the archives of my family, yet saw in them only a pretty tale, such as results when romantic invention is combined with pride of race.

"But I was destined to sing another tune.

"Not long ago, the last of the Foscone's modern generation passed away. There came to me an old woman-servant from the castle. It was Nuta, whom you saw below as we entered.

"Why had she sought me out? Because, if you please, in the year fifteen hundred one of my family had brought this thing to pass. It seemed to Nuta, the fact now being subject to discovery by the executors of the estate, that the care of her charge devolved upon me.

"At first I believed that old Nuta was the mad one. In the end, however, I accompanied her to the castle. At dusk, concealed by the cypresses, I discerned on the platform a face that seemed to have been transported from another epoch just in order to pierce my heart with an intolerable longing. I fell in love as one slips into a vortex, and instantly the rational world was lost beyond a whorl of ecstasy and fright.

"I regained Florence with but one thought: how could she be restored to sanity, yet be maintained in that beauty which had triumphed over centuries? As I entered my apartment I saw before me the portrait of that other Antonio di Manzecca, whom I so closely resembled, whom she had loved, whose return she still awaited. I stood there blinded by a flash of inspiration.

"At midnight my plan was complete."

As he paused, and the conclusion became clear to me, I was taken with a kind of stupour.

"A few days later," he said, "as she stood gazing down through the twilight, a man emerged from the forest, in face and dress the image of that other Antonio di Manzecca. At his signal, servants in the old-time livery of the Manzecca appeared with a ladder, which they leaned against

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the ramparts. He set foot upon the platform. Her pallour turned deathlike; her eyes became blank; she fainted in his arms. When she recovered she was in the Castle of Manzecca.

"That shock had restored her reason.

"Now everything around her very artfully suggested the sixteenth century—the furniture, the most trivial utensils, the costume of the humblest person in the castle. Nuta attended her. The convalescent was told that she had been ill in consequence of the attack on her lover, but that he, instead of succumbing, had been spirited away and stealthily nursed back to health. Again whole, he had returned to avenge himself on his brother, whom he had killed. Meanwhile her father had died. Therefore she had been brought from the Castle of Foscone to the Castle of Manzecca to enjoy the protection of her Antonio, whom she was now free to marry.

"All this was what she wanted to believe, so she believed it."

But Antonio's face was filled with a new distress. He rose, to pace the floor with the gestures of a man who realizes that he is locked in a cell to which there is no key.

"In the restoration of her mind," he groaned, "my own peace of mind has been destroyed. Even this love, the strangest and most thrilling in the world, will never allay the heartquakes that I have brought upon myself.

"With her perception of time restored, she will now be subject to time like other mortals. As year follows year, her youthfulness will merge into maturity, her maturity into old age, here in this castle, where nothing must ever suggest that she has attained a century other than her own. For me that means a ceaseless vigilance and fear. My devotion will always be mingled with forebodings of some blunder, some unforeseen intrusion of the present, some lightning-like revelation of the truth to her."

At that he broke down.

"Ah, if that happened, what horror should I witness?"

The gale sounded like the hooting of a thousand demons who were preparing for this man a frightful retribution. Yet even in that moment I envied him.

To her beauty, which had bewitched me at my first sight of her, was added another allurement—the thought of a magical flight far beyond the boundaries imprisoning other men. If romance is a striving toward something at once unique and sympathetic, here was romance attained. Moreover, in embracing that exquisite personification of the Renaissance, one might add to love the glamour of a terrible audacity. And the addition of glamour to love has always been one of the most assiduously practised arts.

At the bottom of the winding tower staircase, in the doorway of the hall where she had greeted us, we paused to compose ourselves.

"At least," Antonio besought me, "when in doubt, remain silent."

We entered the hall. Under a wooden gallery adorned with carved and tinted shields the supper-table was laid.

They awaited us, shimmering in their fantastic finery—the ladies Laura and Lina, my old friends Leonardo and Leonello, and the ineffable Fiammetta di Foscone. The visitors' cheeks seemed hectic from the excitement of the hour; but her face was flushed, her eyes shone, for her own reasons. As I approached her my heartbeats suffocated me. Yes, I would have taken Antonio's place and shouldered all his terrors! Before me the fair conqueror of time disappeared in a haze, out of which her voice emerged like a sweet utterance from beyond the tomb.

"You are pleased with the castle, messere?"

As I was striving to respond, Antonio said to her, half aside, in that quaint species of Italian which he had used before:

"He speaks our language with difficulty, Madonna, and in a dialect. This disability will embarrass him till he finds himself more at home."

"Then let us sup," she exclaimed. "For since this new custom of a third meal has become fashionable in Florence, no doubt you are all expiring of hunger. So quickly does habit become tyrannous, especially when it involves a pleasure."

In some manner or other I seated myself at the table.

The servants bore in, on silver platters, small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water, a sort of galantine, tarts of almonds and honey, caramels of pine-seed. From the gallery overhead came the tinkle of a rota, a kind of guitar. The musician produced a whimsical tune suggesting a picnic of lords and ladies in the garden of an antique villa, where trick fountains, masked by blossoms, drenched the unwary with streams of water. But in the chimney of the great cold fireplace behind my back,

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the wind still growled its threats; the voice of Nature still menaced these audacious mortals, who were celebrating the humiliation of her laws.

Beyond the candle-light the beauty of Fiammetta di Foscone became blinding. In her there was no sign of an unnatural preservation, as, for example, in a flower that has been sustained, yet subtly altered by imprisonment in ice. Nor did her countenance show in the least that glaze of time which changes, without abating, the fairness of marble goddesses surviving for us from remote ages of esthetic victory. But wait; she was not an animated statue, nor any product of nature other than flesh and blood! And the flesh, the glance, the whole person of this creature from another era, expressed a glorious young womanhood. I was lost in admiration, pity, and dread. For over this shining miracle hovered the shadow of disaster. One could not forget the countless menaces surrounding her.

If she should grasp the truth, if all of a sudden she should realize her disaccordance with the world of mortals, what would happen to her before our eyes? Would she succumb instantly? Or would she first shrivel into some appalling monstrosity? This deception could not last forever. Might it not end to-night?

Did the others have similar premonitions?

Their smiles seemed tremulous and wan, their movements constrained and timorous. All their efforts at gaiety were impeded by the inertia of fear. At every speech the lips of Lina and Laura quivered, the hands of Leonello and Leonardo were clenched in a nervous spasm. Antonio controlled himself only by the most heroic efforts.

What a price to pay for an illusion of happiness that was destined to a ghastly end! Yet I would still have paid that heavy price exacted from Antonio.

Fiammetta di Foscone became infected by our nervousness. At one moment her mirth was feverish; at another, a look of vague uneasiness crossed her face. Was our secret gradually penetrating to her subconscious mind? Was she to learn the fact, and perish of it, not because of bungling word or action on our part, but merely from the unwitting transmission of our thoughts?

The others redoubled their travesty of merriment. They voiced the gossip of a vanished society; the politics, fashions, and scandals of old Florence. One heard the names of noble families long since extinct, accounts of historic escapades related as if they had happened yesterday. Fiammetta recovered her animation.

Her dewy eyes turned to Antonio. Her fingers caressed her betrothal-ring, which was like the wedding-ring of the twentieth century. And in this hall tricked out with lies, amid these guests and servants who were the embodiment of falsehood, an oppressing atmosphere of dread was clarified, for a moment, by the strength and delicacy of her love.

They discussed the virtues of the Muses, the plagiarisms of Petrarch, the wonders of astrology. Her uneasiness revived. In a voice more musical than the rota in the gallery, she asked:

"My dear friends, would you attribute to some planetary influence a feeling of strangeness that I receive at times, even from the air? I demand of you whether the air does not have an unfamiliar smell to-night?"

There was a freezing moment of silence.

"It is this great wind," muttered Leonardo, "that has brought us new air from afar."

"Every place has its smell," was Leonello's contribution. "It is natural that the Castle of Manzecca should smell differently from the Castle of Foscone."

Antonio thanked his friends with an eloquent look.

"True," she assented, pensively, "every spot, every person, is surrounded by its especial ether, produced by its peculiar activity. This house, not only in its smell, but in its tenour of life, and even in its food, differs vastly from my own house, which, nevertheless, is just across the hills."

Antonio drained his goblet at a gulp. He got out the words:

"We are provincial, we Manzecca. Like a race apart."

"All old families, jealous of their integrity, are the same," ventured Laura, who looked, nevertheless, as if she were about to faint.

"Or maybe," mused Fiammetta, "it is because I have been ill that things perplex me, and sometimes startle me by an effect of strangeness. There are moments when even the stars look odd to me, and when the countryside, viewed from the tower above us, is bewildering. In one direction I see woods where I should have expected meadows; in another direction, fields where I should have expected woods. But then, I now view the countryside from a tower other than my own, and see in a new aspect that landscape with which I thought

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myself so well acquainted. Does that explain it?"

How touching, how pitiable, was her expression, half arch, half pleading, and so beautiful! "Oh, lovely and terrible prodigy!" I thought, "draw back; banish those thoughts; or, rather, no longer think at all—for you are on the edge of the abyss!"

Antonio spoke with difficulty:

"Dearest one, do not pain me by mentioning that illness of yours. Do not pain yourself by dwelling on it in your mind. The past with all its misfortunes is gone forever. Let us live in the present and contemplate a future full of bliss."

A quivering sigh of assent and relief went round the supper-table. But Fiammetta protested:

"I should not care to forget the past. It contained too much happiness. The hours at twilight, when I waited on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, and you clambered up the wall, are not for oblivion! Do you remember, Antonio, how you once brought with you a bunch of little damask roses, which you tossed up to me while clinging to the masonry? Those roses became my treasure. The sweetest one of them I locked in a tiny silver box which I kept always by me. That box came with me from the Castle of Foscone. The key is lost; but you shall open it with your dagger, and learn how I have cherished an emblem of that past which you ask me to forget."

With a rare smile, she drew from the bosom of her gown a very small coffer of silver, its chiseling worn smooth by innumerable caresses. Poor soul! it was in her bosom that she had cherished this pretty little box, more cruelly fatal than a viper.

Antonio, his jaws sagging, rose half-way out of his chair, then sank back, speechless and livid. Unaware, eager, and imperious, Fiammetta demanded:

"A dagger!"

Too late Antonio managed to put out a shaking hand in protest. Already a fool of a servant had presented his dirk to her. In a twinkling—before we could stop her—Fiammetta had pried back the lid.

The silver box, its oxidized interior as black as ink, contained, in place of the damask rose that had bloomed in the year fifteen hundred, only a few grains of dust.

There was no sound except from the wind, which yelled its devilish glee round the castle and in the chimney of the fireplace.

She had risen to her feet. In her eyes, peering at the little coffer, bewilderment gave place to dismay. But in our faces she found a consternation far surpassing hers.

"Only dust?"

Antonio distorted his mouth in a vain effort to speak. At last, with a frantic oath, he swept the silver box into the fireplace, where it fell amid the brush-wood and inflammable rubbish piled ready for lighting under the big logs.

Fiammetta had tried to stop him. Under her clutching hand, his fur-trimmed sleeve had slipped up, exposing his forearm. She was staring at his forearm.

"The scar?" she whispered. "Was it not here, when you raised your arm to shield yourself against them, that you caught the first knife-thrust? How long does it take for such a scar to pass entirely away?"

Lina and Laura sank back in their chairs. Leonello averted his face. Leonardo turned away. Again Antonio tried to speak. The terror that held us in its grip was communicated to Fiammetta di Foscone.

Her countenance became bloodless. Her teeth chattered. She murmured:

"What is happening to me? I am so cold!"

She sank down, amid billows of violet-colored silk, between Antonio's arms, before the fireplace. Her veil, confined by the band of pearls and amethysts, did not seem as white as her skin.

There was a hysterical babble of voices:

"She is dead! No, she has swooned! Bring vinegar! Rub her hands! Light the fire!"

Then ensued a jostling of guests and servants, who crowded forward to poke a dozen lighted candles at the brush-wood. In the midst of this confusion Fiammetta sat before the hearth, her eyes half closed, her head rolling against Antonio's shoulder, her throat, framed by the little ruff, palpitating like the breast of an expiring dove. She was in the throes of the emotions that had been at last transferred from our minds to hers and that she was doubtless on the point of comprehending.

The brush-wood caught fire. At that flicker her eyelids opened. She leaned forward. Under the brush-wood, already writhing in flames, was the fragment of a modern Italian newspaper. One plainly saw the title, part of a head-line, and the date.

Fiammetta di Foscone read the date.

As Antonio and I, between us, lifted her into a chair, she kept repeating to herself,

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in a soft, incredulous voice, the date. And so badly had our wits been paralyzed by this catastrophe, that none of us could find one lying word to utter.

Antonio knelt before her, his arms clasping her knees, his head bowed. He was weeping as if she were already dead. Her hands slowly stole forth to close around his face and lift it up.

"Whatever it is," she breathed, "I still have you."

As she gazed, half lifeless, but still fairer than an untinted statue, at his face, all at once her eyes became enormous. Pushing him from her, she stood bolt-up-right at one movement, with a heart-rending scream:

"A stranger!"

That scream was still resounding from the rafters when we saw her fleeing across the hall, her head thrown back, her arms outspread, her white veil and violet draperies floating behind her. Her jewels glittered like the last sparkle of a splendid dream that has been doomed to swift extinction. She vanished through the doorway leading to the tower staircase.

"After her!" some one shouted.

Antonio was first; but at the doorway he stumbled, and Leonello, who was second, fell over him. Vaulting their bodies, I gained the circular staircase that ascended to the tower. I heard Antonio bawling after me:

"She will throw herself from the roof!"

The staircase was black, and the wind whistled down its well. At each landing the heavy doors on either side banged open and shut. From overhead there descended a long wail, maybe her voice, or maybe one of the countless voices of the storm. As I neared the top, a door through which I had just passed blew shut with a deafening report. I emerged upon the roof of the tower in a torrent of rain. The roof was empty.

I peered over the low battlements. Close below me swayed the tops of cypress-trees; beneath them everything was lost in the obscurity of the night. Soon, however, the darkness was lighted by torches which began to dart to and fro among the trees. By those fitful gleams I made out the crouching backs of men, the livery of the Manzecca with its black and vermilion device, helmets and sword-hilts, and finally upturned faces that appeared ruddy in the torch-light, though I knew that in reality they must be pallid. They called up to me, but the wind whipped their voices away. I made signs that she was not on the tower. The faces disappeared; again the torches wandered among the trees. Now and then I heard a shout, the barking of the greyhound, and a woman—perhaps old Nuta—in hysterics.

I began to descend the staircase. The last door through which I had passed was so tightly wedged, from its slamming, that I could not open it. I sat down on the steps to wait till the others should miss me.

What thoughts!

"Can it be true? Yes, it has happened, and I have seen the end of it! This will kill Antonio. But then, none of us will ever be the same again."

I was sure that my hair had turned white.

And she? A vast wave of pity and longing swept over me and whirled me away into the depths of despair.

Now, I told myself, they have found her. And I fell to shuddering again. Now they have brought her in, unless what they saw, when they found her, scattered them, raving, through the woods. Now they are trying to soothe Antonio, perhaps to wrench a weapon from his hand. Now surely they have noticed my absence.

I cannot imagine what impulse made me rise, at last, and try the door again. At my first touch it swung open.

Descending the staircase, I re-entered the hall.

They were all seated at the supper-table, which was now decorated with flowers, with baskets of fruit, with plates of bonbons, and with favours in the form of dolls tricked out like little ladies of the Renaissance. The servants wore tail-coats and white-cotton gloves. Leonello and Leonardo, Lina and Laura, even Antonio, had on the evening-dress appropriate to the twentieth century. But my brain reeled indeed, when I saw Fiammetta, her hair done in the last Parisian style, her low-neck gown the essence of modern chic.

The company looked at me with tolerant smiles.

"Well," exclaimed Antonio, "you have certainly taken your time! We waited ages for you, then decided that the food was spoiling, and fell to. There is your place, old fellow. I'll have the relishes brought back."

I dropped into my chair with a thud. Leonardo, reaching in front of Lina, took the fabric of my antique costume between thumb and finger.

"Very *recherché*," was his comment. "Do you wear it for a whim?"

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"He is soaking wet," announced Lina, compassionately. "I think he has been looking at the garden."

"A botanist!" cried Laura, clapping her hands. "Will you give me some advice, signore? What is the best preservative for damask roses?"

"Water them with credulity," Leonello suggested.

And they all burst out laughing in my face, with the exception of the beautiful Fiammetta.

Antonio, rising and bowing to me, spoke as follows:

"My friend, the sixteenth century bequeathed to us Florentines a little of its cheerful cruelty and something of its pleasure in vendettas. Casting your thoughts into a less remote past, you may retrieve an impression of your last performance before your departure from the Florence of our youth. Need I describe that performance? Its details were conceived and executed with much talent. It made me, who was its butt, the laughing stock of our circle for a month. Did we children of Boccaccio impart to you that knack for practical joking? Remember that the pupil does not always permanently abash his teacher. But come, let us make a lasting peace now. If after all these years I managed to catch you off your guard, you will never again catch me so. Let us forget our two chagrins in drinking to this pleasant night, which, though I fancy the fact has escaped you, happens to be the First of April."

While I was still trying to master my feelings, he added:

"I have forgotten to explain that Lina is the wife of Leonello, our new Michael Angelo, who did that portrait of me in the wig and costume of the Renaissance. Laura, on the other hand, is the wife of Leonardo. As for our heroine, Fiammetta, she is the bride of your unworthy Antonio. She has been so gracious as to marry me between two of her theatrical seasons; in fact, we are here on our honeymoon. Why the deuce have you never married? A wife might keep you out of many a laughable predicament."

Leonello hazarded, "He is waiting to marry some lady who can describe, in her trances, the cuisine of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, or the home-life of the Queen of Sheba."

"Do no such thing," Antonio implored me. "And hereafter avoid the supernatural like the plague. May this affair instil into your philosophy of life a little healthy skepticism. There is no better tonic than laughter for one who has caught the malaria of psychical research. But even Nuta, my wife's old dresser at the theater, will tell you that laughter is precious. You have given her tonight the first out-and-out guffaw that she has enjoyed in years. She says it cured her of a crick in the neck."

The fair Fiammetta, however, made a gesture of reproof, then held out her warm hand to me.

"No, Antonio," she protested, "you have not been clever, after all, but wicked. The worst of revenge is this: that it invariably exceeds its object. To what do you owe this triumph? To his solicitude for you, to his trust in you, which you have abused. Also, as I suspect, to his pity for Fiammetta di Foscone, which I have ill repaid. In fine, we owe the success of this trick to the misuse of fine emotions. That was not the custom of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio." And to me, "Will you forgive us?"

All the others looked rather chop-fallen. But Antonio soon recovered. He retorted:

"If you could have seen what an ass he made of me that time, you would not at this moment be holding his hand. Look here, old fellow, she has a sister who rather resembles her, and whose hand I have no objection to your holding as long as you wish. We will introduce you to-morrow. Ah! yes, we will make you forgive us, you rascal, before we are done with you!"

It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity. HENRY JAMES.

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Micromegas

By JEAN FRANÇOIS M. A. VOLTAIRE

y^r forever Voltaire

I

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANET SATURN, BY A NATIVE OF SIRIUS

ON ONE of the planets that revolve round the star known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promising parts, whom I had the honour to be acquainted with in his last voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably suited to all great men, and his stature amounted to eight leagues in height, that is, twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Some of your mathematicians, a set of people always useful to the public, will, perhaps, instantly seize the pen, and calculate that Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, being from head to foot four and twenty thousand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet, that we, denizens of this earth, being at a medium little more than five feet high, and our globe nine thousand leagues in circumference: these things being premised, they will then conclude that the periphery of the globe which produced him must be exactly one and twenty millions six hundred thousand times greater than that of this our tiny ball. Nothing in nature is more simple and common. The dominions of some sovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compassed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Russia, or China, are no other than faint instances of the prodigious difference that nature hath made in the scale of beings. The stature of his excellency being of these extraordinary dimensions, all our artists will agree that the measure around his body might amount to fifty thousand royal feet,—a very agreeable and just proportion.

His nose being equal in length to one-third of his face, and his jolly countenance engrossing one-seventh part of his height, it must be owned that the nose of this same Sirian was six thousand three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair, which was to be demonstrated. With regard to his understanding, it is one of the best cultivated I have known. He is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, some of which are of his own invention; for, when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he studied, according to the custom of the country, at the most celebrated university of the whole planet, and by the force of his genius discovered upwards of fifty propositions of Euclid, having the advantage by more than eighteen of Blaise Pascal, who (as we are told by his own sister) demonstrated two and thirty for his amusement and then left off, choosing rather to be an indifferent philosopher than a great mathematician.

About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or latter end of his childhood, he dissected a great number of small insects not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microscopes, on which he composed a very curious treatise, which involved him in some trouble. The mufti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made shift to discover in his book certain lemmas that were suspicious, unseemly, rash, heretic, and unsound, and prosecuted him with great animosity; for the subject of the author's inquiry was whether, in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the substantial forms of a flea and a snail.

Micromegas defended his philosophy with such spirit as made all the female sex his proselytes; and the process lasted two hundred and twenty years; at the end of which time, in consequence of the mufti's interest, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author

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expelled from court for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much affected at his banishment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous song upon the mufti, who gave himself no trouble about the matter, and set out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the saying is) to improve his mind and finish his education. Those who never travel but in a post-chaise or berlin, will, doubtless, be astonished at the equipages used above; for we that strut upon this little mole-hill are at a loss to conceive anything that surpasses our own customs. But our traveler was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulsion, and made such seasonable use of his knowledge, that sometimes by the help of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the convenience of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as the bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time posted through the milky way, and I am obliged to own he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious Dr. Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! But Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it may, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and, accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress a supercilious and conceited smile, which often escapes the wisest philosopher, when he perceived the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants; for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country mere dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Indian fiddler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris; but as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Academy of Saturn, a man of good understanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed in peace the reputation of a little poet and great calculator. And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very singular conversation that one day passed between Mr. Secretary and Micromegas.

II

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MICROMEGAS AND THE INHABITANT OF SATURN

His excellency having laid himself down, and the secretary approached his nose:

"It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety."

"Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre, whose flowers—"

"Pshaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parterres."

"It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of fair and brown women, whose dresses—"

"What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" said our traveler.

"Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the strokes of which—"

"Not at all," answered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and comparisons are odious."

"Well, to please you,"—said the secretary.

"I won't be pleased," replied the Sirian, "I want to be instructed; begin, therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many senses the people of this world enjoy."

"We have seventy and two," said the academician, "but we are daily complaining of the small number, as our imaginations transcends our wants, for, with the seventy-two senses, our five moons and ring, we find ourselves very much restricted; and notwithstanding our curiosity, and the no small number of those passions that result from these few senses, we have still time enough to be tired of idleness."

"I sincerely believe what you say," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude incessantly admonishing us of our unimportance, and giving us to understand that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have traveled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being, but I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity, and more want than gratification. Perhaps I shall one

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day arrive in some country where nought is wanting, but hitherto I have had no certain information of such a happy land."

The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, were fain to return to matter of fact.

"To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian.

"Lack-a-day! a mere trifle," replied the little gentleman.

"It is the very same case with us," resumed the other. "The shortness of life is our daily complaint, so that this must be a universal law in nature."

"Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun." (These, according to our way of reckoning, amount to about fifteen thousand years.) "So, you see, we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born; our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes before we can profit by experience. For my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes when I consider myself as a single drop in the midst of an immense ocean. I am particularly ashamed, in your presence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied:

"If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of mortifying your pride by telling you that the term of our lives is seven hundred times longer than the date of your existence: but you are very sensible that when the texture of the body is resolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the consequence of what we call death—when that moment of change arrives, there is not the least difference betwixt having lived a whole eternity, or a single day. I have been in some countries where the people live a thousand times longer than we, and yet they murmured at the shortness of their time. But one will find everywhere some few persons of good sense, who know how to make the best of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profusion of variety scattered through the universe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs through the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themselves, though at bottom they resemble one another in the powers and passions of the soul. Matter, though interminable, hath different properties in every sphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?"

"If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not subsist, we reckon in all three hundred, such as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, divisibility, et cætera."

"That small number," replied the traveler, "probably answers the views of the creator on this your narrow sphere. I adore his wisdom in all his works. I see infinite variety, but everywhere proportion. Your globe is small: so are the inhabitants. You have few sensations; because your matter is endued with few properties. These are the works of unerring providence. Of what colour does your sun appear when accurately examined?"

"Of a yellowish white," answered the Saturnian, "and in separating one of his rays we find it contains seven colours."

"Our sun," said the Sirian, "is of a reddish hue, and we have no less than thirty-nine original colours. Among all the suns I have seen there is no sort of resemblance, and in this sphere of yours there is not one face like another."

After divers questions of this nature, he asked how many substances, essentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn; and understood that they numbered but thirty: such as God; space; matter; beings endowed with sense and extension; beings that have extension, sense, and reflection; thinking beings who have no extension; those that are penetrable; those that are impenetrable, and also all others. But this Saturnian philosopher was prodigiously astonished when the Sirian told him they had no less than three hundred, and that he himself had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels. In short, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to set out together on a small philosophical tour.

III

THE VOYAGE OF THESE INHABITANTS TO OTHER WORLDS

Our two philosophers were just ready to embark for the atmosphere of Saturn, with a large provision of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, hav-

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ing got an inkling of their design, came all in tears to make her protests. She was a handsome brunette, though not above six hundred and threescore fathoms high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the smallness of her stature.

"Ah! cruel man," cried she, "after a courtship of fifteen hundred years, when at length I surrendered, and became your wife, and scarce have passed two hundred more in thy embraces, to leave me thus, before the honeymoon is over, and go a-rambling with a giant of another world! Go, go, thou art a mere virtuoso, devoid of tenderness and love! If thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going? What is thy design? Our five moons are not so inconstant, nor our ring so changeable as thee! But take this along with thee: henceforth I ne'er shall love another man."

The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithstanding his philosophy; and the lady, after having swooned with great decency, went to console herself with more agreeable company.

Meanwhile our two virtuosi set out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious guess of an illustrious inhabitant of this our little earth. From thence they easily slipped from moon to moon; and a comet chancing to pass, they sprang upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty million of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion. Nevertheless, I have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious Archbishop of ——, who, with that generosity and goodness which should ever be commended, has granted me permission to peruse his books; wherefore I promise he shall have a long article in the next edition of Moreri, and I shall not forget the young gentlemen, his sons, who give us such pleasing hopes of seeing perpetuated the race of their illustrious father. But to return to our travelers. When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they descried two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know Father Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy. Those worthy philosophers are very sensible that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons. Be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so that they pursued their journey like two travelers who despise the paltry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for they journeyed a long time without finding a resting place, till at length they discerned a small speck, which was the Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at the sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved toward the tail of the comet, where, finding an Aurora Borealis ready to set sail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic on the fifth day of July, new style, in the year 1737.

IV

WHAT BEFELL THEM UPON THIS OUR GLOBE

Having taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitering the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south. Every step of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thousand royal feet; whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself, (if we are allowed to make such comparisons,) a very rough spaniel dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun, it is true, or rather the earth, describes the same space in the course of one day; but it must be observed that it is much easier to turn upon an axis than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to

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the spot from whence they had set out, after having discovered that almost imperceptible sea, which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that surrounds this mole-hill, under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other scarce moistened his heel. In going and coming through both hemispheres, they did all that lay in their power to discover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They stooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the small beings that crawl upon this earth; and, therefore, they could not find the smallest reason to suspect that we and our fellow-citizens of this globe had the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, concluded at once that there were no living creatures upon earth; and his chief reason was, that he had seen nobody. But Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him sensible of the unjust conclusion:

"For," said he, "with your diminutive eyes you cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I easily perceive; and do you take it for granted that no such stars exist?"

"But I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf.

"Then your sense of feeling must be bad," said the other.

"But this globe," said the dwarf, "is ill contrived; and so irregular in its form as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but observe these little rivulets; not one of them runs in a straight line: and these ponds which are neither round, square, nor oval, nor indeed of any regular figure; together with these little sharp pebbles, (meaning the mountains), that roughen the whole surface of the globe, and have torn all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place."

"What then?" said Micromegas, "perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, to all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Everything here seems to you irregular; because you fetch all your comparisons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason of the seeming confusion which you condemn; have I not told you, that in the course of my travels I have always met with variety?"

The Saturnian replied to all these arguments; and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas, in the heat of the contest, had not luckily broken the string of his diamond necklace, so that the jewels fell to the ground; they consisted of pretty small unequal carats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived, as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye, while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred feet. Though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so they were altered and adjusted. At length, the inhabitant of Saturn discerned something almost imperceptible moving between two waves in the Baltic. This was no other than a whale, which, in a dexterous manner, he caught with his little finger, and, placing it on the nail of his thumb, showed it to the Sirian, who laughed heartily at the excessive smallness peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales; and being a mighty debater, he forthwith set about investigating the origin and motion of this small atom, curious to know whether or not it was furnished with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this subject. He examined the animal with the most patient attention, and the result of his inquiry was, that he could see no reason to believe a soul was lodged in such a body. The two travelers were actually inclined to think there was no such thing as mind in this our habitation, when, by the help of their microscope, they perceived something as large as a whale floating upon the surface of the sea. It is well known that, at this period, a flight of philosophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making observations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiser. The gazettes record, that their vessel ran ashore on the coast of Bothnia and that they with great diffi-

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culty saved their lives; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things. For my own part, I will ingeniously recount the transaction just as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no small effort in a modern historian.

V

THE TRAVELERS CAPTURE A VESSEL

Micromegas stretched out his hand gently toward the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he instantly pulled back, for fear of being disappointed, then opening softly and shutting them all at once, he very dexterously seized the ship that contained those gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much pressure, which might have crushed the whole in pieces.

"This," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former."

Upon which the Sirian placing the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand, the passengers and crew, who believed themselves thrown by a hurricane upon some rock, began to put themselves in motion. The sailors having hoisted out some casks of wine, jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland servants, went overboard at a different place, and made such a bustle in their descent, that the Sirian at length felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron bar chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his forefinger; and from this prick he concluded that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for the microscope, that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man.

I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance to consider that, supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is provided with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will easily conceive that there must be a great variety of created substances;—and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel?

I do not at all doubt but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least to the caps of his company; but I assure him his labour will be in vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable.

What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of which we have been speaking! When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in observing the motion of those little machines, in examining all their pranks, and following them in all their operations! With what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they both at once exclaim:

"I see them distinctly,—don't you see them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?"

So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects. The Saturnian, making a sudden transition from the most cautious distrust to the most excessive credulity, imagined he saw them engaged in their devotions and cried aloud in astonishment.

Nevertheless, he was deceived by appearances: a case too common, whether we do or do not make use of microscopes.

VI

WHAT HAPPENED IN THEIR INTERCOURSE WITH MEN

Micromegas being a much better observer than the dwarf, perceived distinctly that those atoms spoke; and made the remark to his companion, who was so much ashamed of being mistaken in his first suggestion, that he would not believe such a puny species could possibly communicate their ideas: for, though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear those particles speak; and therefore supposed they had no language.

"Besides, how should such imperceptible beings have the organs of speech? and what in the name of Jove can they say to one another? In order to speak, they must have something like thought, and if they think,

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they must surely have something equivalent to a soul. Now, to attribute anything like a soul to such an insect species appears a mere absurdity."

"But just now," replied the Sirian, "you believed they were engaged in devotional exercises; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without using some sort of language, or at least some way of making themselves understood? Or do you suppose it is more difficult to advance an argument than to engage in physical exercise? For my own part, I look upon all faculties as alike mysterious."

"I will no longer venture to believe or deny," answered the dwarf: "in short I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavour to examine these insects, and we will reason upon them afterward."

"With all my heart," said Micromegas, who, taking out a pair of scissors which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of speaking-trumpet, like a vast tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear: as the circumference of this machine included the ship and all the crew, the most feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; so that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher could distinctly hear the buzzing of our insects that were below. In a few hours he distinguished articulate sounds, and at last plainly understood the French language. The dwarf heard the same, though with more difficulty.

The astonishment of our travelers increased every instant. They heard a nest of mites talk in a very sensible strain: and that *Lusus Naturæ* seemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into conversation with such atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being understood by them, saw the necessity of diminishing the sound; each, therefore, put into his mouth a sort of small toothpick, the slender end of which reached to the vessel. The Sirian setting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and crew upon his nail, held down his head and spoke softly. In fine, having taken these and a great many more precautions, he addressed himself to them in these words:

"O ye invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyss of infinite littleness! I give praise to his goodness, in that he hath been pleased to disclose unto me those secrets that seemed to be impenetrable."

If ever there was such a thing as astonishment, it seized upon the people who heard this address, and who could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ship repeated exorcisms, the sailors swore, and the philosophers formed a system: but, notwithstanding all their systems, they could not divine who the person was that spoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was softer than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to understand what species of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of Monsieur Micromegas; and, after having pitied their smallness, asked if they had always been in that miserable state so near akin to annihilation; and what their business was upon that globe which seemed to be the property of whales. He also desired to know if they were happy in their situation? if they were inspired souls? and put a hundred questions of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, braver than the rest, and shocked to hear his soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, said: "You believe, then, Mr. What's-your-name, that because you measure from head to foot a thousand fathoms—"

"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heavens! How should he know the height of my stature? A thousand fathoms! My very dimensions to a hair. What, measured by a mite! This atom, forsooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am; while I, who can scarce perceive him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!"

"Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion."

The proposal was embraced: his excellency reclined upon his side; for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree near him, and then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered that the object of their observation was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length. In consequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered these words:

"I am now more than ever convinced that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God! who has bestowed

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understanding upon such seemingly contemptible substances, thou canst with equal ease produce that which is infinitely small, as that which is incredibly great: and if it be possible, that among thy works there are beings still more diminutive than these, they may, nevertheless, be endued with understanding superior to the intelligence of those stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted."

One of the philosophers assured him that there were intelligent beings much smaller than men, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but also described all that Swammerdam hath discovered, and Réaumur dissected. In a word, he informed him that there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees, that bees bear to man; the same as the Sirian himself compared to those vast beings whom he had mentioned; and as those huge animals are to other substances, before whom they would appear like so many particles of dust. Here the conversation became very interesting, and Micromegas proceeded in these words:

"O ye intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his omniscience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth must be pure and exquisite: for, being unencumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little else than soul, you must spend your lives in the delights of pleasure and reflection, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect spirit. True happiness I have no where found; but certainly here it dwells."

At this harangue all the philosophers shook their heads, and one among them, more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that excepting a very small number of inhabitants who were very little esteemed by their fellows, all the rest were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miserable wretches.

"We have matter enough," said he, "to do abundance of mischief, if mischief comes from matter; and too much understanding, if evil flows from understanding. You must know, for example, that at this very moment, while I am speaking, there are one hundred thousand animals of our own species, covered with hats, slaying an equal number of their fellow creatures, who wear turbans; at least, they are either slaying or being slain; and this hath usually been the case all over the earth from time immemorial."

The Sirian, shuddering at this information, begged to know the cause of those horrible quarrels among such a puny race; and was given to understand that the subject of the dispute was a pitiful mole-hill [called Palestine,] no larger than his heel. Not that any one of those millions who cut one another's throats pretends to have the least claim to the smallest particle of that clod. The question is, whether it shall belong to a certain person who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reason I know not) they dignify with the appellation of Pope. Neither the one nor the other has seen or ever will see the pitiful corner in question; and probably none of these wretches, who so madly destroy each other, ever beheld the ruler on whose account they are so mercilessly sacrificed!

"Ah, miscreants!" cried the indignant Sirian, "such excess of desperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three steps, and trample the whole nest of such ridiculous assassins under my feet."

"Don't give yourself the trouble," replied the philosopher, "they are industrious enough in procuring their own destruction. At the end of ten years the hundredth part of those wretches will not survive; for you must know that, though they should not draw a sword in the cause they have espoused, famine, fatigue, and intemperance would sweep almost all of them from the face of the earth. Besides, the punishment should not be inflicted upon them, but upon those sedentary and slothful barbarians, who, from their palaces, give orders for murdering a million of men and then solemnly thank God for their success."

Our traveler was moved with compassion for the entire human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrasts. "Since you are of the small number of the wise," said he, "and in all likelihood do not engage yourselves in the trade of murder for hire, be so good as to tell me your occupation."

"We anatomize flies," replied the philosopher, "we measure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute upon two or three thousand that are beyond our comprehension."

"How far," said the Sirian, "do you reckon the distance between the great star in the constellation Gemini and that called Caniculæ?"

To this question all of them answered with one voice: "Thirty-two degrees and a half."

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"And what is the distance from hence to the moon?"

"Sixty semi-diameters of the earth."

He then thought to puzzle them by asking the weight of the air; but they answered distinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times specifically lighter than an equal column of the lightest water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, astonished at their answers, was now tempted to believe those people sorcerers, who, but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow were inspired with souls.

"Well," said Micromegas, "since you know so well what is without you, doubtless you are still more perfectly acquainted with that which is within. Tell me what is the soul, and how do your ideas originate?"

Here the philosophers spoke altogether as before; but each was of a different opinion. The eldest quoted Aristotle; another pronounced the name of Descartes; a third mentioned Mallebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke. An old peripatecian lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence: "The soul is perfection and reason, having power to be such as it is, as Aristotle expressly declares, page 633 of the Louvre edition:

"Εντελεχεια τις εσι, και λογος τε δυναμιν εχοντθς τοιεδι ειται."

"I am not very well versed in Greek," said the giant.

"Nor I either," replied the philosophical mite.

"Why then do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek?" resumed the Sirian.

"Because," answered the other, "it is but reasonable we should quote what we do not comprehend in a language we do not understand."

Here the Cartesian interposed: "The soul," said he, "is a pure spirit or intelligence, which hath received before birth all the metaphysical ideas; but after that event it is obliged to go to school and learn anew the knowledge which it hath lost."

"So it was necessary," replied the animal of eight leagues, "that thy soul should be learned before birth, in order to be so ignorant when thou hast got a beard upon thy chin. But what dost thou understand by spirit?"

"I have no idea of it," said the philosopher. "Indeed it is supposed to be immaterial."

"At least, thou knowest what matter is?" resumed the Sirian.

"Perfectly well," answered the other. "For example: that stone is gray, is of a certain figure, has three dimensions, specific weight, and divisibility."

"I want to know," said the giant, "what that object is, which, according to thy observation, hath a gray colour, weight, and divisibility. Thou seest a few qualities, but dost thou know the nature of the thing itself?"

"Not I, truly," answered the Cartesian.

Upon which the Sirian admitted that he also was ignorant in regard to this subject. Then addressing himself to another sage, who stood upon his thumb, he asked: "What is the soul? and what are her functions?"

"Nothing at all," replied this disciple of Mallebranche; "God hath made everything for my convenience. In him I see everything, by him I act; he is the universal agent, and I never meddle in his work."

"That is being a nonentity indeed," said the Sirian sage; and then, turning to a follower of Leibnitz, he exclaimed: "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the soul?

"In my opinion," answered this metaphysician, "the soul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of the clock; or, if you please, the soul is the clock, and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible."

A little partisan of Locke who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, said: "I do not know by what power I think; but well I know that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses. That there are immaterial and intelligent substances I do not at all doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds. I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe that many more things are possible than are usually thought so."

The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company; and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their respective sizes. But unluckily there was another animalcule in a square cap, who, taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed that he knew the whole secret, which was contained in the abridgment of St. Thomas. He surveyed the two celes-

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tial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion our two travelers were seized with a fit of that uncontrollable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods: their bellies quivered, their shoulders rose and fell, and, during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail into the Saturnian's pocket, where these worthy people searched for it a long time with great diligence. At length, having found the ship and set everything to rights again, the Sirian resumed the discourse with those diminutive mites, and promised to compose for them a choice book of philosophy which would demonstrate the very essence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a present of the book, which was brought to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, but when the old secretary came to open it he saw nothing but blank paper, upon which:—

"Ay, ay," said he, "this is just what I suspected."

April

By the VIDAME DE CHARTRES (13th Century)

English Version by Algernon Charles Swinburne

WHEN the fields catch flower
And the underwood is green,
And from bower unto bower
The songs of the birds begin,
I sing with sighing between.
When I laugh and sing,
I am heavy at heart for my sin;
I am sad in the spring
For my love that I shall not win,
For a foolish thing.

This profit I have of my woe,
That I know, as I sing,
I know he will needs have it so
Who is master and king,
Who is lord of the spirit of spring.
I will serve her and will not spare
Till her pity awake
Who is good, who is pure, who is fair,
Even her for whose sake
Love hath ta'en me and slain unaware.

O my Lord, O Love,
I have laid my life at thy feet;
Have thy will thereof,
Do as it please thee with it,
For what shall please thee is sweet.
I am come unto thee
To do thee service, O Love;
Yet cannot I see
Thou wilt take any pity thereof,
Any mercy on me.

But the grace I have long time sought
Comes never in sight,
If in her it abideth not,
Through thy mercy and might,
Whose heart is the world's delight.
Thou hast sworn without fail I shall die,
For my heart is set
On what hurts me, I wot not why,
But cannot forget
What I love, what I sing for and sigh.

She is worthy of praise,
For this grief of her giving is worth
All the joys of my days
That lie between death's day and birth
All the lordship of things upon earth.
Nay, what have I said?
I would not be glad if I could;
My dream and my dread
Are of her, and for her sake I would
That my life were fled.

Lo, sweet, if I durst not pray to you,
Then were I dead;
If I sang not a little to say to you,
(Could it be said)
O my love, how my heart would be fed;
Ah sweet who hast hold of my heart
For thy love's sake I live,
Do but tell me, ere either depart,
What a lover may give
For a woman so fair as thou art.

The lovers that disbelieve,
False rumours shall grieve
And evil-speaking shall part.

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So They Say

LADY MARY HAY-DRUMMOND:
English feminist, visiting America to find out why its women are "able to dominate"

"Thin women never made history."

JAMES J. WALKER:
Mayor of New York City, song-writer, sartorial exponent, and man-about-town

"A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat."

PRINCE LOUIS II OF MONACO:
reigning prince since 1922 over the eight square miles of Monaco, whose government receives £90,000 a year from the gambling concession

"It is my earnest wish to abolish gambling at Monte Carlo."

EDMUND GOSSE:
English critic and author

"The ordinary English eye is completely insensible to the qualities of sculpture."

MAN AT GASOLINE PUMP:
when two cake-eaters and two flappers driving a six-cylinder, high-powered sedan, order one gallon of gasoline

"What are you trying to do—wean the car?"

MAURICE RAVEL:
French composer, when asked about the "classic revival" in modern European music as a reaction from Debussy

"I started it."

"TAY PAY" O'CONNOR:
Right Hon. Thomas Power O'Connor, P.C., M.P.; English editor and author; member for Scotland Division of Liverpool for forty-two years

"If I were dictator of this country every girl should be married at eighteen and every man at twenty-one—if necessary, by compulsion."

CHARLES G. DAWES:
Vice-President of the United States

"Mediocrity requires aloofness to preserve its dignity. Genius alone can afford to mingle."

JOHAN BOJER:
Norwegian novelist

"It is a sign of failure when a nation has not beautiful women."

MRS. ARTHUR N. PRESMONT:
of Chevy Chase, Md., who was butted by a large ram "with long, sharp horns"

"I was terrified. But it's a glorious good thing I'm fat."

E. W. HOWE:
Kansas editor and business philosopher

"I've always had a sneaking belief that when a husband dies, his widow should retire from the love game. Girls and old maids for me."

MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE:
F.R.G.S., F.R.P.S. Pioneer of photographers of wild life; painter, soldier, lecturer, author, film producer

"The animals of Africa are more anxious to escape man than attack him."

SIR EDWIN STOCKTON:
British cloth merchant, declares American women spend four times as much on dress as English girls do

"The American business girl, who is a silk-clad being, spends 46 per cent. of her earnings on clothing."

"GENE" TUNNEY:
champion heavyweight pugilist

"There is nothing that I can say of Hamlet that has not already been said."

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IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI:
world pianist and ex-Premier of Poland

"There will be no farewells so far as I am concerned. The moment I realize that I am no longer making any progress in music, I shall stop playing, but you may rest assured that the fact will not be heralded."

MRS. EDITH MCCLURE PATTERSON:
of Dayton, Ohio, chairman of the family finance department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

"Men earn, but women spend."

JOHN H. TRUMBULL:
Governor of Connecticut, comments on reports that Gov. Alfred E. Smith's message to the New York Legislature would contain 35,000 words and take five hours to deliver

"Few souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."

MISS BETTIE FELL:
one of nine Columbia University co-eds, who have formed a club to force their male escorts to pay for dinners, soda checks, and theater tickets

"Nowadays the men talk about economic independence and the right to vote. Now I ask you, what has that to do with who shall pay for a hot fudge sundae?"

FRITZ KREISLER:
master violinist

"If music were prohibited and against the law, I would be a criminal, for I must play."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES:
pastor of the Community Church, New York City

"The worst personal tragedies I have ever known are not broken marriages but broken relations of free love."

JUDGE JOSEPH SABATH:
of Chicago, who has heard the complaints of 50,000 discontented wives and husbands

"Trial divorce instead of trial marriage might do some good. But it wouldn't help often. There is only one time to prevent divorce and that is before marriage."

MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL:
educational worker and writer, refers to the "eugenic baby" of Mrs. Grace M. Burnham

"I don't believe in having babies just on theory."

DWIGHT W. MORROW:
U. S. Ambassador to Mexico

"When we need the sheriff to help collect a loan, we recognize that our venture has turned out a failure."

DR. EMIL LUDWIG:
German biographer, on lecture tour in the United States

"You have raised your riches to the point where they have become your art."

MAUDE ROYDEN:
English preacher and author, does not believe in a racial "melting pot"

"What a bore it would be, if nothing else, to find Japan like America, and China like England—intolerable."

CONSTANTINE PAPPADIMITRAKOPOULOS:
born in Patras, Greece; a butcher—asked, when he applies for citizenship, why he does not Americanize his name

"I don't want my name changed, because it's the one my mother gave me."

BENJAMIN G. BRAWLEY:
negro school teacher of Raleigh, N. C., rejects the second prize awarded him by the Harmon Foundation for an essay

"I have declined the second prize, for all my life I have done strictly first-class work."

DR. ALEXIS CARREL:
of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

"Immortality is incompatible with organization."

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE:
professor of physics in the Artillery College, Woolwich; writer on abstruse mathematical subjects

"I call friction the feminine force: it always opposes, and never quite knows what it is going to do."

AMANULLAH KHAN:
Emir of Afghanistan, who announces tremendous plans for the modernizing of his country

"I teach my simplified system of writing at evening classes when the day's work is done. It has been a great success, and enables an illiterate person to read and write in twenty-three days, whereas under the old system it would have taken three years."

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J. A. MURDOCKE:
European style expert, views with alarm a formal evening affair at Princeton, where only two of the students wore tail coats

"In England it would be an affront to wear your dinner jacket instead of the tail coat."

BEN B. LINDSEY:
juvenile court authority, and exponent of companionate marriage

"Billy Sunday would be burning witches and heretics if he had his way."

LADY ELEANOR SMITH:
daughter of Lord Birkenhead (Secretary of State for India) who edits a column of gossip in a London newspaper

"A friend of mine has just had installed a type of bath which will permit her to receive guests of both sexes. The bath has a gorgeous all-concealing top. She has already given a preliminary party at which I was not present."

FANNIE HURST:
author

"Our Presidents of the present and for quite a little time in the future, even on into the airplane age, are going to be good, solid country boys, born from good middle-class families, down on the soil of so-called Rotarian stock."

MR. J. C. SQUIRE:
English editor and author

"Most men never think again after they have begun to work."

A VIENNA CORRESPONDENT:
of the London "Daily Express"

"Is a live cobra sufficient clothing for a modern dancer?"

NEYSA MCMEIN:
illustrator

"I am not a real artist. I belong to those whose artistic ability is turned to the producing of something wanted by the public and immediately salable."

DANIEL FROHMAN:
theatrical producer

"A good play is one that draws and pays salaries and royalties. A bad play is one that does not draw and does not pay salaries and royalties."

MRS. MYRTLE MILLER:
Texas woman of 33, divorced five times and seeking decree No. 6 and husband No. 7

"Next time I'm going to get me an old man. I've had six young husbands and my patience is exhausted."

MARIE DRESSLER:
American stage favourite for a generation

"I haven't had time to be happy."

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING:
German philosopher

"Whenever a really great or profound man talks of morals he does it with a certain sense of humour."

L. G. HUTCHINSON:
managing director of an English company developing television

"Even now it is possible to see a man's tongue from a great distance, but at the moment it is impossible to determine the colour. Colour possibly will enter the field in the future, and one can visualize a physician ordering a tonic for a patient perhaps hundreds of miles away."

DR. CHARLES MAYO:
of Rochester, Minn.

"Temperament in an opera singer is merely the reaction from the stimulus of too much music."

REUBEN H. DONNELLEY:
Chicago publisher, paying old creditors principal and interest ($645,000) on a failure legally settled twenty-two years ago

"It was purely a matter of business."

MISS RUTH R. NICHOLS:
of Rye, New York, who made the first non-stop flight between New York and Miami

"The man who is making $10,000 a year or more to-day can't afford to travel any other way except by air."

PRINCE OF SIAM:
who took his M.D. in America two years ago,—on his way to Calcutta to attend the World Medical Conference

"There are far more points of similarity than of difference between the doctrines of Gautama and Jesus, those two loftiest peaks of human spirituality and endeavour."

EDITORIAL WRITER:
in the French newspaper, "Le Temps"

"The United States wants peace and disarmament, but that doesn't prevent it from elaborating a formidable naval program which will make it mistress of the seas in twenty years."

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Irving T. Bush:
New York business man; warehouse, terminal, and traffic expert

"When I was in Moscow, I did not see any American marines, although the Bolsheviki have seized a good deal of American property. I hate to think we take a look at the size of the country before we decide whether to occupy it."

Father Duffy:
chaplain in the World War, at a dinner for champion athletes, declares himself the champion non-athlete of the world

"My position in sport is summed up in Mr. Dooley's remark: 'You can't use your strength and have it.'"

Dr. Frank B. Taylor:
of the Glacial Division, U. S. Geological Survey, since 1900

"The whole mass of North America north and northeast of the Rocky Mountains is sliding constantly southward and southwestward without perceptible jar, on a deep-seated film of rock."

Jesse Adler:
chairman of the Men's Style Committee, National Shoe Retailers' Association

"Men's heels will be from 1¼ to 1⅜ inches high, and the shoes will fit closely, with more beautiful arches."

"Chicago May":
credited with an extraordinary experience in the underworld—just married to Netley Lucas, author, whose hobby is crime study

"Men are all right, but you have to be hard if you expect to get along with them."

Wilbur Glenn Voliva:
head of the religious colony at Zion City, starts abroad to prove that the world is flat

"It will be just like going around the rim of a big plate."

George Bernard Shaw:
tells why he will never visit America

"I am, it is true, a master of comic irony, but even I could not bear to see the Statue of Liberty."

Marian Talley:
of Kansas City, youthful grand opera singer, objects to apartments in New York

"There isn't any porch."

Albert R. Williams:
American author, tramps through Russia to see the village folk

"One thing is assured—the Soviet Government will not embark on a war which does not appeal to the common sense and reason of the peasant."

Carl W. Dipman:
editor of the "Progressive Grocer," says grocers psychoanalyze housewives to push sales

"The scientifically planned grocery takes women, with all their peculiarities, and builds a store around them."

Dr. Alexander S. Hirshfield:
State Alienist of Illinois

"As one of the many aids to help in the recovery of these patients, the State hospitals for the insane in Illinois have fully equipped beauty parlours."

Dr. C. Coulter Charlton:
inventor of the new surgical electric needle, experimented with "hot dogs," drying up minute areas without affecting the surrounding parts

"Electrodes may be used in the removal of tonsils when the use of a general anæsthetic might involve great risk."

Jeanne Eagels:
actress

"No actor gets sufficient salary. Every cent that comes into the box-office I bring in."

"Jackie" Coogan:
juvenile cinema star, who doesn't care about money

"No, it doesn't feel any different to be rich."

American Music-Lover:

"Well, what do you think of our American oysters?"

French Musician of Modernity:

After so violent a discussion of Ravel and the New Music that it was suggested they had better change the subject

"I think they are very conservative."

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise:
of the Free Synagogue of New York

"Jewish employers don't want to employ Jews, because they don't want a competitor in six years."

Efrem Zimbalist:
Russian violinist, who married Alma Gluck, opera and concert singer

"The only exciting thing that ever happened to me is when I married."

Arnold Bennett:
English author

"In America you have to think like other people or emigrate."

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Slain by the Doones

By R. D. BLACKMORE

CHAPTER I

AFTER A STORMY LIFE

TO HEAR people talking about North Devon, and the savage part called Exmoor, you might almost think that there never was any place in the world so beautiful, or any living men so wonderful. It is not my intention to make little of them, for they would be the last to permit it; neither do I feel ill will against them for the pangs they allowed me to suffer; for I dare say they could not help themselves, being so slow-blooded, and hard to stir even by their own egrimonies. But when I look back upon the things that happened, and were for a full generation of mankind accepted as the will of God, I say, that the people who endured them must have been born to be ruled by the devil. And in thinking thus I am not alone; for the very best judges of that day stopped short of that end of the world, because the law would not go any further. Nevertheless, every word is true of what I am going to tell, and the stoutest writer of history can not make less of it by denial.

My father was Sylvester Ford of Quantock, in the county of Somerset, a gentleman of large estate as well as ancient lineage. Also of high courage and resolution not to be beaten, as he proved in his many rides with Prince Rupert, and woe that I should say it! in his most sad death. To this he was not looking forward much, though turned of threescore years and five; and his only child and loving daughter, Sylvia, which is myself, had never dreamed of losing him. For he was exceedingly fond of me, little as I deserved it, except by loving him with all my heart and thinking nobody like him. And he without anything to go upon, except that he was my father, held, as I have often heard, as good an opinion of me.

Upon the triumph of that hard fanatic, the Brewer, who came to a timely end by the justice of high Heaven—my father, being disgusted with England as well as banished from her, and despoiled of all his property, took service on the Continent, and wandered there for many years, until the replacement of the throne. Thereupon he expected, as many others did, to get his estates restored to him, and perhaps to be held in high esteem at court, as he had a right to be. But this did not so come to pass. Excellent words were granted him, and promise of tenfold restitution; on the faith of which he returned to Paris, and married a young Italian lady of good birth and high qualities, but with nothing more to come to her. Then, to his great disappointment, he found himself left to live upon air—which, however distinguished, is not sufficient—and love, which, being fed so easily, expects all who lodge with it to live upon itself.

My father was full of strong loyalty; and the king (in his value of that sentiment) showed faith that it would support him. His majesty took both my father's hands, having learned that hearty style in France, and welcomed him with most gracious warmth and promised him more than he could desire. But time went on, and the bright words faded, like a rose set bravely in a noble vase, without any nurture under it.

Another man had been long established in our hereditaments by the Commonwealth; and he would not quit them of his own accord, having a sense of obligation to himself. Nevertheless, he went so far as to offer my father a share of the land, if some honest lawyers, whom he quoted, could find proper means for arranging it. But my father said: "If I can not have my rights, I will have my wrongs. No mixture of the two for me." And so, for the last few years of his life, being now very poor and a widower, he took refuge in an outlandish place, a house and small property in the heart of Exmoor, which had come to the Fords on the spindle side, and had been overlooked when their patrimony was confiscated by the Brewer. Of him, I would speak with no contempt, because he was ever as good as his word.

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In the course of time, we had grown used to live according to our fortunes. And I verily believe that we were quite content, and repined but little at our lost importance. For my father was a very simple-minded man, who had seen so much of uproarious life, and the falsehood of friends, and small glitter of great folk, that he was glad to fall back upon his own good will. Moreover he had his books, and me; and as he always spoke out his thoughts, he seldom grudged to thank the Lord for having left both of these to him. I felt a little jealous of his books now and then, as a very poor scholar might be; but reason is the proper guide for women, and we are quick enough in discerning it, without having to borrow it from books.

At any rate now we were living in a wood, and trees were the only creatures near us, to the best of our belief and wish. Few might say in what part of the wood we lived, unless they saw the smoke ascending from our single chimney; so thick were the trees, and the land they stood on so full of sudden rise and fall. But a little river called the Lynn makes a crooked border to it, and being for its size as noisy a water as any in the world perhaps, can be heard all through the trees and leaves to the very top of the Warren Wood. In the summer all this was sweet and pleasant; but lonely and dreary and shuddersome, when the twigs bore drops instead of leaves, and the ground would not stand to the foot, and the play of light and shadow fell, like the lopping of a tree, into one great lump.

Now there was a young man about this time, and not so very far distant from our place—as distances are counted there—who managed to make himself acquainted with us, although we lived so privately. To me it was a marvel, both why and how he did it; seeing what little we had to offer, and how much we desired to live alone. But Mrs. Pring told me to look in the glass, if I wanted to know the reason; and while I was blushing with anger at that, being only just turned eighteen years, and thinking of nobody but my father, she asked if I had never heard the famous rhymes made by the wise woman at Tarr-steps:

"Three fair maids live upon Exymoor,
The rocks, and the woods, and the dairy-door.
The son of a baron shall woo all three,
But barren of them all shall the young man be."

Of the countless things I could never understand, one of the very strangest was how Deborah Pring, our only domestic, living in the lonely depths of this great wood, and seeming to see nobody but ourselves, in spite of all that contrived to know as much of the doings of the neighbourhood as if she went to market twice a week. But my father cared little for any such stuff; coming from a better part of the world, and having been mixed with mighty issues and making of great kingdoms, he never said what he thought of these little combings of petty pie crust, because it was not worth his while. And yet he seemed to take a kindly liking to the young De Wichehalse; not as a youth of birth only, but as one driven astray perhaps by harsh and austere influence. For his father, the baron, was a godly man,—which is much to the credit of anyone, growing rarer and rarer, as it does,—and there should be no rasp against such men, if they would only bear in mind that in their time they had been young, and were not quite so perfect then. But lo! I am writing as if I knew a great deal more than I could know until the harrow passed over me.

No one, however, need be surprised at the favour this young man obtained with all who came into his converse. Handsome, and beautiful as he was, so that bold maids longed to kiss him, it was the sadness in his eyes, and the gentle sense of doom therein, together with a laughing scorn of it, that made him come home to our nature, in a way that it feels but can not talk of. And he seemed to be of the past somehow, although so young and bright and brave; of the time when greater things were done, and men would die for women. That he should woo three maids in vain, to me was a stupid old woman's tale.

"Sylvia," my father said to me, when I was not even thinking of him, "no more converse must we hold with that son of the Baron de Wichehalse. I have ordered Pring to keep the door; and Mistress Pring, who hath the stronger tongue, to come up if he attempted to dispute; the while I go away to catch our supper."

He was bearing a fishing rod made by himself, and a basket strapped over his shoulders.

"But why, father? Why should such a change be? How hath the young gentleman displeased thee?" I put my face into his beard as I spoke, that I might not appear too curious.

"Is it so?" he answered, "then high time is it. No more shall he enter this"—*house* he would have said, but being so truthful changed it into—"hut. I was pleased with

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the youth. He is gentle and kind; but weak —my dear child, remember that. Why are we in this hut, my dear? and thou, the heiress of the best land in the world, now picking up sticks in the wilderness? Because the man who should do us right is weak, and wavering, and careth but for pleasure. So is this young Marwood de Wichehalse. He rideth with the Doones. I knew it not, but now that I know, it is enough."

My father was of tall stature and fine presence, and his beard shone like a cascade of silver. It was not the manner of the young as yet to argue with their elders, and though I might have been a little fluttered by the comely gallant's lofty talk and gaze of daring melancholy, I said good-bye to him in my heart, as I kissed my noble father. Shall I ever cease to thank the Lord that I proved myself a good daughter then?

CHAPTER II

BY A QUIET RIVER

LIVING as we did all by ourselves, and five or six miles away from the Robbers' Valley, we had felt little fear of the Doones hitherto, because we had nothing for them to steal except a few books, the sight of which would only make them swear and ride away. But now that I was full-grown, and beginning to be accounted comely, my father was sometimes uneasy in his mind, as he told Deborah, and she told me; for the outlaws showed interest in such matters, even to the extent of carrying off young women who had won reputation thus. Therefore he left Thomas Pring at home, with the doors well-barred, and two duck guns loaded, and ordered me not to quit the house until he should return with a creel of trout for supper. Only our little boy Dick Hutchings was to go with him, to help when his fly caught in the bushes.

My father set off in the highest spirits, as anglers always seem to do, to balance the state in which they shall return; and I knew not, neither did anyone else, what a bold stroke he was resolved upon. When it was too late, we found out that, hearing so much of that strange race, he desired to know more about them, scorning the idea that men of birth could ever behave like savages, and forgetting that they had received no chance of being tamed, as rough spirits are by the lessons of the battlefield. No gentleman would ever dream of attacking an unarmed man, he thought; least of all, one whose hair was white. And so he resolved to fish the brook which ran away from their stronghold, believing that he might see some of them, and hoping for a peaceful interview.

We waited and waited for his pleasant face, and long, deliberate step upon the steep, and cheerful shout for his Sylvia, to come and ease down his basket, and say— "Well done, father!" But the shadows of the trees grew darker, and the song of the gray-bird died out among them, and the silent wings of the owl swept by, and all the mysterious sounds of night in the depth of forest loneliness, and the glimmer of a star through the leaves here and there, to tell us that there still was light in heaven—but of an earthly father not a sign; only pain, and long sighs, and deep sinking of the heart.

But why should I dwell upon this? All women, being of a gentle and loving kind —unless they forego their nature,—know, better than I at this first trial knew, the misery often sent to us. I could not believe it, and went about in a dreary haze of wonder, getting into dark places, when all was dark, and expecting to be called out again and asked what had made such a fool of me. And so the long night went at last, and no comfort came in the morning. But I heard a great crying, some time the next day, and ran back from the wood to learn what it meant, for there I had been searching up and down, not knowing whither I went or why. And lo, it was little Dick Hutchings at our door, and Deborah Pring held him by the coat-flap, and was beating him with one of my father's sticks.

"I tell 'ee, they Doo-uns has done for 'un," the boy was roaring betwixt his sobs; "dree on 'em, dree on 'em, and he've a killed one. The squire be layin' as dead as a sto-un."

Mrs. Pring smacked him on the mouth, for she saw that I had heard it. What followed I know not, for down I fell, and the sense of life went from me.

There was little chance of finding Thomas Pring, or any other man to help us, for neighbours were none, and Thomas was gone everywhere he could think of to look for them. Was I likely to wait for night again, and then talk for hours about it? I recovered my strength when the sun went low; and who was Deborah Pring, to stop me? She would have come, but I would not have it; and the strength of my grief took command of her.

Little Dick Hutchings whistled now,—

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I remember that he whistled, as he went through the wood in front of me. Who had given him the breeches on his legs and the hat upon his shallow pate? And the poor little coward had skiddered away, and slept in a furze-rick, till famine drove him home. But now he was set up again by gorging for an hour, and chattered as if he had done a great thing.

There must have been miles of rough walking through woods, and tangles, and craggy and black boggy hollows, until we arrived at a wide open space where two streams ran into one another.

"Thic be Oare watter," said the boy, "and t'other over yonner be Badgery. Squire be dead up there; plaise, Miss Sillie, 'ee can goo vorrard and vaind 'un."

He would go no further; but I crossed the brook, and followed the Badgery stream, without knowing, or caring to know, where I was. The banks, and the bushes, and the rushing water went by me until I came upon—but though the Lord hath made us to endure such things, he hath not compelled us to enlarge upon them.

In the course of the night kind people came, under the guidance of Thomas Pring, and they made a pair of wattles such as farmers use for sheep, and carried home father and daughter, one sobbing and groaning with a broken heart, and the other that should never so much as sigh again. Troubles have fallen upon me since, as the will of the Lord is always; but none that I ever felt like that, and for months everything was the same to me.

But inasmuch as it has been said by those who should know better, that my father in some way provoked his merciless end by those vile barbarians, I will put into plainest form, without any other change, except from outlandish words, the tale received from Dick Hutchings, the boy, who had seen and heard almost everything while crouching in the water and huddled up inside a bush.

"Squire had catched a tidy few, and he seemed well pleased with himself, and then we came to a sort of a hollow place where one brook floweth into the other. Here he was a-casting of his fly, most careful, for if there was ever a trout on the feed, it was like to be a big one, and lucky for me I was keeping round the corner when a kingfisher bird flew along like a string-bolt, and there were three great men coming round a furze-bush, and looking at squire, and he back to them. Down goes I, you may say sure enough, with all of me in the water but my face, and that stuck into a furze-clump, and my teeth making holes in my naked knees, because of the way they were shaking.

"'Ho, fellow!' one of them called out to squire, as if he was no better than father is, 'who give thee leave to fish in our river?'

"'Open moor,' says squire, 'and belongeth to the king, if it belongeth to anybody. Any of you gentlemen hold his majesty's warrant to forbid an old officer of his?'

"That seemed to put them in a dreadful rage, for to talk of a warrant was unpleasant to them.

"'Good fellow, thou mayest spin spider's webs, or jib up and down like a gnat,' said one, 'but such tricks are not lawful upon land of ours. Therefore render up thy spoil.'

"Squire walked up from the pebbles at that, and he stood before the three of them, as tall as any of them. And he said, 'You be young men, and I am old. Nevertheless, I will not be robbed by three, or by thirty of you. If you be cowards enough, come on.'

"Two of them held off, and I heard them say, 'Let him alone, he is a brave old cock.' For you never seed anyone look more braver, and his heart was up with righteousness. But the other, who seemed to be the oldest of the three, shouted out something, and put his leg across, and made at the squire with a long blue thing that shone in the sun, like a looking-glass. And the squire, instead of turning round to run away as he should have, led at him with the thick end of the fishing rod, to which he had bound an old knife of Mother Pring's for to stick it in the grass, while he put his flies on. And I heard the old knife strike the man in his breast, and down he goes dead as a door-nail. And before I could look again almost, another man ran a long blade into squire, and there he was lying as straight as a lath, with the end of his white beard as red as a rose. At that I was so scared that I couldn't look no more, and the water came bubbling into my mouth, and I thought I was at home along of mother.

"By and by, I came back to myself with my face full of scratches in a bush, and the sun was going low, and the place all as quiet as Cheriton Church. But the noise of the water told me where I was; and I got up, and ran for the life of me, till I came to the goyal. And then I got into a furze-rick, and slept all night, for I durstn't go home to tell Mother Pring. But I just took a look before I began to run, and the Doone that was killed was gone away, but the squire lay along with his arms stretched out, as quiet as a sheep before they hang him up to drain."

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CHAPTER III

WISE COUNSEL

SOME pious people seem not to care how many of their dearest hearts the Lord in heaven takes from them. How well I remember that in later life, I met a beautiful young widow, who had loved her husband with her one love, and was left with twin babies by him. I feared to speak, for I had known him well, and thought her the tenderest of the tender, and my eyes were full of tears for her. But she looked at me with some surprise, and said: "You loved my Bob, I know," for he was a cousin of my own, and as good a man as ever lived, "but, Sylvia, you must not commit the sin of grieving for him."

It may be so, in a better world, if people are allowed to die there; but as long as we are here, how can we help being as the Lord has made us? The sin, as it seems to me, would be to feel or fancy ourselves case-hardened against the will of our Maker, which so often is—that we should grieve. Without a thought how that might be, I did the natural thing, and cried about the death of my dear father until I was like to follow him. But a strange thing happened in a month or so of time, which according to Deborah saved my life, by compelling other thoughts to come. My father had been buried in a small churchyard, with nobody living near it, and the church itself was falling down, through scarcity of money on the moor. The Warren, as our wood was called, lay somewhere in the parish of Brendon, a straggling country, with a little village somewhere, and a blacksmith's shop and an ale-house, but no church that anyone knew of, till you came to a place called Cheriton. And there was a little church all by itself, not easy to find, though it had four bells, which nobody dared to ring, for fear of his head and the burden above it. But a boy would go up the first Sunday of each month, and strike the liveliest of them with a poker from the smithy. And then a brave parson, who feared nothing but his duty, would make his way in, with a small flock at his heels, and read the Psalms of the day, and preach concerning the difficulty of doing better. And it was accounted to the credit of the Doones that they never came near him, for he had no money.

The Fords had been excellent Catholics always; but Thomas and Deborah Pring, who managed everything while I was overcome, said that the church, being now so old, must have belonged to us, and therefore might be considered holy. The parson also said that it would do, for he was not a man of hot persuasions. And so my dear father lay there, without a stone, or a word to tell who he was, and the grass began to grow.

Here I was sitting one afternoon in May and the earth was beginning to look lively; when a shadow from the west fell over me, and a large, broad man stood behind it. If I had been at all like myself, a thing of that kind would have frightened me; but now the strings of my system seemed to have nothing like a jerk in them, for I cared not whither I went, nor how I looked, nor whether I went anywhere.

"Child! poor child!" It was a deep, soft voice of distant yet large benevolence. "Almost a woman, and a comely one, for those who think of such matters. Such a child I might have owned, if Heaven had been kind to me."

Low as I was of heart and spirit, I could not help looking up at him; for Mother Pring's voice, though her meaning was so good, sounded like a cackle in comparison to this. But when I looked up, such encouragement came from a great, benign and steadfast gaze that I turned away my eyes, as I felt them overflow. But he said not a word, for his pity was too deep, and I thanked him in my heart for that.

"Pardon me if I am wrong," I said, with my eyes on the white flowers I had brought and arranged as my father would have liked them; "but perhaps you are the clergyman of this old church." For I had lain senseless and moaning on the ground when my father was carried away to be buried.

"How often am I taken for a clerk in holy orders! And in better times I might have been of that sacred vocation, though so unworthy. But I am a member of the older church, and to me all this is heresy."

There was nothing of bigotry in our race, and we knew that we must put up with all changes for the worst; yet it pleased me not a little that so good a man should be also a sound Catholic.

"There are few of us left, and we are persecuted. Sad calumnies are spread about us," this venerable man proceeded, while I gazed on the silver locks that fell upon his well-worn velvet coat. "But of such things we take small heed, while we know that the Lord is with us. Haply even you, young maiden, have listened to slander about us."

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I told him with some concern, although not caring much for such things now, that I never had any chance of listening to tales about anybody, and was yet without the honour of even knowing who he was.

"Few indeed care for that point now," he answered, with a toss of his glistening curls, and a lift of his broad white eyebrows. "Though there has been a time when the noblest of this earth—but vanity, vanity, the wise man saith. Yet some good I do in my quiet little way. There is a peaceful company among these hills, respected by all who conceive them aright. My child, perhaps you have heard of them?"

I replied sadly that I had not done so, but hoped that he would forgive me as one unacquainted with that neighbourhood. But I knew that there might be godly monks still in hiding, for the service of God in the wilderness.

"So far as the name goes, we are not monastics," he said, with a sparkle in his deep-set eyes; "we are but a family of ancient lineage, expelled from our home in these irreligious times. It is no longer in our power to do all the good we would, and therefore we are much undervalued. Perhaps you have heard of the Doones, my child?"

To me it was a wonder that he spoke of them thus, for his look was of beautiful mildness, instead of any just condemnation. But his aspect was as if he came from heaven; and I thought that he had a hard job before him, if he were sent to conduct the Doones thither.

"I am not severe; I think well of mankind," he went on, as I looked at him meekly, "perhaps because I am one of them. You are very young, my dear, and unable to form much opinion as yet. But let it be your rule of life ever to keep an open mind."

This advice impressed me much, though I could not see clearly what it meant. But the sun was going beyond Exmoor now, and safe as I felt with so good an old man, a long, lonely walk was before me. So I took up my basket and rose to depart, saying, "Good-bye, sir; I am much in your debt for your excellent advice and kindness."

He looked at me most benevolently, and whatever may be said of him hereafter, I shall always believe that he was a good man, overcome perhaps by circumstances, yet trying to make the best of them. He has now become a by-word as a hypocrite and a merciless self-seeker. But many young people, who met him as I did, without possibility of prejudice, hold a larger opinion of him. And surely young eyes are the brightest.

"I will protect thee, my dear," he said, looking capable in his great width and wisdom of protecting all the host of heaven. "I have protected a maiden even more beautiful than thou art. But now she hath unwisely fled from us. Our young men are thoughtless, but they are not violent, at least until they are sadly provoked. Your father was a brave man, and much to be esteemed. My brother, the mildest man that ever lived, hath ridden down hundreds of Roundheads with him. Therefore thou shalt come to no harm. But he should not have fallen upon our young men as if they were rabble of the Commonwealth."

Upon these words I looked at him I know not how, so great was the variance betwixt my ears and eyes. Then I tried to say something, but nothing would come, so entire was my amazement.

"Such are the things we have ever to contend with," he continued, as if to himself, with a smile of compassion at my prejudice. "Nay, I am not angry; I have seen so much of this. Right and wrong stand fast, and cannot be changed by any facundity. But time is short, and will soon be stirring. Have a back way from thy bedroom, child. I am Councillor Doone; by birthright and in right of understanding, the captain of that pious family, since the return of the good Sir Esnor to the land where there are no lies. So long as we are not molested in our peaceful valley, my will is law; and I have ordered that none shall go near thee. But a mob of country louts are drilling in a farmyard up the moorlands, to plunder and destroy us, if they can. We shall make short work of them. But after that, our youths may be provoked beyond control, and sally forth to make reprisal. They have their eyes on thee, I know, and thy father hath assaulted us. An ornament to our valley thou wouldst be; but I would reproach myself if the daughter of my brother's friend were discontented with our life. Therefore have I come to warn thee, for there are troublous times in front. Have a back way from thy bedroom, child, and slip out into the wood if a noise comes in the night."

Before I could thank him, he strode away, with a step of no small dignity, and as he raised his pointed hat, the western light showed nothing fairer or more venerable than the long wave of his silver locks.

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CHAPTER IV

A COTTAGE HOSPITAL

MASTER PRING was not much of a man to talk. But for power of thought he was considered equal to any pair of other men, and superior of course to all womankind. Moreover, he had seen a good deal of fighting, not among outlaws, but with fine soldiers well skilled in the proper style of it. So that it was impossible for him to think very highly of the Doones. Gentlemen they might be, he said, and therefore by nature well qualified to fight. But where could they have learned any discipline, any tactics, any knowledge of formation, or even any skill of sword or firearms? "Tush, there was his own son, Bob, now serving under Captain Purvis, as fine a young trooper as ever drew sword, and perhaps on his way at this very moment, under orders from the Lord Lieutenant, to rid the country of that pestilent race. Ah, ha! We soon shall see!"

And in truth we did see him, even sooner than his own dear mother had expected, and long before his father wanted him, though he loved him so much in his absence. For I heard a deep voice in the kitchen one night (before I was prepared for such things, by making a back way out of my bedroom), and thinking it best to know the worst, went out to ask what was doing there.

A young man was sitting upon the table, accounting to little of our house, yet showing no great readiness to boast, only to let us know who he was. He had a fine head of curly hair, and spoke with a firm conviction that there was much inside it. "Father, you have possessed small opportunity of seeing how we do things now. Mother is not to be blamed for thinking that we are in front of what used to be. What do we care how the country lies? We have heard all this stuff up at Oare. If there are bogs, we shall timber them. If there are rocks, we shall blow them up. If there are caves, we shall fire down them. The moment we get our guns into position——"

"Hush, Bob, hush! Here is your master's daughter. Not the interlopers you put up with; but your real master, on whose property you were born. Is that the position for your guns?"

Being thus rebuked by his father, who was a very faithful-minded man, Robert Pring shuffled his long boots down, and made me a low salutation. But, having paid little attention to the things other people were full of, I left the young man to convince his parents, and he soon was successful with his mother.

Two, or it may have been three days after this, a great noise arose in the morning. I was dusting my father's books, which lay open just as he had left them. There was "Barker's Delight" and "Izaak Walton," and the "Secrets of Angling, by J. D." and some notes of his own about making of flies; also fish hooks made of Spanish steel, and long hairs pulled from the tail of a gray horse, with spindles and bits of quill for plaiting them. So proud and so pleased had he been with these trifles, after the clamour and clash of life, that tears came into my eyes once more, as I thought of his tranquil and amiable ways.

"'Tis a wrong thing altogether to my mind," cried Deborah Pring, running in to me. "They Doones was established afore we come, and why not let them bide upon their own land? They treated poor master amiss, beyond denial; and never will I forgive them for it. All the same, he was catching what belonged to them; meaning for the best no doubt, because he was so righteous. And having such courage he killed one, or perhaps two; though I never could have thought so much of that old knife. But ever since that, they have been good, Miss Sillie, never even coming anigh us; and I don't believe half of the tales about them."

All this was new to me; for if anybody had cried shame and death upon that wicked horde, it was Deborah Pring, who was talking to me thus! I looked at her with wonder, suspecting for the moment that the venerable Councillor—who was clever enough to make a cow forget her calf—might have paid her a visit while I was away. But very soon the reason of the change appeared.

"Who hath taken command of the attack?" she asked, as if no one would believe the answer; "not Captain Purvis, as ought to have been, nor even Captain Dallas of Devon, but Spy Stickles by royal warrant, the man that hath been up to Oare so long! And my son Robert, who hath come down to help to train them, and understandeth cannon guns——"

"Captain Purvis? I seem to know that name very well. I have often heard it from my father. And your son under him! Why, Deborah, what are you hiding from me?"

Now, good Mrs. Pring was beginning to forget, or rather had never borne properly in mind, that I was the head of the house-

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hold now, and entitled to know everything, and to be asked about it. But people who desire to have this done should insist upon it at the outset, which I had not been in proper state to do. So that she made quite a grievance of it, when I would not be treated as a helpless child. However, I soon put a stop to that, and discovered to my surprise much more than could be imagined.

And before I could say even half of what I thought, a great noise arose in the hollow of the hills, and came along the valleys, like the blowing of a wind that had picked up the roaring of mankind upon its way. Perhaps greater noise had never arisen upon the moor; and the cattle, and the quiet sheep, and even the wild deer came bounding from unsheltered places into any offering of branches, or of other heling from the turbulence of men. And then a gray fog rolled down the valley, and Deborah said it was cannon-smoke, following the river course; but to me it seemed only the usual thickness of the air, when the clouds hang low. Thomas Pring was gone, as behooved an ancient warrior, to see how his successors did things, and the boy Dick Hutchings had begged leave to sit in a tree and watch the smoke. Deborah and I were left alone, and a long and anxious day we had.

At last the wood-pigeons had stopped their cooing,—which they kept up for hours, when the weather matched the light,—and there was not a tree that could tell its own shadow, and we were contented with the gentle sounds that come through a forest when it falls asleep, and Deborah Pring, who had taken a motherly tendency toward me now, as if to make up for my father, was sitting in the porch with my hands in her lap, and telling me how to behave henceforth, as if the whole world depended upon that, when we heard a swishing sound, as of branches thrust aside, and then a low moan that went straight to my heart, as I thought of my father when he took the blow of death.

"My son, my Bob, my eldest boy!" cried Mistress Pring, jumping up and falling into my arms, like a pillow full of wire, for she insisted upon her figure still. But before I could do anything to help her——

"Hit her on the back, ma'am; hit her her hard upon the back. That is what always brings mother round," was shouted, as I might say, into my ear by the young man whom she was lamenting.

"Shut thy trap, Braggadose. To whom art thou speaking? Pretty much thou hast learned of war to come and give lessons to thy father! Mistress Sylvia, it is for thee to speak. Nothing would satisfy this young springal but to bring his beaten captain here, for the sake of mother's management. I told un that you would never take him in, for his father have taken in you pretty well! Captain Purvis of the Somerset I-know-not-what—for the regiments now be all upside down. *Raggiments* is the proper name for them. Very like he be dead by this time, and better die out of doors than in. Take un away, Bob. No hospital here!"

"Thomas Pring, who are you," I said, for the sound of another low groan came through me, "to give orders to your master's daughter? If you bring not the poor wounded gentleman in, you shall never come through this door yourself."

"Ha, old hunks, I told thee so!"

The young man who spoke raised his hat to me, and I saw that it had a scarlet plume, such as Marwood de Wichehalse gloried in. "In with thee, and stretch him that he may die straight. I am off to Southmolton for Cutcliffe Lane, who can make a furze-fagot bloom again. My filly can give a land-yard in a mile to Tom Faggus and his Winnie. But mind one thing, all of you; it was none of us that shot the captain, but his own good men. Farewell, Mistress Sylvia!" With these words he made me a very low bow, and set off for his horse at the corner of the wood—as reckless a gallant as ever broke hearts, and those of his own kin foremost; yet himself so kind and loving.

CHAPTER V

MISTAKEN AIMS

Captain Purvis, now brought to the Warren in this very sad condition, had not been shot by his own men, as the dashing Marwood de Wichehalse said; neither was it quite true to say that he had been shot by anyone. What happened to him was simply this: While behaving with the utmost gallantry and encouraging the militia of Somerset, whose uniforms were faced with yellow, he received in his chest a terrific blow from the bottom of a bottle. This had been discharged from a culverin on the opposite side of the valley by the brave but impetuous sons of Devon, who wore the red facings, and had taken umbrage at a pure mistake on the part of their excellent friends and neighbours, the loyal band of Somerset. Either brigade had three culverins; and never having seen such things

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before, as was natural with good farmers' sons, they felt it a compliment to themselves to be intrusted with such danger, and resolved to make the most of it. However, when they tried to make them go, with the help of a good many horses, upon places that had no roads for war, and even no sort of road at all, the difficulty was beyond them. But a very clever blacksmith near Malmesford, who had better, as it proved, have stuck to the plough, persuaded them that he knew all about it, and would bring their guns to bear, if they let him have his way. So they took the long tubes from their carriages, and lashed rollers of barked oak under them, and with very stout ropes, and great power of swearing, dragged them into the proper place to overwhelm the Doones.

Here they mounted their guns upon cider barrels, with allowance of roll for recoil, and charged them to the very best of their knowledge, and pointed them as nearly as they could guess at the dwellings of the outlaws in the glen; three cannons on the north were of Somerset, and the three on the south were of Devonshire; but these latter had no balls of metal, only anything round they could pick up. Colonel Stickles was in command, by virtue of his royal warrant, and his plan was to make his chief assault in company with some chosen men, including his host, young farmer Ridd, at the head of the valley where the chief entrance was, while the trainbands pounded away on either side. And perhaps this would have succeeded well, except for a little mistake in firing, for which the enemy alone could be blamed with justice. For while Captain Purvis was behind the line rallying a few men who showed fear, and not expecting any combat yet, because Devonshire was not ready, an elderly gentleman of great authority appeared among the bombardiers. On his breast he wore a badge of office, and in his hat a noble plume of the sea eagle, and he handed his horse to a man in red clothes.

"Just in time," he shouted; "and the Lord be thanked for that! By order of His Majesty, I take supreme command. Ha, and high time, too, for it! You idiots, where are you pointing your guns? What allowance have you made for windage? Why, at that elevation, you'll shoot yourselves. Up with your muzzles, you yellow jackanapes! Down on your bellies! Hand me the linstock! By the Lord, you don't even know how to touch them off!"

The soldiers were abashed at his rebukes, and glad to lie down on their breasts for fear of the powder on their yellow facings. And thus they were shaken by three great roars, and wrapped in a cloud of streaky smoke. When this had cleared off, and they stood up, lo! the houses of the Doones were the same as before, but a great shriek arose on the opposite bank, and two good horses lay on the ground; and the red men were stamping about, and some crossing their arms, and some running for their lives, and the bravest of them stooping over one another. Then as Captain Purvis rushed up in great wrath, shouting: "What the devil do you mean by this?" another great roar arose from across the valley, and he was lying flat, and two other fine fellows were rolling in a furze-bush without knowledge of it. But of the general and his horse there was no longer any token.

This was the matter that lay so heavily on the breast of Captain Purvis, sadly crushed as it was already by the spiteful stroke bitterly intended for him. His own men had meant no harm whatever, unless to the proper enemy; although they appear to have been deluded by a subtle device of the Councillor, for which on the other hand none may blame him. But those red-faced men, without any inquiry, turned the muzzles of their guns upon Somerset, and the injustice rankled for a generation between two equally honest counties. Happily they did not fight it out through scarcity of ammunition, as well as their mutual desire to go home and attend to their harvest business.

But Anthony Purvis, nov our guest and patient, became very difficult to manage; not only because of his three broken ribs, but the lowness of the heart inside them. Dr. Cutcliffe Lane, a most cheerful man from that cheerful town Southmolton, was able (with the help of Providence) to make the bones grow again without much anger into their own embraces. It is useless, however, for the body to pretend that it is doing wonders on its own account, and rejoicing and holiday-making, when the thing that sits inside it and holds the whip, keeps down upon the slouch and is out of sorts. And truly this was the case just now with the soul of Captain Purvis. Deborah Pring did her very best, and was in and out of his room every minute, and very often seemed to me to run him down when he deserved it not; on purpose that I might be started to run him up. But nothing of that sort told at all according to her intention. I kept myself very much to myself; feeling that my nature was too kind, and asking at some little questions of behaviour, what sort of

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returns my dear father had obtained for supposing other people as good as himself.

Moreover, it seemed an impossible thing that such a brave warrior, and a rich man too—for his father, Sir Geoffrey, was in full possession now of all the great property that belonged by right to us—that an officer who should have been in command of this fine expedition, if he had his dues, could be either the worse or the better of his wound, according to his glimpses of a simple maid like me. It was useless for Deborah Pring, or even Dr. Cutcliffe Lane himself, to go on as they did about love at first sight, and the rising of the heart when the ribs were broken, and a quantity of other stuff too foolish to repeat. "I am neither a plaster nor a poultice," I replied to myself, for I would not be too cross to them—and beyond a little peep at him, every afternoon, I kept out of the sight of Captain Purvis.

But these things made it very hard for me to be quite sure how to conduct myself, without father and mother to help me, and with Mistress Pring, who had always been such a landmark, becoming no more than a vane for the wind to blow upon as it listed; or, perhaps, as she listed to go with it. And remembering how she used to speak of the people who had ousted us, I told her that I could not make it out. Things were in this condition, and Captain Purvis, as it seemed to me, quite fit to go and make war again upon some of His Majesty's subjects, when a thing, altogether out of reason, or even of civilization, happened; and people who live in lawful parts will accuse me of caring too little for the truth. But even before that came about, something less unreasonable—but still unexpected—befell me. To wit, I received through Mistress Pring an offer of marriage, immediate and pressing, from Captain Anthony Purvis! He must have been sadly confused by that blow on his heart to think mine so tender, or that this was the way to deal with it, though later explanations proved that Deborah, if she had been just, would have taken the whole reproach upon herself. The captain could scarcely have seen me, I believe more than half a dozen times to speak of; and generally he had shut his eyes, gentle as they were and beautiful; not only to make me feel less afraid, but to fill me with pity for his weakness. Having no knowledge of mankind as yet, I was touched to the brink of tears at first; until when the tray came out of his room soon after one of these pitiful moments, it was plain to the youngest comprehension that the sick man had left very little upon a shoulder of Exmoor mutton, and nothing in a bowl of thick onion sauce.

For that I would be the last to blame him, and being his hostess, I was glad to find it so. But Deborah played a most double-minded part; leading him to believe that now she was father and mother in one to me; while to me she went on, as if I was most headstrong, and certain to go against anything she said, though for her part she never said anything. Nevertheless, he made a great mistake, as men always do, about our ways; and having some sense of what is right, I said, "Let me hear no more of Captain Purvis."

This forced him to leave us; which he might have done, for aught I could see to the contrary, a full week before he departed. He behaved very well when he said good-bye,—for I could not deny him that occasion,—and, perhaps, if he had not assured me so much of his everlasting gratitude, I should have felt surer of deserving it. Perhaps I was a little disappointed also, that he expressed no anxiety at leaving our cottage so much at the mercy of turbulent and triumphant outlaws. But it was not for me to speak of that; and when I knew the reason of his silence, it redounded tenfold to his credit. Nothing, however, vexed me so much as what Deborah Pring said afterward: that he could not help feeling in the sadness of his heart that I had behaved in that manner to him just because his father was in possession of our rightful home and property. I was not so small as that; and if he truly did suppose it, there must have been some fault on my part, for his nature was good to everybody, and perhaps all the better for not descending through too many high generations.

There is nothing more strange than the way things work in the mind of a woman, when left alone, to doubt about her own behaviour. With men it can scarcely be so cruel; because they can always convince themselves that they did their best; and if it fail, they can throw the fault upon Providence, or bad luck, or something outside their own power. But we seem always to be denied this happy style of thinking, and cannot put aside what comes into our hearts more quickly, and has less stir of outward things, to lead it away and to brighten it. So that I fell into sad, low spirits; and the glory of the year began to wane, and the forest grew more and more lonesome.

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CHAPTER VI

OVER THE BRIDGE

THE sound of the woods was with me now, both night and day, to dwell upon. Exmoor in general is bare of trees, though it hath the name of forest; but in the shelter, where the wind flies over, are many thick places full of shade. For here the trees and bushes thrive, so copious with rich moisture that, from the hills on the opposite side, no eye may pick holes in the umbrage; neither may a foot that gets amid them be sure of getting out again. And now was the fullest and heaviest time, for the summer had been a wet one, after a winter that went to our bones; and the leaves were at their darkest tone without any sense of autumn. As one stood beneath and wondered at their countless multitude, a quick breathing passed among them, not enough to make them move, but seeming rather as if they wished, and yet were half ashamed to sigh. And this was very sad for one whose spring comes only once for all.

One night toward the end of August I was lying awake thinking of the happier times, and wondering what the end would be—for now we had very little money left, and I would rather starve than die in debt—when I heard our cottage door smashed in and the sound of horrible voices. The roar of a gun rang up the stairs, and the crash of someone falling and the smoke came through my bedroom door, and then wailing mixed with curses. "Out of the way, old hag!" I heard, and then another shriek; and then I stood upon the stairs and looked down at them. The moon was shining through the shattered door, and the bodies and legs of men went to and fro, like branches in a tempest. Nobody seemed to notice me, although I had cast over my night-dress—having no more sense in the terror—a long silver coat of some animal shot by my father in his wanderings, and the light upon the stairs glistened round it. Having no time to think, I was turning to flee and jump out of my bed-room window, for which I had made some arrangements, according to the wisdom of the Councillor, when the flash of some light or the strain of my eyes showed me the body of Thomas Pring, our faithful old retainer, lying at the foot of the broken door, and beside it his good wife, creeping up to give him the last embrace of death. And lately she had been cross to him. At the sight of this my terror fled, and I cared not what became of me. Buckling the white skin round my waist, I went down the stairs as steadily as if it were breakfast time, and said:

"Brutes, murderers, cowards! you have slain my father; now slay me!"

Every one of those wicked men stood up and fixed his eyes on me; and if it had been a time to laugh, their amazement might have been laughed at. Some of them took me for a spirit—as I was told long afterward—and rightly enough their evil hearts were struck with dread of judgment. But even so, to scare them long in their contemptuous, godless vein was beyond the power of Heaven itself; and when one of my long tresses fell, to my great vexation, down my breast, a shocking sneer arose, and words unfit for a maiden's ear ensued.

"None of that! This is no farmhouse wench, but a lady of birth and breeding. She shall be our queen, instead of the one that hath been filched away. Sylvia, thou shalt come with me."

The man who spoke with this mighty voice was a terror to the others, for they fell away before him, and he was the biggest monster there—Carver Doone, whose name for many a generation shall be used to frighten unruly babes to bed. And now, as he strode up to me and bowed,—to show some breeding,—I doubt if the moon, in all her rounds of earth and sky and the realms below, fell ever upon another face so cold, repulsive, ruthless.

To belong to him, to feel his lips, to touch him with anything but a dagger! Suddenly I saw my father's sword hanging under a beam in the scabbard. With a quick spring I seized it, and, leaping up the stairs, had the long blade gleaming in the moonlight. The staircase would not hold two people abreast, and the stairs were as steep as narrow. I brought the point down it, with the hilt against my breast, and there was no room for another blade to swing and strike it up.

"Let her alone!" said Carver Doone, with a smile upon his cold and corpselike face. "My sons, let the lady have her time. She is worthy to be the mother of many a fine Doone."

The young men began to lounge about in a manner most provoking, as if I had passed from their minds altogether; and some of them went to the kitchen for victuals, and grumbled at our fare by the light of a lantern which they had found upon a shelf. But I stood at my post, with my heart beating, so that the long sword quivered

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like a candle. Of my life they might rob me, but of my honour, never!

"Beautiful maiden! Who hath ever seen the like? Why, even Lorna hath not such eyes."

Carver Doone came to the foot of the stairs and flashed the lantern at me; and, thinking that he meant to make a rush for it, I thrust my weapon forward; but at the same moment a great pair of arms was thrown around me from behind by some villain who must have scaled my chamber window, and backward I fell, with no sense of power left.

When my scattered wits came back I felt that I was being shaken grievously, and the moon was dancing in my eyes through a mist of tears, half blinding them. I remember how hard I tried to get my fingers up to wipe my eyes, so as to obtain some knowledge; but jerk and bump and helpless wonder were all that I could get or take; for my hands were strapped, and my feet likewise, and I seemed like a wave going up and down, without any judgment, upon the open sea.

But presently I smelled the wholesome smell which a horse of all animals alone possesses, though sometimes a cow is almost as good, and then I felt a mane coming into my hair, and then there was the sound of steady feet moving just under me, with rise and fall and swing alternate, and a sense of going forward. I was on the back of a great, strong horse, and he was obeying the commands of man. Gradually I began to think, and understood my awful plight. The Doones were taking me to Doone Glen to be some cut-throat's light-of-love; perhaps to be passed from brute to brute—me, Sylvia Ford, my father's darling, a proud and dainty and stately maiden, of as good birth as any in this English realm. My heart broke down as I thought of that, and all discretion vanished. Though my hands were tied, my throat was free, and I sent forth such a scream of woe that the many-winding vale of Lynn, with all its wild waters could not drown, nor with all its dumb foliage smother it; and the long wail rang from crag to crag, as the wrongs of men echo unto the ears of God.

"Valiant damsel, what a voice thou hast! Again, and again let it strike the skies. With them we are at peace, being persecuted here, according to the doom of all good men. And yet I am loath to have that fair throat strained."

It was Carver Doone who led my horse; and his horrible visage glared into my eyes through the strange, wan light that flows between the departure of the sinking moon and the flutter of the morning when it cannot see its way. I strove to look at him; but my scared eyes fell, and he bound his rank glove across my poor lips. "Let it be so," I thought; "I can do no more."

Then, when my heart was quite gone in despair, and all trouble shrank into a trifle, I heard a loud shout, and the trample of feet, and the rattle of arms, and the clash of horses. Contriving to twist myself a little, I saw that the band of the Doones were mounting a saddle-backed bridge in a deep wooded glen, with a roaring water under them. On the crown of the bridge a vast man stood, such as I had never descried before, bearing no armour that I could see, but wearing a farmer's hat, and raising a staff like the stem of a young oak tree. He was striking at no one, but playing with his staff, as if it were a willow in the morning breeze.

"Down with him! Ride him down! Send a bullet through him!" several of the Doones called out, but no one showed any hurry to do it. It seemed as if they knew him, and feared his mighty strength, and their guns were now slung behind their backs on account of the roughness of the way.

"Charlie, you are not afraid of him," I heard that crafty Carver say to the tallest of his villains, and a very handsome young man he was; "if the girl were not on my horse, I would do it. Ride over him, and you shall have my prize, when I am tired of her."

I felt the fire come into my eyes, to be spoken of so by a brute; and then I saw Charlie Doone spur up the bridge, leaning forward and swinging a long blade round his head.

"Down with thee, clod!" he shouted; and he showed such strength and fury that I scarce could look at the farmer, dreading to see his great head fly away. But just as the horse rushed at him, he leaped aside with most wonderful nimbleness, and the rider's sword was dashed out of his grasp, and down he went, over the back of the saddle, and his long legs spun up in the air, as a juggler tosses a two-pronged fork.

"Now for another!" the farmer cried, and his deep voice rang above the roar of Lynn; "or two at once, if it suits you better. I will teach you to carry off women, you dogs!"

But the outlaws would not try another charge. On a word from their leader they all dismounted, and were bringing their

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long guns to bear, and I heard the clink of their flints as they fixed the triggers. Carver Doone, grinding his enormous teeth, stood at the head of my horse, who was lashing and plunging, so that I must have been flung if any of the straps had given way. In terror of the gun flash I shut my eyes, for if I had seen that brave man killed, it would have been the death of me as well. Then I felt my horse treading on something soft. Carver Doone was beneath his feet, and an awful curse came from the earth.

"Have no fear!" said the sweetest voice that ever came into the ears of despair. "Sylvia, none can harm you now. Lie still, and let this protect your face."

"How can I help lying still?" I said, as a soft cloak was thrown over me, and in less than a moment my horse was rushing through branches and brushwood that swept his ears. At his side was another horse, and my bridle rein was held by a man who stooped over his neck in silence. Though his face was out of sight, I knew that Anthony Purvis was leading me.

There was no possibility of speaking now, but after a tumult of speed we came to an open glade where the trees fell back, and a gentle brook was gurgling. Then Captain Purvis cut my bonds, and lifting me down very softly, set me upon a bank of moss, for my limbs would not support me; and I lay there unable to do anything but weep.

When I returned to myself, the sun was just looking over a wooded cliff, and Anthony, holding a horn of water, and with tears on his cheeks, was regarding me.

"Did you leave that brave man to be shot?" I asked, as if that were all my gratitude.

"I am not so bad as that," he answered, without any anger, for he saw that I was not in reason yet. "At sight of my men, although we were but five in all, the robbers fled, thinking the regiment was there; but it is God's truth that I thought little of anyone's peril compared with thine. But there need be no fear for John Ridd; the Doones are mighty afraid of him since he cast their culverin through their door."

"Was that the John Ridd I have heard so much of? Surely I might have known it, but my wits were shaken out of me."

"Yes, that was the mighty man of Exmoor, to whom thou owest more than life."

In horror of what I had so narrowly escaped, I fell upon my knees and thanked the Lord, and then I went shyly to the captain's side and said: "I am ashamed to look at thee. Without Anthony Purvis, where should I be? Speak of no John Ridd to me."

For this man whom I had cast forth, with coldness, as he must have thought—although I knew better, when he was gone—this man (my honoured husband now, who hath restored me to my father's place, when kings had no gratitude or justice), Sir Anthony Purvis, as now he is, had dwelled in a hovel and lived on scraps, to guard the forsaken orphan, who had won, and shall ever retain, his love.

Crotalus Adamanteus

By GROSVENOR A. PARKER

I have seen Death today:

Not the death of battlefields, clean as the crack of a bullet,

Nor the death which dwells in sea and river, giving soft peace to those who bow before it.

Nor yet the death which tiptoes into rooms and lays cold hands on those whose race is run:

This death, stretched out upon the sun-baked road, unlike the scythe-bearer, bareskulled and wrapped in tattered cerements, was thickly fleshed, triangle-headed, and marked so gay with yellow and with black that any child would clap his hands with joy and dance to meet it.

Slowly Death writhed his way from living green of marsh-grass and of bramble, looping fat curves as lazily as though he had Eternity to reach his goal; scornfully coiled upon the hell-hot rock, raised his flat head with lidless eyes, and shook his warning rattle; struck at the oncoming Wheel that rushed upon him; missed; flung himself in circled grace aside, and, like an arrow, darted back to hiding, escaped from One far greater than himself.

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Roger Bontemps

BY PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER

[A number of readers have requested the publication of poems in the original languages. It seems reasonable, since to a person of any literary sensitiveness real translation of poetry is impossible: at best, a poet in another language can but produce another parallel poem expressing the same thought. Or at times, when the idea is sufficiently concrete, an unrhymed literal version may give something of the original.

For the music, the word colour, much of the most subtle artistry, one must obviously read world poetry as written. So for those who can get these qualities from the French we print the following famous verses by one of the most completely French writers who ever expressed himself in verse.

And, having in mind the rest (probably the large majority)—if any reader can furnish an adequate English rendering of "Roger Bontemps," we shall be glad to publish and pay for the best one, provided it seems in itself worth while.

As you of course know, Thackeray made an English "imitation" of this, as of two other Béranger songs: "The Garret," "The King of Yvetot" and "The King of Brentford." But perhaps one who has had many, many delightful hours from the poetry, fiction and essays of W. M. T. may be pardoned for having the opinion that "Jolly Jack" is far less successful than his other renderings.

So, if you can beat Mr. Thackeray—this time, when his foot slipped—there's a space in these pages waiting for you. THE EDITOR.]

AUX gens atrabilaires
Pour exemple donné,
En un temps de misères
Roger Bontemps est né.
Vivre obscur à sa guise,
Narguer les mécontents;
Eh gai! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père
Coiffé dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours;
Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans;
Eh gai! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, un vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit.
Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans;
Eh gai! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Aux enfants de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux;
Être un faiseur habile
De contes graveleux:
Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantants;
Eh gai! c'est la science
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Faute de vin d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton;
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton;
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instants;
Eh gai! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Dire au Ciel: Je me fie,
Mon Père, à ta bonté;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne la gaîté;
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps;
Eh gai! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Vous pauvres, pleins d'envie,
Vous riches, désireux,
Vous, dont le char dévie
Après un cours heureux;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatants,
Eh gai! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger Bontemps.

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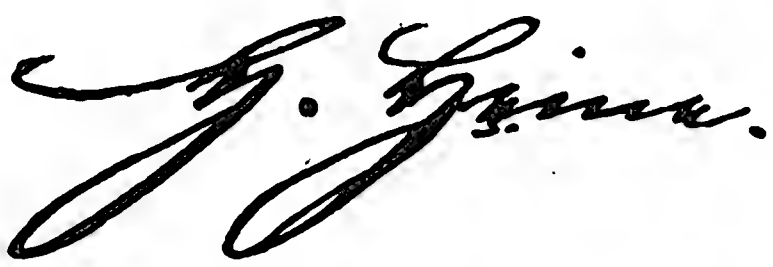
When Paganini Played

By HEINRICH HEINE



Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland

"DO YOU like Paganini?" asked Maria.

"This man," exclaimed Maximilian, "is a glory to his country, and certainly deserves the most distinguished mention if one will speak of the musical notabilities of Italy."

"I have never seen him," said Maria, "but according to report his exterior does not perfectly set forth the beautiful—— I have seen portraits of him——"

"None of which were like him," said Maximilian. "They all make him too ugly, or else flatter him, and do not give his true character. I think that only one man ever succeeded in putting the true physiognomy of Paganini on paper. He who did it is a deaf painter named Leyser, who, in his inspired frolicking, hit off with a few pencil strokes the head of Paganini so well that one laughs and is frightened at the truth of the portrait. 'The devil guided my hand,' said the artist to me, mysteriously laughing low, and nodding his head with good-natured irony as he was wont to do in his Owlglass reflections. This painter was always a queer owl. In spite of his deafness he loved music enthusiastically, and he really understood it when he was near enough to the orchestra to read the music in the faces of the musicians, and judge of the more or less successful execution by the fingering; and, in fact, he wrote criticisms of the operas for a distinguished journal in Hamburg. What is there wonderful in that? The deaf painter could, in the visible signature of the playing, *see the tones*. Are there not men to whom tones themselves are only invisible signatures in which they hear colours and forms?"

"Such a man are *you!*" cried Maria.

"I am sorry that I no longer possess the little drawing by Leyser; it would perhaps give you an idea of Paganini's appearance. It was only in harsh, black, fleeting strokes that one could set forth those unearthly traits which seemed to belong rather to the sulphurous realm of shadows than to the sunny world of life. 'Truly the devil guided my hand,' asserted the deaf painter, as we stood by Alster pavilion in Hamburg on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there. 'Yes, my friend, it is true, what the whole world declares, that he has given himself over to the devil, body and soul, in order to become the best violinist in the world, and fiddle millions of money, and finally to get away from the damned galleys where he had suffered many years. For, you see, friend, when he was leader of the orchestra in Lucca, he fell in love with a theatrical princess, became jealous of a little abbé, was perhaps made *cocu*, stabbed his untrue Amata in good Italian fashion, went for that to the galleys in Genoa, and at last sold himself to the devil to be delivered and to become the greatest violin-player, and be able to get out of us a tribute—of two dollars. . . . But, look! "All good spirits praise God!" there he comes in the Avenue with his ambiguous *famulus!*'

"In fact it was Paganini himself whom I beheld. He wore a dark-gray overcoat, which came to his feet, making him appear extremely tall. His long black hair fell in tangled locks on his shoulders, forming a dark frame for the pale, corpse-like countenance, in which care, genius, and hell combined had graved their ineffaceable signs. By him capered along a short, comfortable-looking figure, commonplace, showy in dress, with a rosy wrinkled face, light-gray short coat with steel buttons,

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greeting right and left with irresistible amiability, but all the time squinting sideways with anxious apprehension at the dark form which, serious and reflecting, walked by his side. It recalled the picture by Retzsch, in which Faust is walking with Wagner before the gate of Leipzig. The deaf artist commented on both figures in his wild fashion, and bade me observe carefully the measured long step of Paganini. 'Is it not,' he said, 'as if he still had the iron cross rod between his legs? He has got the convict step and can never lose it. See how contemptuously and ironically he often looks down at his companion when he bores him with *his* commonplace questions;—and yet he cannot get rid of him—a bloody contract binds him to that servant, who is Satan himself. Ignorant people think, of course, that this companion is the writer of comedies and anecdotes, Harrys of Hanover, whom Paganini takes with him as business-manager for his concerts; but the multitude does not know that the devil took the form of Mr. George Harrys; the soul he keeps locked up with other rubbish in a chest in Hanover, where it will remain till the devil restores its proper fleshly envelope, when he will probably accompany his master, Paganini, through the world in the more befitting form of a black poodle.'

"But if Paganini seemed to me sufficiently incredible and wonderful as I saw him walking under the green leaves of the Hamburg Jungfernsteig, what were my impressions of his fearfully eccentric appearance that evening in the concert! This was given in the Comedy Theater of Hamburg, and the art-loving public had assembled so early and in such numbers that it was with difficulty I conquered a place near the orchestra. Though it was post-day I saw in the balcony-boxes the whole refined and cultured business world—a whole Olympus of bankers and similar millionaires, the gods of coffee and sugar, with their plump wife-goddesses, Junos of the Wandrahm and Aphrodites of Dreckwall. There was a holy quiet in all the hall. Every eye was turned to the stage, every ear prepared to hear. My neighbour, an old huckster in furs, took the cotton from his ears, the better to take in the expensive tones, which cost two dollars entrance-money. At last there appeared on the stage a dark figure, which seemed to have risen from the under-world. It was Paganini, in his black dress suit; the black evening coat and black waistcoat, of an appalling cut, were probably such as are prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpine, while the loose trousers flapped vexatiously on the thin legs of the maestro. His long arms seemed to grow yet longer, as he held the violin in one hand, the bow down in the other, and almost bowed to the ground as he bestowed on the public his unheard-of reverence. In the angular bending of his body there was a fearful woodenness, and at the same time something foolishly brute-like, which would have caused laughter at his salutation; but his *face*, which, in the strong orchestral illumination, seemed more corpse-like than ever, had in it something so bashfully modest that a shuddering pity suppressed our desire to laugh. Had he learned those bows from an automaton or a dog? Was that imploring look that of one in deathly illness, or was there lurking behind it the mockery of a crafty money-grubber? Was that a living man, who knows that he is about to perish, and who will delight the public in the arena of art, like a dying gladiator with his convulsions, or a dead man risen from the grave, a vampire with a violin, who, if he does not suck blood from our hearts, will, come what may, draw the money from our pockets?

"Such questions crossed one another flitting in our heads while Paganini made his unceasing compliments in gesture, but all such thoughts flitted afar when the wondrous master set his violin to his chin and began to play. As for me, you know well my musical second sight—my gift of seeing with every note which I hear its corresponding figure of sound; and so it came that Paganini, with every stroke of his bow, brought visible forms and facts before my eyes; that he told me in a musical picture-writing all kinds of startling stories; that he juggled before me at the same time a show of coloured Chinese shadows, in all of which he with his violin was chief actor. Even with the first note from his bow the scene changed; he stood all at once with his music-desk in a cheerful hall, which was gaily and irregularly decorated with curved and twining furniture in the Pompadour style, everywhere little mirrors, gilt cupids, Chinese porcelain, an exquisitely charming chaos of ribbons, flower garlands, white gloves, torn laces, false pearls, diadems of gilt sheet metal, and similar celestial theatrical properties, such as one sees in the sanctum of a prima donna. Paganini's external appearance had also changed, very much indeed to his advantage; he wore knee-breeches of lilac satin, a silver

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embroidered white waistcoat, a coat of light-blue satin with buttons wound with gold; and little locks of carefully curled hair played round his face, which bloomed with the roses of youth and gleamed with sweetest tenderness, when he eyed the pretty little dames who stood round his music-desk while he played his violin.

"Indeed I saw by his side a pretty young creature, in old-fashioned dress of white satin puffed out on the hips, the waist seeming for that all the more piquantly narrow, the powdered hair friséed aloft, the pretty round face flashing out all the more freely with its dazzling eyes, its rouged cheeks, court-plaster beauty-patches, and impertinent sweet little nose. She held in her hand a white scroll of paper, and by the movements of her lips, and the coquettish movements of her form, seemed to be singing; but I could not hear one of her trills, and it was only by the playing of the violin with which the youthful Paganini accompanied the charming child that I could imagine what she sang, and what he himself felt in his soul while she sang. Ah! those were melodies such as the nightingale flutes in the twilight, when the perfume of the rose intoxicates her sympathetic heart, inspired by spring with deepest longing. Ah! that was a melting, voluptuous, deep-desiring happiness! There were tones which kissed, and then, pouting, turned away, and again laughing, embraced and melted together, and then, lost, enraptured, intoxicated, died away in one. Yes, the tones mingled in gay sport, like butterflies when one in jest flies from another, hides itself behind a flower, is found and hunted out, and finally, light-hearted and trifling, flutters up with the other—up into the golden sunlight. But a spider—a vile spider—can bring about a dire tragedy for such enamoured butterflies. Did the young heart divine aught like *that?* A long melancholy sighing tone, like the premonition of a coming evil, slid slowly through the most enrapturing melodies which flashed from Paganini's playing; his eyes became moist; worshipping he knelt before his Amata—but oh! as he bowed to kiss her feet he saw beneath the bed—a little abbé! I do not know what he had against the poor man, but the Genoese became pale as death; he grappled in rage the little fellow, gave him boxes on the ear and not a few kicks, hurled him headlong out of doors, and then, drawing a stiletto from his pocket, plunged it into the breast of the young beauty.

"At that instant cries of 'Bravo! Bravo!' rang from every side. Hamburg's inspired men and women paid their tribute of the most roaring applause to the great artist, who had ended the first part of his concert, and who with more angles and contortions than before bowed before them. It seemed to me that in his face was a more imploring humility than ever, but in his eyes flickered a tormenting fear like a wretched sinner's.

"'Divine!' cried my neighbour, the fur dealer; 'that piece alone was well worth two dollars.'

"When Paganini began to play again it seemed to be dark before my eyes. The tones did not change as before into bright shapes and hues; the form of the Master wrapped itself in gloomy shadows, from whose depth his music came wailing in the most cutting accents of sorrow. Only from time to time, as a little lamp which hung over him cast a feeble light on his features, could I see his pallid countenance, which still retained traces of youth. His garb was strange indeed—divided in two parts, one red, one yellow. Heavy fetters hung to his feet. Behind him grimaced a face whose physiognomy indicated a jovial, he-goat nature; and I saw long, hairy hands which seemed to belong to it, moving now and then on the strings of the violin which Paganini played, often guiding his hand, while a floating, applauding laugh accompanied the tones which welled forth more painfully, and as if bleeding, from the violin. They were tones like the song of the fallen angels who had wooed and wantoned with the daughters of Earth, and been banished from the kingdom of the blest, and fallen, with cheeks burning with shame, into the under-world: tones in whose bottomless abyss there was neither comfort nor hope. Should the holy in heaven hear such music the praise of God would be mute on their pale lips, and they, weeping, would hide their pious heads. Ever and anon, when in the melodious torments of this piece the *obligato* goat-laughter came bleating in, I saw in the background a multitude of little female figures, who, spitefully merry, nodded their horrible heads and rubbed their breasts in mocking mischief. Then there came in hurried crowds from the violin sounds of pain, and a terrible sighing and gasping, such as no one ever heard on earth before, and perhaps will never hear again, unless it shall be in the Vale of Jehoshaphat, when the tremendous trumpets of the Last Judgment ring out, and the naked corpses creep from their graves to await their doom.

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But the tormented violinist suddenly drew his bow so madly and desperately that his rattling fetters burst, and the diabolical ally with the mocking demons disappeared.

"At that instant my neighbour, the fur-dealer, said, 'Pity! pity! he has burst a string. That comes of his constant *pizzicato!*'

"Had a string really burst on the violin? I do not know. I only observed the transfiguration of the tones, and then it seemed to me as if Paganini and all his surroundings were again suddenly changed. I could hardly recognize him in the brown monk's dress, which rather disguised than clothed him. His wild and wasted face half-hidden by the hood, a rope round his waist, Paganini stood on a cliff overhanging the sea, and played his violin. It seemed to me to be twilight tide; evening-flame flowed over the broad sea, which grew redder and redder, and rustled and roared more gaily and wildly in mysterious and perfect harmony with the violin. But the redder the sea became so much the more pallid grew the heaven, and when at last the tossing water looked like bright scarlet blood, then the sky overhead became ghostly clear, all corpse-white, and out came the stars—and these stars were black, black as shining anthracite. But the tones of the violin grew more stormy and bolder, and in the eyes of the terrible player there sparkled such a mocking delight in destroying, and his thin lips moved with such appalling rapidity, that it was clear he was murmuring ancient forbidden witch-spells with which storms are called up and those evil spirits evoked who lie imprisoned in the sea's abyss. Many a time did he, when stretching forth his long, lean, bare arm, and sweeping the bow in the air, seem to be in sooth and truth a wizard who, with a magic staff, commanded the elements, for then there was a mad, delirious howling in the depths of the sea, and the furious waves of blood leaped up so furiously on high that they almost besprinkled the pale heaven and its black stars with their red foam.

"There was howling, crashing, cracking, as if the whole world was breaking to fragments, while the monk played more madly on his violin, as if he would, by the power of his raging will, burst the seven seals wherewith Solomon closed the iron jar in which he imprisoned the demons whom he had subdued. That jar the wise king cast into the sea, and it seemed as if I heard the voices of the demons when Paganini's violin growled out its angriest basso notes. But after a while I thought I heard the joyous cry of those set free, and I saw rising one by one out of the red waves of blood the heads of the unchained demons, monsters of incredible hideousness, crocodiles with bat's wings, serpents with stag's horns, monkeys capped with conch shells, seals with patriarchal long beards, women's faces with breasts instead of cheeks, green camels' heads, wild hybrids of inconceivable composition, all glaring greedily with cold crafty eyes, and grasping, with long webbed feet and fingers, at the fiddling monk. Then in the raging zeal of invocation his capote fell back, and the ringlets flying in the wind curled round his head like black serpents.

"It was all so maddening, that not to lose my mind utterly I stopped my ears and closed my eyes. Then the enchantment disappeared, and when I looked again I saw the poor Genoese in his wonted form making his usual bows, while the public applauded rapturously.

"'That is the celebrated performance on the G string,' remarked my neighbour. 'I play the violin myself, and know what it is to have such mastery over the instrument!'

"Fortunately the interval was not long, else my musical fur-dealer had certainly involved me in a tiresome talk on art. Paganini set his violin leisurely to his chin, and with the first touch of his bow, there began again the wondrous transfiguration of tones. But now they were neither so startling in colour nor so marked in form. They came forth calmly, majestically, weaving and rising like those of an organ choral in a cathedral; and all the surroundings seemed to have expanded to a colossal space, such as no bodily vision but only the eye of the spirit can grasp. In the midst of this space swept a burning ball, on which stood a man of giant stature and grand in pride, who played the violin. Was this sphere of light the sun? I know not. But in the features of the man I recognized Paganini, ideally beautified, celestially refined, atoned for divinely, and smiling. This body was fresh and fair in vigorous manliness; a light-blue garment was about his now far nobler limbs, the black hair flowed in shining locks on his shoulders, and as he stood there, firm and confident, like the sublime statue of a god, and played the violin, it seemed as if all creation obeyed his tones. He was the man-planet round whom the universe

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moved, ringing with measured joy and in happy rhythm. Were those great lights which swept so calmly gleaming round him stars of heaven? Were those sweet-sounding harmonies which were caused by their motion, the music of the spheres, of which poets and seers have told so much that is bewildering and strange? Sometimes when with an effort I looked forth and far into the dim distance, I seemed to see white waving garments, in which colossal pilgrims wandered in disguise, with staves in their hands; and, strange! the gold heads of their staves were those same great lights which I had taken for stars. These pilgrims went in a vast procession around the great player; the heads of their staves flashed reflected light from the tones of his violin; and the chorals which rang from their lips, and which I had taken for the noise of the spheres, were really only the rebounding echoes of his violin. An ineffable, nameless passion dwelt in these sounds, which often quivered almost inaudibly, like mysterious whispering on water, then again swelled up sweetly-terrible, like the tones of hunters' horns by moonlight,[1] and then burst out into unbridled rejoicing, as though a thousand bards were sweeping the strings and raising their voices in a song of victory. That was the music which no ear has heard, only the heart can dream it when by night it rests against the heart of the beloved. But it may be that the heart comprehends it even in the clear, bright daylight, when it rejoicing loses itself in the lines of beauty and ovals of a Greek work of art."

[1]This seems to have been suggested by a very wild and beautiful German song and melody:—

"There is a hunter who blows his horn,
And ever by the night!
He blows the deer from out the corn,
And ever by the night!"

Afghan Misras—Translated by Achmed Abdullah

(*The* misras *are short poems of the border Afghans, similar to the* stornelli *of the Italians, the* dastanaghs *of the Balochis and the* dorhas *of the Punjaubis, and are sung to the accompaniment of a flute. A* misra *is supposed to be sung in one breath, the singer winding up, when his breath gives out, in a piercing sound, half yell and half gasp, fully two octaves higher than the song itself. It is a peculiarity that most of the* misras *deal with the singer's love for a married woman. The majority—since morals are different East and West—cannot be translated. The following, which I heard among the Afridis, are the mildest I know, and even then I have had to edit them* à l'usage du dauphin.)

I

BLOWS the wind—slow, slow!
Sings the rain—cold, cold!
Waits the bed—warm, warm!
Beats my heart—strong, strong!
Gleam thy breasts—white, white!
Wind—rain—bed—heart—breasts!
Why wait, O wife of the red-bearded man?

II

Tie your husband with a rope, Bimbar,
and come to your lover!
Tie the rope to a tree, Bimbar,
and come to your lover!
Throw the tree in a river, Bimbar,
and come to your lover!

III

Give me your lips, girl of the Afridis;
My lips are hotter than your husband's.
Give me your arms, girl of the Afridis;
My arms are stronger than your husband's.
Give me your body, girl of the Afridis;
My body is broader than your husband's.
Give me your love, girl of the Afridis;
My love is sweeter than your husband's.

IV

Breathless with desire—I am on your track, girl.
With a rifle I stole from the English—I am on your track, girl.
Your husband is a camel—I am on your track, girl.
To-morrow I shall kill him—I am on your track, girl.
Then the carrion-kites will fly low—I am on your track, girl.

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The Beginnings of Banking

(CONCLUSION)

Vestal Virgins as Bankers

This triumvirate was very hateful to the Romans, and Antony most of all bore the blame, because he was older than Cæsar and had greater authority than Lepidus; and withal he was no sooner settled in his affairs, but he turned to his luxurious and dissolute way of living. Besides the ill reputation he gained by his general behaviour, it was some considerable disadvantage to him his living in the house of Pompey the Great, who had been as much admired for his temperance and his sober, citizenlike habits of life, as ever he was for having triumphed three times.

They could not without anger see the doors of that house shut against magistrates, officers and envoys, who were shamefully refused admittance, while it was filled inside with players, jugglers and drunken flatterers, upon whom were spent the greatest part of the wealth which violence and cruelty procured.

For they did not limit themselves to the forfeiture of the estates of such as were proscribed, defrauding the widows and the families, nor were they contented with laying on every possible kind of tax and imposition; but hearing that several sums of money were, as well by strangers as by citizens of Rome, deposited with the vestal virgins, they went and took the money away by force.

When it was manifest that nothing would ever be enough for Antony, Cæsar at last called for a division of property.

PLUTARCH.

Low Interest as a Proof of Poverty

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. . . . The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery; there being no trade to employ the borrower. . . . Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver, and one-third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about five hundred thousand pounds, is now less than two, and must daily diminish, unless we have liberty to coin. . . .

I have sometimes thought, that this paradox of the kingdom's growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen, the BANKERS; who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others who shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us: and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the farther ruin of Ireland.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

How Banking Forced Its Way into Everyday Life

In the reign of William (III) old men were still living who could remember that there was not a single banking house in the city of London. So late as the time of the Restoration every trader had his own strong-box in his own house, and, when an acceptance was presented to him, told down the crowns and Caroluses on his own counter. But the increase of wealth had produced its natural effect, the subdivision of labour. Before the end of the reign of Charles the Second, a new mode of paying and receiving money had come into fashion among the merchants of the capital. A class of agents arose, whose office was to keep the cash of the commercial houses. This new branch of business naturally fell into the hands of the goldsmiths, who were accustomed to traffic largely in the precious metals, and who had vaults in which great masses of bullion could lie secure from fire and

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from robbers. It was at the shops of the goldsmiths of Lombard Street that all the payments in coin were made. Other traders gave and received nothing but paper.

This great change did not take place without much opposition and clamour. Old-fashioned merchants complained bitterly that a class of men who, thirty years before, had confined themselves to their proper functions, and had made a fair profit by embossing silver bowls and chargers, by setting jewels for fine ladies, and by selling pistoles and dollars to gentlemen setting out for the Continent, had become the treasurers, and were fast becoming the masters, of the whole city. These usurers, it was said, played at hazard with what had been earned by the industry and hoarded by the thrift of other men. If the dice turned up well, the knave who kept the cash became an alderman: if they turned up ill, the dupe who furnished the cash became a bankrupt. On the other side, the conveniences of the modern practice were set forth in animated language. The new system, it was said, saved both labour and money. Two clerks, seated in one counting house, did what, under the old system, must have been done by twenty clerks in twenty different establishments. A goldsmith's note might be transferred ten times in a morning; and thus a hundred guineas, locked in his safe close to the Exchange, did what would formerly have required a thousand guineas, dispersed through many tills, some on Ludgate Hill, some in Austin Friars, and some in Tower Street.

Gradually even those who had been loudest in murmuring against the innovation gave way and conformed to the prevailing usage. The last person who held out, strange to say, was Sir Dudley North. When, in 1680, after residing many years abroad, he returned to London, nothing astonished or displeased him more than the practice of making payments by drawing bills on bankers. He found that he could not go on Change without being followed round the piazza by goldsmiths, who, with low bows, begged to have the honour of serving him. He lost his temper when his friends asked where he kept his cash. "Where should I keep it," he asked, "but in my own house?" With difficulty he was induced to put his money into the hands of one of the Lombard Street men, as they were called. Unhappily, the Lombard Street man broke, and some of his customers suffered severely. Dudley North lost only fifty pounds: but this loss confirmed him in his dislike of the whole mystery of banking. It was in vain, however, that he exhorted his fellow-citizens to return to the good old practice, and not to expose themselves to utter ruin in order to spare themselves a little trouble. He stood alone against the whole community. The advantages of the modern system were felt every hour of every day in every part of London; and people were no more disposed to relinquish those advantages for fear of calamities which occurred at long intervals than to refrain from building houses for fear of fires, or from building ships for fear of hurricanes.

MACAULAY.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE" ON FINANCE

Banks, without question, if rightly managed, are, or may be, of great advantage, especially to a trading people, as the English are, and among many others this is one particular case in which that benefit appears, that they bring down the interest of money, and take from the goldsmiths, scriveners, and others, who have command of running cash, their most delicious trade of making advantage of the necessities of the merchant in extravagant discounts and premios for advance of money, when either large customs or foreign remittances call for disbursements beyond his common ability, for by the easiness of terms on which the merchant may have money, he is encouraged to venture further in trade than otherwise he would do. . . .

Our banks are indeed nothing but so many goldsmiths' shops, where the credit being high (and the directors as high) people lodge their money, and they, the directors I mean, make their advantage of it. If you lay it at demand, they allow you nothing; if at time, 3 per cent., and so would any goldsmith in Lombard Street have done before; but the very banks themselves are so awkward in lending, so strict, so tedious, so inquisitive, and withal so public in their taking securities, that men who are anything tender will not go to them, and so the easiness of borrowing money, so much designed, is defeated, for here it is a private interest to be made, though it be a public one, and, in short, it is only a great trade carried on for the private gain of a few concerned in the original stock, and though we are to hope for great things, because they have promised them, yet they are all future that we know of.

DANIEL DEFOE.

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Twenty-five Banks by the End of the Seventeenth Century

About the end of the seventeenth century, there were in the several parts of Europe about twenty-five institutions named banks, varying more or less in their constitution and modes of doing business, but reducible to three classes. First, those for the benefit of the income only; secondly, those for the benefit of the safety and convenience of deposits, and for insuring a standard of value in mercantile payments; thirdly, those for safety and convenience, and also for trading and profit.

The first class were called *Monti* by the Italians, and would scarcely be called banks by us, as they were nothing but creditors of the State, who advanced money to it upon the security of terminable or perpetual annuities, which were transferable. Commissioners were appointed to receive the revenues and distribute them among the proprietors, and to manage the transferences of the stock. The earliest instance of this is the Bank of Venice; the different loans to the State were called *Monti*, and some writers say that the Bank of Venice was formed by the consolidation of these loans at different periods under one management. Thus, there was the *Monte Vecchio*, the *Monte Novo*, and the *Monte Novissimo*. Of this description were the Banks of Rome, Milan, and one of those at Bologna. These *Monti* did not transact any of what we should call banking business.

The second class of banks, which were for the safe keeping of cash, for the insuring of a standard of value, and for the convenience of transferring debts from one account to another, were those of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Stockholm, and that of Venice engrafted this business upon its original constitution. Banks of this description had no shareholders, and were not intended to make any profits beyond what was necessary for paying their expenses.

The third class of banks was instituted for the express purpose of trading and profit; and the proprietors, by receiving the money of the public on deposit, and lending it at interest, realized a profit, which they shared among themselves. Of this kind were the banks of Barcelona and Scotland.

Lastly, several banks combined the qualities of Nos. 1 and 3, that is, they not only had lent money to the State, for which they received a regular income, but they were allowed to take deposits of cash from the public, and trade with it, and divide the profits among the proprietors. Of this class were the banks of St. George at Genoa, of Naples, and one of those at Bologna, and—the most famous of all—the Bank of England. MacLeod.

A Banker's Balance-Sheet in 1731

Drs. to Severall.	£	s.	d.	Crs. by	£	s.	d.
In the Ledger	139,995	3	2	Discount Book	83,177	4	11
In the Note-Book	19,476	16	9	Ledger out of cash	1,724	7	3
				Ballce. in cash	74,570	7	9
	159,471	19	11		159,471	19	11

Xmas 1731

"The before-written accounts in Fol. 1, 2, 3, 4, containe the perticulers of Debts owing by Mr. James Martin & Company (established 1677), on the 24th of December last, when Mr. Robert Surman came in a partner. And in Folio 5 & 6 is an account an Valuation of the effects to answer the same in our hands.

James Martin
R. Surman
Jo. Leaver
Richd. Stone."

Witness:
Jno. Martin

Finance and International Politics

If the Romans were beat, they were beat; they repaired their walls, and did as well as they could; but they did not lose every sesterce, every talent they had, by the defeat affecting their "Change Alley." Crassus, the richest man on t'other side their "Temple Bar," lost his army and his life, and yet their "East India Bonds" did not fall an obolus

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under par. I like that system better than ours. If people would be heroes, they only suffered themselves by a miscarriage; they had a triumph, or a funeral oration, just as it happened; and private folk were entertained with the one or the other, and nobody was a farthing the richer or poorer; but it makes a strange confusion now that brokers are so much concerned in the events of war. How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic "actions"!

HORACE WALPOLE.

"A DEFENCE OF USURY"

The business of a money-lender, though only among Christians, and in Christian times, a proscribed profession, has nowhere, nor at any time, been a popular one. Those who have the resolution to sacrifice the present to the future, are natural objects of envy to those who have sacrificed the future to the present. The children who have eat their cake, are the natural enemies of the children who have theirs. While the money is hoped for, and for a short time after it has been received, he who lends it is a friend and benefactor; by the time the money is spent, and the evil hour of reckoning is come, the benefactor is found to have changed his nature, and to have put on the tyrant and the oppressor. It is an oppression for a man to reclaim his own money: it is none to keep it from him.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

EVOLUTION AND BANKING RELATIONS

It has happened that the names of particular banks have been associated with forms of political opinion or religious belief; but these distinctions are nowadays tending to wear away. Nevertheless the following will show that, even at the present day, a banker may incur some business risk for conscience sake. On the 27th April, 1882, the following letter was addressed to Messrs. Martin & Co.:—

"Sirs,

We have this day drawn a cheque for the sum of £280, which closes our account with your firm. Our reasons for thus closing an account opened so very many years ago with your House are of so exceptional a kind that we are quite prepared to find that they are deemed wholly inadequate to the result, but this is a point which, of course, must remain with ourselves, and whilst regretting the necessity of the step, we do it with thanks for the convenience and assistance rendered in the course of business.

Our reasons are entirely the presence of Mr. R. B. Martin at Westminster Abbey yesterday, not merely giving sanction to the scene as an individual, but appearing as one of the deputation from the Society which has especially become the endorsers and sustainers of Mr. Darwin's theories. . . .

Yours respectfully,

——— & Co."

It is unnecessary to say that the occasion referred to was the funeral of Mr. Charles Darwin.

JOHN B. MARTIN.

IN THE 'FIFTIES

The material aspect of the business of banking in its early history is, to modern ideas, as humble as it must have been picturesque. Instead of the handsome apartments, the highly-polished and well-fitted counters, and well-dressed clerks, of the modern banking-houses, there were the dark-featured Lombards, ranged behind their bags of money displayed on low benches in open shops, protected, perhaps, by occasional awnings, from the inclemency of the weather.

We have seen an ancient lease of a house in Lombard Street, in which permission is given to the occupier to inclose it with windows; and, to this day, that part of a banking-house in which money is received and paid, is called "The Shop."

The London banker of the old school, the successor to the Lombards, had little resemblance to the modern gentleman who is known by the same title. He was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities.

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As you looked in his face, you could read in intelligible characters that the ruling maxim of life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was that "he who would be trusted with the money of other men should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum." He lived, if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of it, at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the west end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying, and would have deemed it nothing short of insanity to imagine that such an act was within the compass of human daring, as that of a banker lounging for an evening in Fops' Alley at the Opera, or turning out for the Derby with four greys to his chariot, and a goodly hamper swung behind, well stuffed with Périgord pies, spring chickens, and iced champagne.

The business now carried on by London bankers consists in receiving and paying money, making advances on bills of exchange, and other approved securities; but they are prohibited from lending money, as they formerly did, on the security of goods or pledges, that portion of their original business being now exclusively confined to pawnbrokers, whose distinguishing characteristic is the armorial bearings which were anciently adopted by the Lombards, namely, "three golden balls." WM. JOHN LAWSON.

THE FIRST CLEARING HOUSE

Not many years after the London bankers had ceased to issue notes, the inconvenience of making all payments in Bank of England notes and gold had become so great, that some change was indispensably necessary, when the plan of adjusting each others' daily payments by an interchange of liabilities was adopted as the best mode of economizing the use of money.

At first the system adopted was one of the most primitive kind, and certainly not the safest. The clerks of the various banking houses used to perform the operation of exchanges at the corners of streets and on the top of a post; they then met by appointment at a public-house; but, from the insecurity of these arrangements, it was at last thought best that the principal city bankers should rent a house near the old post-office in Lombard Street. This house was called the Clearing House. To this house such bankers daily send all bills of exchange which may be due on that day, as well as all checks which have been paid in since the clearing of the preceding day; and, as every clearing banker is provided with a desk and a drawer, like a letter-box, on which his name is affixed, the clerk who brings to the clearing house the securities deposits them in the several drawers of the bankers to whom they are addressed or made payable. At a particular hour of the day, which is usually four o'clock, P. M., the drawers are removed or closed, so that after that hour no more checks or bills can be deposited in them; and, as a means of ascertaining by whom the checks have been put into the drawer of any one banker, the name of the firm so depositing them is previously written across the check. This was the origin of crossing checks, and the practice has ever since been adopted by the parties who issue them, as a security against fraud. In the case of bills of exchange, they are receipted on the back with the name of the banker to whom they belong. WM. JOHN LAWSON.

THE FUNCTION OF BANKING

It is not by augmenting the capital of the country, but by rendering a greater part of that capital active and productive than would otherwise be so, that the most judicious operations of banking can increase the industry of the country. That part of his capital which a dealer is obliged to keep by him unemployed, and in ready money for answering occasional demands, is so much dead stock, which, so long as it remains in this situation, produces nothing either to him or to his country. The judicious operations of banking enable him to convert this dead stock into active and productive stock; into materials to work upon, into tools to work with, and into provisions and subsistence to work for; into stock which produces something both to himself and to his country. ADAM SMITH.

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The Girl

By EDWARD PEPLE

CHARACTERS

FREDERICK CAWLEY.
BOB CONNELL.
KREBS.
TIME—*The present.*
SCENE—*The bachelor quarters of* FREDERICK CAWLEY, *New York.*

The furnishings are the kind that give an air of comfort and good taste. Main entrance at rear center. Door with practical transom over it giving out upon a small entrance hall. At right is a door leading into bed-room. Right of center is a table desk with shaded lamp and a few books and papers. Lounge to the left. At side of it a small table with telephone on it. Several easy-chairs scattered about. At rear against wall is a small writing desk with drop-lid. It is evening.

KREBS, *an English valet, is discovered at the rise of the curtain; he is a man of conventional type, deadly serious, slender and frail of figure. He is lounging on the sofa, awaiting the arrival of his master, with an air of utter weariness. After rise of curtain, he yawns, rises slowly, crosses to side-board and takes a drink of whiskey from a small glass. In the act of swallowing it, he starts, glances at the door, rear, chokes and conceals glass in his side pocket, as he crosses and opens the door.*

Enter FREDERICK CAWLEY, *a heavily-built, dominant man of thirty-five, in dinner coat and light overcoat. He glances quizzically at* KREBS *who is coughing.*

CAWLEY—Good evening, Krebs.

KREBS (*coughing*) — Er — good-evenin', Mr. Cawley, sir. (*Advancing and coughing.*) Allow me, sir. Shall I take your 'at an' coat?

CAWLEY—Yes, thank you. (*As* KREBS *takes hat and coat.*) Catch cold?

KREBS—Er—arskin' your pardon, sir—er—no, sir.

CAWLEY (*smiling*)—Oh! Excuse me. I thought you *had*. Judging by the remedy. (*As* KREBS *registers.*) And you'd better take that glass out of your pocket. You might fall down and hurt yourself.

KREBS (*rolling his eyes*)—Er—yes, sir. Very good, sir. (*Goes up-stage with coat and hat.* CAWLEY *crosses to desk.*)

CAWLEY—Mail?

KREBS—No, sir.

CAWLEY—Callers?

KREBS—No, sir.

CAWLEY—Any one ring up?

KREBS—No, sir.

CAWLEY—U'm. All right. That's all.

KREBS—Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. (*Starts up-stage.*)

CAWLEY—Oh! Wait. (*Crosses to him, takes a large envelope from pocket of overcoat which* KREBS *has taken from him, and tosses it on desk.*) Thanks. That's all. (*Exit* KREBS *into bed-room.* CAWLEY *seats himself at desk table on which is a picture of a girl in a large silver frame. He leans forward looking at it, then leans back as* KREBS *re-enters.*)

KREBS—Yes, sir.

CAWLEY—I am expecting a visitor this evening—at about eight-thirty. (*Looking at watch.*) By George! It's nearly that now. (*Unlocks table drawer and looks in it, though what he does with his hands is not seen by the audience.*)

KREBS—Very good, sir. (*While* CAWLEY *is engaged with table drawer,* KREBS *goes to rear and lets down lid of desk. As he does so an electric light inside the desk lights up. From desk drawer* KREBS *takes a hand-glass, powder box, and starts to place them on desk.*)

CAWLEY—And, Krebs—while we are still alone, I want to— (*Stops suddenly, as* KREBS *has advanced with glass and box.*) Well? What are you doing with *those* things?

KREBS—Er—awskin' your pardon, sir, you said as 'ow you was expectin' a visitor, sir—an'—(*Pauses, looking from the hand-glass to the powder-box.*)

CAWLEY—Well, you put those things back. And get the whiskey.

KREBS—Eoh! (*Again glancing at glass, then turning to* CAWLEY.) Then—then it's a *gentleman* wot's comin', sir. (*Crosses to desk, putting up glass and box.*)

CAWLEY—Yes, Krebs. As it is neither a

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lady nor any other sort of female, your peculiarly active intelligence has alighted upon the masculine gender as a possible alternative.

KREBS (*not understanding*)—I beg pardon, sir?

CAWLEY—You may also bring the cigars.

KREBS—Yes, sir. Very good, sir. (*From a side-table he brings decanter, glasses, water and a box of cigars.*)

CAWLEY (*leaning back, puffing smoke and regarding him critically*)—Krebs—do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

KREBS (*blankly*)—Beg pardon, sir?

CAWLEY—No, I *see* you don't! The theory is this. We don't live on earth just *once*—but *many times*.

KREBS (*staring at him*)—Ew! Do we, sir?

CAWLEY—We do. If we live in accordance with normal ethics, choosing, say decanters, instead of hand-glasses and powder puff-boxes, we progress—spiritually. (KREBS *puts hand to ear.*) If, on the other hand, we select a moral toboggan, as it were, we are apt to be reborn as a frog or a tom-cat, or—or something else equally depressing. Catch the idea?

KREBS—Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

CAWLEY—I'm glad you digest it; because in your next existence, Krebs, you are going to be a damned old maid, with immoral tendencies, but without the courage to collect returns. (*Pours out a drink of whiskey, while* KREBS *rolls his eyes.*)

KREBS—Yes, sir. Certainly, sir. (*Starts away. 'Phone bell rings.*)

CAWLEY—Answer it.

KREBS (*crossing and taking up receiver*)—Hello! Mr. Cawley's *apartment*. Yes, sir. I'm not sure, sir, but I'll see. (*Turns, with hand on mouth piece.*)

CAWLEY—Who is it?

KREBS (*in 'phone*)—Er—who is it, please? One moment. (*Turning.*) Mr. Connell, sir.

CAWLEY—Ah! Tell him to come up!

KREBS (*in 'phone*)—Hello! Awsk the gentleman to come up, please. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

CAWLEY—Now, Krebs, listen to me—(*crosses center*) carefully. This is the visitor I was expecting. He doesn't love me any more than I love him; and in case of trouble I may want your assistance.

KREBS (*nervously*)—Er—awskin' your pardon, sir, but I should think you was big enough to 'andle 'im alone, sir.

CAWLEY (*a little sharply*)—Don't be an idiot! I could pick him up and throw him out of the window—as easily as I could you.

KREBS (*backs away*)—Yes, sir, very likely, sir.

CAWLEY—Neither will be necessary.

KREBS (*sighing*)—Thank you, sir. (*Starts toward door.*)

CAWLEY—Wait! I might explain more fully; but in one event I'd rather you retained your convenient ignorance. So I want you to promise that no matter *what* happens in the next half-hour, you'll follow my directions—implicitly! Understand? Implicitly!

KREBS—Yes, sir. Of course, if——

CAWLEY—Cut it! There's no if about it. (*Door-bell rings.*) No, wait a minute. There's going to be one thing or the other. Do what I tell you, and I'll pay you—and pay you well. (*Stepping nearer and speaking sternly.*) Fall down in it, and so help me, I'll break every bone in your body. Now then! (*Pause. As door-bell rings again,* KREBS *makes a nervous movement, and* CAWLEY *grips his shoulder.*) Hold on! You know *me*—and I don't threaten—as a bluff. Well?

KREBS (*nervously*)—I—I promise, sir. On me honour.

CAWLEY (*releasing him*)—All right. We'll see what it's worth. (*Sits down by table. Points to door and crosses to table, seating himself carelessly, while* KREBS *goes and opens door, bowing to* BOB CONNELL. *He is a young man of twenty-five, a trifle pale, and at present sullen in his manner.*)

KREBS—Good evenin', Mr. Connell.

BOB—Good evening.

CAWLEY (*cheerfully, and with apparent heartiness*)—Hello, Bob! Glad to see you. Come in! (*As* BOB *slowly turns his eyes on him.*) Let Krebs take your coat and hat. (KREBS *advances, but* BOB *waves him away.*)

BOB—I can only stay a few minutes. I have an appointment.

CAWLEY—Oh, I see. Why not 'phone to the lady? Tell her you are with *me*. It might relieve her mind to know you are in good company. (*As* BOB *shrugs and makes no reply,* CAWLEY *turns to* KREBS.) That's all for the present. When I want you, I'll ring. Remember what I said.

KREBS—Yes, sir. Very good, sir. (*Exits into adjoining room right, closing door, but eyeing the two men furtively as he goes.* CAWLEY *comes down, looks at* BOB.)

BOB (*after a slight pause, turns to* CAWLEY, *who has been watching him*)—Well? You insisted on seeing me. Here I am. What is it?

CAWLEY—If you didn't *want* to come, why did you?

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BOB (*sullenly*)—Well—we may just as well have it over now as any other time.

CAWLEY—Good! Won't you have a seat?

BOB—I'm doing very nicely as I am.

CAWLEY—Oh, hell, Bob! Even if we have to quarrel, we might just as well do it comfortably. Be sensible, sit down. (BOB *hesitates, then throws off his coat and hat, and drops into chair opposite* CAWLEY.) That's better. Have a cigar?

BOB—No.

CAWLEY (*pushing decanter over*)—Whiskey?

BOB—No.

CAWLEY—Sick? (BOB *makes impatient gesture.*) By Jove, what a difference it does make when little Mr. Cupid wounds a young man in the ribs. (*As* BOB *turns in his chair impatiently,* CAWLEY *laughs.*) Why, Bob, old chap, when I think of you in the old days—half shot—roaring a comic song—with a blonde chorus girl on one knee and a brunette on the other——

BOB (*sharply*)—Cut that out!

CAWLEY—Oh! Pardon me! I forgot about your moral Turkish bath. (*Smiling.*) My, how the angels must have rubbed you!

BOB (*turning on him*)—See here! You can leave my morals out of it. Fish or cut bait!

CAWLEY (*sits*)—All right, we'll fish. (*Lights his cigar and leans back in chair.*) Now as to our mutual friend, Miss——

BOB (*sharply*)—Leave her out of it, too!

CAWLEY—What! The very key-note of our discussion? Leave *her* out? Oh, my boy! My boy! (*Leans forward, looking at picture on table.* BOB, *seeing it for the first time, rises angrily, facing* CAWLEY, *with clenched fists.* CAWLEY *still looks at picture.*) Rather a good likeness, isn't it? (*As* BOB *seizes picture in both hands and drops it face downward in a chair,* CAWLEY *rises angrily, and the two men face each other across table.*) Look here! What do you mean by that?

BOB—I'm telling you something you ought to know.

CAWLEY—What?

BOB—That putting the picture of any respectable woman on your table is a greater insult to her than you can possibly offer me.

CAWLEY (*rises slowly, after slight pause*)—Bob—you almost make me lose my temper. (*Sits down again.*) To preserve a temporary truce, we'll eliminate the girl—as far as possible. (*Waves hand toward chair and* BOB *sits.*) We'll take *you!* Do you think you've been exactly square with *me?*

BOB—I do.

CAWLEY—Well, I don't! I introduced you—took you to her home—in a purely friendly spirit. What's the result? You go quietly, systematically to work—and undermine my interests.

BOB—You never told *me* you *had* any interests.

CAWLEY—Naturally. A man can't post a keep-off-the-grass sign in a lady's drawing-room. I relied somewhat upon your sense of gentlemanly discernment. (BOB *glances at him, rises, takes a thoughtful turn and faces him.*)

BOB—See here, Cawley! If you think I haven't acted fairly, I'm sorry. I've done absolutely nothing to undermine your interests; but I *have* done everything I could to advance mine. You seem to forget that a woman has a right to her own choice.

CAWLEY—Granted. What else?

BOB—And if she chooses *me*, it's your misfortune, not my fault. She—well, she *liked* me—from the first; and helped me to despise the sort of man I *was*—and *you* still *are.*

CAWLEY—Thank you prettily.

BOB—You asked me to be honest, didn't you? And now I'll be a little more so. (*Stepping toward table.*) I'm going to marry her.

CAWLEY—Are you? H'm! What income can you offer her?

BOB (*turns on him*)—None of your damned business!

CAWLEY—Thank you. Just what I wanted to know. Had the income been large, you would have stated the figure—to prove your point. Since it is small, it proves mine. Now then! Do you think—honestly—that, say, eighteen hundred a year is any sort of income to offer any sort of respectable life partner?

BOB—It depends upon the partner.

CAWLEY—Exactly! The wife! The poor, trusting girl, who, because of a temporary aberration, wrecks her prospects and ties herself, body and soul, to an equally insane young pauper. Good Lord, Bob! Think of her! You can't even afford sugar—for your lemonade.

BOB—Maybe she prefers my society to your money.

CAWLEY—Very possibly. But it isn't a question now of *her* preference; but mine.

BOB—Yours!

CAWLEY—And *yours!* You haven't saved anything—not a dollar—and you won't! Saddle yourself with a wife, and further, with a family—and you'll live and die a

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stoop-shouldered, spindle-legged clerk. Bright prospect, isn't it? Let me offer you something better. You are nothing in this town. Skip out to another one, and start in business—for yourself.

BOB (*contemptuously*)—With what?

CAWLEY (*rises*)—With this. (*Rises and takes up package from table, opening it.*) Ten thousand—cash! Now don't blow up! Take it as a loan. If you never pay it back, it will be worth the amount to have you start right—once. Well?

BOB—H'm! And what of *her?*

CAWLEY (*stepping around edge of table*)—You will leave *her*—and a clear field—to *me.* (*Pause. They stand looking each other in the eye.*) Well? What's the answer?

BOB—This! (*He swings straight at* CAWLEY'S *face with his fist.* CAWLEY *catches his wrist.* BOB *strikes with his left; this is also caught,* CAWLEY *holding both wrists and looking closely into his face.*)

CAWLEY—A pretty weak answer, Bob. (*Flinging him back into chair and standing over him.*) You infernal little worm! Try that again and you'll regret it. (*Swings* BOB *to him.*)

BOB—Well, go ahead. But when it comes to a show-down, what will you gain? You are big enough and strong enough to hammer me to a pulp—yes! But will you get the girl? You won't! Go ahead and smash me! Take advantage of your brute strength, just as you try it with your money! But before I'd accept your dirty proposition, I'll *take* the licking.

CAWLEY—All right. You may have that chance, too. (*Opening table drawer and taking out two revolvers.*) This town isn't big enough to hold us both, and one of us has got to go. Candidly, I'm not particular which. (*Strikes bell on table. Enter* KREBS. *He sees revolvers in* CAWLEY'S *hands and looks at him in horror.*)

CAWLEY (*to* BOB)—Take one!

BOB—What do you mean?

CAWLEY—That I'll stand over here. You there. Krebs will hold a handkerchief, and when he drops it——

KREBS (*stepping back trembling*)—Me, sir? *Me?*

CAWLEY—Shut up! And do as I tell you. (*Turning to* BOB *and holding out revolvers.*) Well? Take one!

BOB—I won't do it! It isn't fair! I know nothing about those things, and you've been handling them all your life!

CAWLEY—That's your misfortune—not my fault!

BOB—Well, I won't!

CAWLEY—You little fool, I'm giving you a chance. Not only a chance with me . . . but a chance for *her.* If you're not a coward, as *well* as a fool, you'll take it! (BOB *looks at him in hesitation, then clenches his hands, compresses his lips, and takes up one revolver which* CAWLEY *pushes toward him.*)

CAWLEY—Now, Krebs, pick up that handkerchief! (*As* KREBS *obeys, he points up-stage.*) Stand over there. (*As the trembling valet hesitates*) Do you hear me? Stand there!—(*As* KREBS *obeys,* CAWLEY *takes position opposite* BOB, *but speaks to* KREBS.) Now listen to me—carefully. You'll count slowly. Then drop the handkerchief at any number between four and ten. Understand?

KREBS—Y-yes, sir.

CAWLEY—Then do it! Go ahead.

KREBS—One—two—three——

BOB (*steps toward them*)—Hold on! I won't have that! You've arranged the signals between you. You——

KREBS—But honest, Mr. Connell, sir. I swear it on me soul, sir—I——

CAWLEY—Tut! (*To* BOB.) Arrange your *own* signals. *I* don't care. Go ahead!

BOB—All right. I will. (*To* KREBS.) Use the letters of the alphabet. Start with G. And drop the thing whenever you like. Understand?

KREBS (*trembling*)—G—very good, sir.

BOB—Then go on—and get it over. (*As* KREBS *stands in hesitation and terror, looking from one to the other,* BOB *speaks to* CAWLEY, *nervously, intensely. Turns.*) You know what you're doing, don't you? It's murder, that's what it is—and I hope you'll swing for it!

CAWLEY—You'd better watch the handkerchief. Go on, Krebs.

KREBS—Yes, sir. (He *steps back, holding handkerchief and speaking in gasps.*) G—haich—hi—J—K—*hell!* (*Stops.*)

CAWLEY (*sharply*)—Well, what's the matter with you? Why don't you drop it?

KREBS—I—I cawn't, sir. Me—me fingers won't turn loost.

CAWLEY—They will if I tickle 'em with a bullet! (KREBS *cries out, and starts back.*) Now, then! Start again—and this time—*drop it!* (*Turning.*) Ready, Bob!

KREBS—Y-yes, sir. Very good, sir! (*Speaking as before, but with increased terror.*) G—haich—hi—J—K—hell—hem—hen—ho—P—*Q!* (*He drops handkerchief, turns his back, and covers eyes with his hands.* BOB *raises revolver quickly and fires.* CAWLEY *starts, spins around once and pitches forward, his pistol exploding as he falls.* CAWLEY *lies*

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on his face, BOB *stands staring at him.* KREBS *turns slowly, looking at* CAWLEY, *his hands going to his cheeks.*)

KREBS—Oh, my Gawd! My Gawd! My Gawd! (*He sinks to his knees, repeating it over and over in a whisper, till only his lips are seen to move.* BOB *takes a step toward* CAWLEY. *He stops, looks at the revolver in his hand, starts and drops it. He runs his hand over his eyes, then goes forward and kneels by* CAWLEY.)

BOB—Cawley! Cawley! (*Pauses. He moves back, then rises, looking about him as if bewildered.*)

KREBS—My Gawd! My Gawd! My Gawd!

BOB—Stop it, Krebs! Stop it! (*Going to him.*) Stop it! (*Lifting him to his feet, holding his shoulders and looking into his face.*) Listen to me! Can you hear me?

KREBS—Y—yes, sir!

BOB (*also speaking in a whisper*)—All right! I'll want you—for a witness—that I did it—in self-defense. *You saw it!*

KREBS (*in terror*)—But they won't believe us, sir. They'll say—*we* done it! You, sir! An' me! (*Trying to release himself from* BOB's *hold.*) I got to get out of here! I got to go!

BOB (*holding him*)—Wait! Wait! So have I, Krebs! (*Glancing at* CAWLEY.) He *wanted* me to go! Tried to force me! And now I've *got* to. (*Nervously, as he looks about, breathing rapidly.*) I've got to!

KREBS (*snatching up coat and holding it for him*)—'Ere, sir! But 'urry! 'Urry! We'll 'ave to go!

BOB—Yes, Krebs, I know. I've got to! I've got to! (*Looking at* CAWLEY, *moving toward table and repeating over and over in a whisper.*) I've got to! I've got to! Before they find out! I've got to! (*His hand goes out to the money on table, grips it and slips it into his coat pocket.*) I've got to! I've got to! (*To* KREBS, *who sees him take money.*) He wanted to pay me, Krebs—to get out of town! And now I've got to! I've got to! (*Looks down at* CAWLEY, *shudders and turns away.*) All right, Krebs. I'm ready. Come on!

KREBS (*who has entered room at the right for an instant and returned with hat and coat*)—Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

BOB (*crossing to door at rear, and turning*)—Turn off the light.

KREBS—Yes sir, yes sir. (*Crosses to switch.*)

BOB—Wait! (*Comes back, takes up the picture in silver frame and starts up-stage.*) I'll keep *her* out of it—anyway. Now turn it off—and come on.

KREBS (*switching off the light*)—Yes, sir. Yes, sir. (*The stage is now in darkness. As the two men open the door, their silhouettes are seen on the back-ground of light in the hall. They close the door, and the lock is heard to click. The curtain is lowered for an instant, to denote lapse of six hours. The stage is in darkness except for the pale light which can be seen through the transom over the door in rear. There is a slight scuffling noise outside, and the transom opens slowly.* KREBS *climbs through and drops down into the room. For an instant there is silence. Then* KREBS *can be heard as he moves slowly, uttering short ejaculations, as if in cold terror.*)

KREBS—Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Slight pause.*) If 'e *was* to set up and *look* at me! Oh, my Gawd! (*There is another slight pause.* KREBS *strikes a match, and by its light his face can be seen as he looks at the empty floor. He shows wonder and fear that* CAWLEY'S *body is not there, and holds his open-mouthed, tense attitude till the match burns down to his fingers. As the match goes out the electric lights are turned on, and* CAWLEY, *in a dressing-gown, enters and looks at* KREBS *with a smile.* KREBS *gives a choked cry, then slowly backs away until he is stopped by the wall.*)

CAWLEY—Good morning, Krebs. How are you? Scared pretty stiff, aren't you? Well, as I'm not a ghost, you can limber up. Come here! (*As* KREBS *holds position,* CAWLEY *speaks sharply.*) Come here! (KREBS *advances slowly, standing before* CAWLEY *who looks him up and down critically.*) What are you doing back again?

KREBS (*with a frightened, apologetic manner*)—I—well, awskin' your pardon, sir—I—took the liberty of returnin' for—for a few trifles, sir.

CAWLEY—Yours—or mine? However, that's a detail. Why the transom?

KREBS—I—left me latch key be'ind, sir.

CAWLEY—Oh, I see. Well, I'm rather glad you're here. I want some information. But first I'll give *you* some. (*Sitting on edge of table.*) You don't think for a minute, Krebs, that I was ass enough to let that young idiot shoot at me with a real bullet, do you?

KREBS (*in amazement, looking at the smashed lamp*)—But, sir, the broken lamp, sir——

CAWLEY—Exactly. That was *my* bullet. I didn't want too much light on my dying countenance. *His* shells were blanks. (*Takes up pistol from table, and throws out shells.*) Observe?

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KREBS—Oh!

CAWLEY—That's it. Oh! I wanted to get him out of town. Offered to buy him, but he wouldn't sell; so I had to get him out the other way. (*As* KREBS *stares at him.*) Now then! You can give *me* some information. (*Looking at corner of table.*) First, I notice that he took my money. (*As* KREBS *makes no answer.*) You needn't hesitate, for I saw him—out of the corner of my dead eye. Well?

KREBS—Er—yes, sir.

CAWLEY—And he gave you a part of it to keep your mouth shut?

KREBS—Er—yes, sir.

CAWLEY—How much?

KREBS—Er—one thousand, sir.

CAWLEY—Ten per cent., eh? Well, I'm glad to save that much, anyhow. Shell out. (*Holds out his hand.* KREBS *takes roll of money from his trousers pocket and ruefully hands it over.*) Thank you. It's worth the other nine to have him off the field. By the way, you are quite certain he has gone?

KREBS—Oh, yes, sir. I was with 'im till 'e took the train.

CAWLEY—Good! (*Pouring whiskey into glass.*) Have a drink, Krebs. You need it.

KREBS—Me, sir? Thank you, sir!

CAWLEY—Don't mention it. (*Pouring a drink for himself and turning with a happy smile.*) And now just one more thing. (*Holding whiskey glass in his hand.*) Did he—er—did he tell the girl?

KREBS—The girl? Oh, yes, sir. *She's* gone *with* him! (CAWLEY *looks at* KREBS *in amazement, his mouth going slowly open. He drops the glass from his hand, and sinks into chair.* KREBS *drinks.*)

CURTAIN

Two Sonnets

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

XCVII

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

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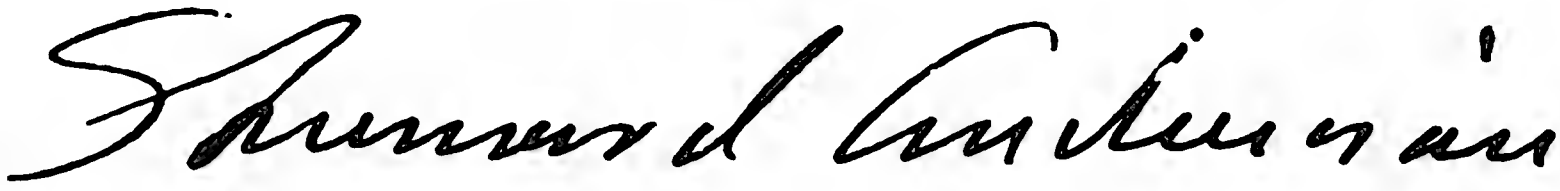
I'm a Fool

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON



IT WAS a hard jolt for me, one of the most bitterest I ever had to face. And it all came about through my own foolishness too. Even yet, sometimes, when I think of it, I want to cry or swear or kick myself. Perhaps, even now, after all this time, there will be a kind of satisfaction in making myself look cheap by telling of it.

It began at three o'clock one October afternoon as I sat in the grand stand at the fall trotting and pacing meet at Sandusky, Ohio.

To tell the truth, I felt a little foolish that I should be sitting in the grand stand at all. During the summer before I had left my home town with Harry Whitehead and, with a nigger named Burt, had taken a job as swipe with one of the two horses Harry was campaigning through the fall race meets that year. Mother cried, and my sister Mildred, who wanted to get a job as a school teacher in our town that fall, stormed and scolded about the house all during the week before I left. They both thought it something disgraceful that one of our family should take a place as a swipe with race horses. I've an idea Mildred thought my taking the place would stand in the way of her getting the job she'd been working so long for.

But after all I had to work and there was no other work to be got. A big lumbering fellow of nineteen couldn't just hang around the house and I had got too big to mow people's lawns and sell newspapers. Little chaps who could get next to people's sympathies by their sizes were always getting jobs away from me. There was one fellow who kept saying to everyone who wanted a lawn mowed or a cistern cleaned, that he was saving money to work his way through college, and I used to lay awake nights thinking up ways to injure him without being found out. I kept thinking of wagons running over him and bricks falling on his head as he walked along the street. But never mind him.

I got the place with Harry and I liked Burt fine. We got along splendid together. He was a big nigger with a lazy sprawling body and soft kind eyes, and when it came to a fight he could hit like Jack Johnson. He had Bucephalus, a big black pacing stallion that could do 2.09 or 2.10 if he had to, and I had a little gelding named Doctor Fritz that never lost a race all fall when Harry wanted him to win.

We set out from home late in July in a box car with the two horses and after that, until late November, we kept moving along to the race meets and the fairs. It was a peachy time for me, I'll say that. Sometimes, now, I think that boys who are raised regular in houses, and never have a fine nigger like Burt for best friend, and go to high schools and college, and never steal anything or get drunk a little, or learn to swear from fellows who know how, or come walking up in front of a grand stand in their shirt sleeves and with dirty horsey pants on when the races are going on and the grand stand is full of people all dressed up—. What's the use of talking about it? Such fellows don't know nothing at all. They've never had no opportunity.

But I did. Burt taught me how to rub down a horse and put the bandages on after a race and steam a horse out and a lot of valuable things for any man to know. He could wrap a bandage on a horse's leg so smooth that if it had been the same colour you would think it was his skin, and I guess he'd have been a big driver too and got to the top like Murphy and Walter Cox and the others if he hadn't been black.

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Gee whizz, it was fun. You got to a county seat town maybe, say, on a Saturday or Sunday, and the fair began the next Tuesday and lasted until Friday afternoon. Doctor Fritz would be, say, in the 2.25 trot on Tuesday afternoon and on Thursday afternoon Bucephalus would knock 'em cold in the "free-for-all" pace. It left you a lot of time to hang around and listen to horse talk, and see Burt knock some yap cold that got too gay, and you'd find out about horses and men and pick up a lot of stuff you could use all the rest of your life if you had some sense and salted down what you heard and felt and saw.

And then at the end of the week when the race meet was over, and Harry had run home to tend up to his livery stable business, you and Burt hitched the two horses to carts and drove slow and steady across country to the place for the next meeting so as to not over-heat the horses, etc., etc., you know.

Gee whizz, gosh amighty, the nice hickorynut and beechnut and oaks and other kinds of trees along the roads, all brown and red, and the good smells, and Burt singing a song that was called Deep River, and the country girls at the windows of houses and everything. You can stick your colleges up your nose for all me. I guess I know where I got my education.

Why, one of the little burgs of towns you come to on the way, say now, on a Saturday afternoon, and Burt says, "let's lay up here." And you did.

And you took the horses to a livery stable and fed them and you got your good clothes out of a box and put them on.

And the town was full of farmers gaping because they could see you were race horse people, and the kids maybe never see a nigger before and was afraid and run away when the two of us walked down their main street.

And that was before prohibition and all that foolishness, and so you went into a saloon, the two of you, and all the yaps come and stood around, and there was always someone pretended he was horsey and knew things and spoke up and began asking questions, and all you did was to lie and lie all you could about what horses you had, and I said I owned them, and then some fellow said, "Will you have a drink of whiskey?" and Burt knocked his eye out the way he could say, offhand like, "Oh, well, all right, I'm agreeable to a little nip. I'll split a quart with you." Gee whizz.

But that isn't what I want to tell my story about. We got home late in November and I promised mother I'd quit the race horses for good. There's a lot of things you've got to promise a mother because she don't know any better.

And so, there not being any work in our town any more than when I left there to go to the races, I went off to Sandusky and got a pretty good place taking care of the horses for a man who owned a teaming and delivery and storage business there. It was a pretty good place and good eats and a day off each week and sleeping on a cot in the big barn, and mostly just shoveling in hay and oats to a lot of big good-enough skates of horses that couldn't have trotted a race with a toad. I wasn't dissatisfied and I could send money home.

And then, as I started to tell you, the fall races come to Sandusky and I got the day off and I went. I left the job at noon and had on my good clothes, and my new brown derby hat I'd just bought the Saturday before, and a stand-up collar.

First of all I went downtown and walked about with the dudes. I've always thought to myself, "put up a good front," and so I did it. I had forty dollars in my pocket and so I went into the West House, a big hotel, and walked up to the cigar stand. "Give me three twenty-five cent cigars," I said. There was a lot of horse men and strangers and dressed-up people from other towns standing around in the lobby and in the bar, and I mingled amongst them. In the bar there was a fellow with a cane and a Windsor tie on, that it made me sick to look at him. I like a man to be a man and dress up, but not to go put on that kind of airs. So I pushed him aside, kind of rough, and had me a drink of whiskey. And then he looked at me as though he thought maybe he'd get gay, but he changed his mind and didn't say anything. And then I had another drink of whiskey, just to show him something, and went and had a hack out to the races all to myself, and when I got there I bought myself the best seat I could get in the grand stand, but didn't go in for any of these boxes. That's putting on too many airs.

And so there I was, sitting up in the grand stand as gay as you please and looking down on the swipes coming out with their horses and with their dirty horsey pants on and the horse blankets swung over their shoulders same as I had been doing all the year before. I liked one thing about the same as the other, sitting

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up there and feeling grand and being down there and looking up at the yaps and feeling grander and more important too. One thing's about as good as another if you take it just right. I've often said that.

Well, right in front of me, in the grand stand that day, there was a fellow with a couple of girls and they was about my age. The young fellow was a nice guy all right. He was the kind maybe that goes to college and then comes to be a lawyer or maybe a newspaper editor or something like that, but he wasn't stuck on himself. There are some of that kind are all right and he was one of the ones.

He had his sister with him and another girl and the sister looked around over his shoulder, accidental at first, not intending to start anything—she wasn't that kind—and her eyes and mine happened to meet.

You know how it is. Gee, she was a peach. She had on a soft dress, kind of a blue stuff and it looked carelessly made, but was well sewed and made and everything. I knew that much. I blushed when she looked right at me and so did she. She was the nicest girl I've ever seen in my life. She wasn't stuck on herself and she could talk proper grammar without being a school teacher or something like that. What I mean is, she was O. K. I think maybe her father was well-to-do, but not rich to make her chesty because she was his daughter, as some are. Maybe he owned a drug store or a dry goods store in their home town, or something like that. She never told me and I never asked.

My own people are all O. K. too, when you come to that. My grandfather was Welsh, and over in his own country, in Wales he was—but never mind that.

The first heat of the first race come off and the young fellow setting there with the two girls left them and went down to make a bet. I knew what he was up to, but he didn't talk big and noisy and let everyone around know he was a sport, as some do. He wasn't that kind. Well, he come back and I heard him tell the two girls what horse he'd bet on, and when the heat was trotted they all half got to their feet and acted in the excited, sweaty way people do when they've got money down on a race, and the horse they bet on is up there pretty close at the end, and they think maybe he'll come on with a rush, but he never does because he hasn't got the old juice in him, come right down to it.

And then, pretty soon, the horses came out for the 2.18 pace and there was a horse in it I knew. He was a horse Bob French had in his string, but Bob didn't own him. He was a horse owned by a Mr. Mathers down at Marietta, Ohio.

This Mr. Mathers had a lot of money and owned some coal mines or something, and he had a swell place out in the country, and he was stuck on race horses, but was a Presbyterian or something, and I think more than likely his wife was one, too, maybe a stiffer one than himself. So he never raced his horses himself, and the story round the Ohio race tracks was that when one of his horses got ready to go on to the races he turned him over to Bob French and pretended to his wife he was sold.

So Bob had the horses and he did pretty much as he pleased and you can't blame Bob, at least, I never did. Sometimes he was out to win and sometimes he wasn't. I never cared much about that when I was swiping a horse. What I did want to know was that my horse had the speed and could go out in front if you wanted him to.

And, as I'm telling you, there was Bob in this race and with one of Mr. Mathers' horses, was named "About Ben Ahem" or something like that, and was fast as a streak. He was a gelding and had a mark of 2.21, but could step in .08 or .09.

Because when Burt and I were out, as I've told you, the year before, there was a nigger Burt knew, worked for Mr. Mathers, and we went out there one day when we didn't have no race on at the Marietta Fair and our boss Harry was gone home.

And so everyone was gone to the fair but just this one nigger, and he took us all through Mr. Mathers' swell house and he and Burt tapped a bottle of wine Mr. Mathers had hid in his bedroom, back in a closet, without his wife knowing, and he showed us this Ahem horse. Burt was always stuck on being a driver, but didn't have much chance to get to the top, being a nigger, and he and the other nigger gulped that whole bottle of wine and Burt got a little lit up.

So the nigger let Burt take this About Ben Ahem and step him a mile in a track Mr. Mathers had all to himself, right there on the farm. And Mr. Mathers had one child, a daughter, kinda sick and not very good looking, and she came home and we had to hustle and get About Ben Ahem stuck back in the barn.

I'm only telling you to get everything straight. At Sandusky, that afternoon I was at the fair, this young fellow with the

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two girls was fussed, being with the girls and losing his bet. You know how a fellow is that way. One of them was his girl and the other his sister. I had figured that out.

"Gee whizz," I says to myself, "I'm going to give him the dope."

He was mighty nice when I touched him on the shoulder. He and the girls were nice to me right from the start and clear to the end. I'm not blaming them.

And so he leaned back and I gave him the dope on About Ben Ahem. "Don't bet a cent on this first heat because he'll go like an oxen hitched to a plough, but when the first heat is over go right down and lay on your pile." That's what I told him.

Well, I never saw a fellow treat any one sweller. There was a fat man sitting beside the little girl that had looked at me twice by this time, and I at her, and both blushing, and what did he do but have the nerve to turn and ask the fat man to get up and change places with me so I could set with his crowd.

Gee whizz, amighty. There I was. What a chump I was to go and get gay up there in the West House bar, and just because that dude was standing there with a cane and that kind of a necktie on, to go and get all balled up and drink that whiskey, just to show off.

Of course she would know, me setting right beside her and letting her smell of my breath. I could have kicked myself right down out of that grand stand and all around that race track and made a faster record than most of the skates of horses they had there that year.

Because that girl wasn't any mutt of a girl. What wouldn't I have give right then for a stick of chewing gum to chew, or a lozenger, or some licorice, or most anything. I was glad I had those twenty-five cent cigars in my pocket, and right away I give that fellow one and lit one myself. Then that fat man got up and we changed places and there I was plunked right down beside her.

They introduced themselves, and the fellow's best girl he had with him, was named Miss Elinor Woodbury, and her father was a manufacturer of barrels from a place called Tiffin, Ohio. And the fellow himself was named Wilbur Wessen and his sister was Miss Lucy Wessen.

I suppose it was their having such swell names got me off my trolley. A fellow, just because he had been a swipe with a race horse, and works taking care of horses for a man in the teaming, delivery and storage business, isn't any better or worse than any one else. I've often thought that, and said it, too.

But you know how a fellow is. There's something in that kind of nice clothes, and the kind of nice eyes she had, and the way she had looked at me, awhile before, over her brother's shoulder, and me looking back at her, and both of us blushing.

I couldn't show her up for a boob, could I?

I made a fool of myself, that's what I did. I said my name was Walter Mathers from Marietta, Ohio, and then I told all three of them the smashingest lie you ever heard. What I said was that my father owned the horse About Ben Ahem, and that he had let him out to this Bob French for racing purposes, because our family was proud and had never gone into racing that way, in our own name, I mean. Then I had got started and they were all leaning over and listening, and Miss Lucy Wessen's eyes were shining, and I went the whole hog.

I told about our place down at Marietta, and about the big stables and the grand brick house we had on a hill, up above the Ohio River, but I knew enough not to do it in no bragging way. What I did was to start things and then let them drag the rest out of me. I acted just as reluctant to tell as I could. Our family hasn't got any barrel factory, and, since I've known us, we've always been pretty poor, but not asking anything of anyone at that, and my grandfather, over in Wales—but never mind that.

We set there talking like we had known each other for years and years, and I went and told them that my father had been expecting maybe this Bob French wasn't on the square, and had sent me up to Sandusky on the sly to find out what I could.

And I bluffed it through I had found out all about the 2.18 pace in which About Ben Ahem was to start.

I said he would lose the first heat by pacing like a lame cow and then he would come back and skin 'em alive after that. And to back up what I said I took thirty dollars out of my pocket and handed it to Mr. Wilbur Wessen and asked him would he mind, after the first heat, to go down and place it on About Ben Ahem for whatever odds he could get. What I said was that I didn't want Bob French to see me and none of the swipes.

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Sure enough the first heat comes off and About Ben Ahem went off his stride, up the back stretch, and looked like a wooden horse or a sick one, and come in to be last. Then this Wilbur Wessen went down to the betting place under the grand stand and there I was with the two girls, and when that Miss Woodbury was looking the other way once, Lucy Wessen kinda, with her shoulder you know, kinda touched me. Not just tucking down, I don't mean. You know how a woman can do. They get close, but not getting gay either. You know what they do. Gee whizz.

And then they give me a jolt. What they had done when I didn't know, was to get together, and they had decided Wilbur Wessen would bet fifty dollars, and the two girls had gone and put in ten dollars each of their own money, too. I was sick then, but I was sicker later.

About the gelding, About Ben Ahem, and their winning their money, I wasn't worried a lot about that. It come out O. K. Ahem stepped the next three heats like a bushel of spoiled eggs going to market before they could be found out, and Wilbur Wessen had got nine to two for the money. There was something else eating at me.

Because Wilbur come back after he had bet the money, and after that he spent most of his time talking to that Miss Woodbury, and Lucy Wessen and I was left alone together like on a desert island. Gee, if I'd only been on the square or if there had been any way of getting myself on the square. There ain't any Walter Mathers, like I said to her and them, and there hasn't ever been one, but if there was, I bet I'd go to Marietta, Ohio, and shoot him tomorrow.

There I was, big boob that I am. Pretty soon the race was over, and Wilbur had gone down and collected our money, and we had a hack downtown, and he stood us a swell dinner at the West House, and a bottle of champagne beside.

And I was with that girl and she wasn't saying much, and I wasn't saying much either. One thing I know. She wasn't stuck on me because of the lie about my father being rich and all that. There's a way you know. . . . Craps amighty. There's a kind of girl you see just once in your life, and if you don't get busy and make hay then you're gone for good and all and might as well go jump off a bridge. They give you a look from inside of them somewhere, and it ain't no vamping, and what it means is—you want that girl to be your wife, and you want nice things around her like flowers and swell clothes, and you want her to have the kids you're going to have, and you want good music played and no ragtime. Gee whizz.

There's a place over near Sandusky, across a kind of bay, and it's called Cedar Point. And when we had had that dinner we went over to it in a launch, all by ourselves. Wilbur and Miss Lucy and that Miss Woodbury had to catch a ten o'clock train back to Tiffin, Ohio, because when you're out with girls like that you can't get careless and miss any trains and stay out all night like you can with some kinds of janes.

And Wilbur blowed himself to the launch and it cost him fifteen cold plunks, but I wouldn't ever have knew if I hadn't listened. He wasn't no tin-horn kind of a sport.

Over at the Cedar Point place we didn't stay around where there was a gang of common kinds of cattle at all.

There was big dance halls and dining places for yaps, and there was a beach you could walk along and get where it was dark, and we went there.

She didn't talk hardly at all and neither did I, and I was thinking how glad I was my mother was all right, and always made us kids learn to eat with a fork at table and not swill soup and not be noisy and rough like a gang you see around a race track that way.

Then Wilbur and his girl went away up the beach and Lucy and I set down in a dark place where there was some roots of old trees the water had washed up, and after that, the time, till we had to go back in the launch and they had to catch their train, wasn't nothing at all. It went like winking your eye.

Here's how it was. The place we were setting in was dark, like I said, and there was the roots from that old stump sticking up like arms, and there was a watery smell, and the night was like—as if you could put your hand out and feel it—so warm and soft and dark and sweet like a orange.

I most cried and I most swore and I most jumped up and danced, I was so mad and happy and sad.

When Wilbur come back from being alone with his girl, and she saw him coming, Lucy she says, "we got to go to the train now," and she was most crying, too, but she never knew nothing I knew, and she

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couldn't be so all busted up. And then, before Wilbur and Miss Woodbury got up to where she was, she put her face up and kissed me quick and put her head up against me and she was all quivering and—Gee whizz.

Sometimes I hope I have cancer and die. I guess you know what I mean. We went in the launch across the bay to the train like that, and it was dark too. She whispered and said it was like she and I could get out of the boat and walk on the water, and it sounded foolish, but I knew what she meant.

And then quick, we were right at the depot, and there was a big gang of yaps, the kind that goes to the fairs, and crowded and milling around like cattle, and how could I tell her? "It won't be long because you'll write and I'll write to you." That's all she said.

I got a chance like a hay barn afire. A swell chance I got.

And maybe she would write me, down at Marietta that way, and the letter would come back, and stamped on the front of it by the U. S. A. "there ain't any such guy," or something like that, whatever they stamp on a letter that way.

And me trying to pass myself off for a bigbug and a swell—to her, as decent a little body as God ever made. Craps amighty. A swell chance I got.

And then the train come in and she got on, and Wilbur Wessen come and shook hands with me and that Miss Woodbury was nice and bowed to me and I at her and the train went and I busted out and cried like a kid.

Gee, I could have run after that train and made Dan Patch look like a freight train after a wreck, but socks amighty, what was the use? Did you ever see such a fool?

I'll bet you what—if I had an arm broke right now or a train had run over my foot—I wouldn't go to no doctor at all. I'd go set down and let her hurt and hurt—that's what I'd do.

I'll bet you what—if I hadn't a drunk that booze I'd a never been such a boob as to go tell such a lie—that couldn't never be made straight to a lady like her.

I wish I had that fellow right here that had on a Windsor tie and carried a cane. I'd smash him for fair. Gosh darn his eyes. He's a big fool—that's what he is.

And if I'm not another you just go find me one and I'll quit working and be a bum and give him my job. I don't care nothing for working and earning money and saving if for no such boob as myself.

Here's Rain

By CHARLES MALAM

HERE'S rain. And we had planned to walk today.
Then what's the worth of patience-by-the-clock
When here's cold rain, and all the dust is clay,
And we had planned to walk?

Now I had dreamed that you sat on the hill,
I at your feet, and suddenly your head
Was on my heart, and you so hushed and still—
But here is rain instead—

And we were old as earth and sky together,
And old earth loved us, her two happy thieves
Who loved each other, stealing spring's warm weather—
Here's rain from off the eaves!

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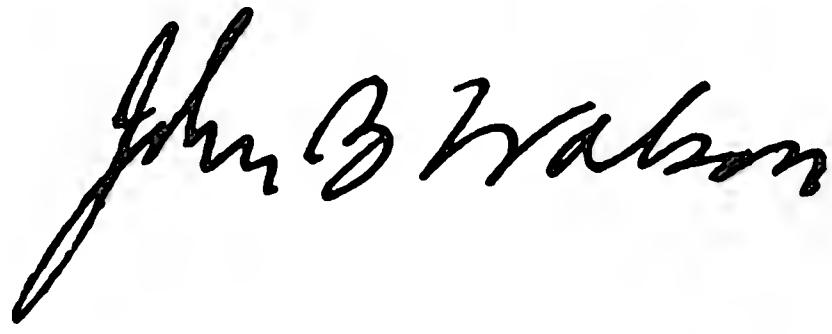
What Is Behaviorism?

By JOHN B. WATSON



FOREWORD

I think it was in 1903, when watching blind, deaf, and anosmic white rats running around a complicated maze to get food, that I first began to formulate a psychological point of view which has come to be called behaviorism. My thinking then ran like this:—

"If I can write a psychology about white rats—rats that cannot speak, that cannot introspect, or cannot make known to me in any way the fact that they have a 'mind' and 'consciousness'—and if in my psychology of rats there is a reasonable completeness and thoroughness, why not write a human psychology along the same lines? The only data I can base my rat psychology upon I get by watching them behave when hungry, when cold and wet, when sex stimuli are present, when other animals attack them, when they have young in the nest, etc. Man is an animal just like the rat, only more complicated because he has learned a new form of behavior; namely, how to speak. Why not look upon him as an animal, but as a talking animal—but just because he can talk, aloud and to himself (think), do not let us make a mystery of this novel form of behavior and assume that there is some kind of new essence which must be called 'consciousness' or 'mind.' Let us then in this psychology of man proceed along biological lines. Let us alter situations and watch him behave, putting down just what we can see. This method will give us a genuine objective psychology."

This vague day-dream, when worked out, became behaviorism. In my paper in the Psychological Review *in 1913—"Psychology as the Behaviorist Views It"—I went into print for the first time with this general point of view, introducing the term "Behaviorism." This paper excited a flood of controversy, and since then the psychological journals have been filled with discussions of behaviorism.*

To-day, fifteen years after my paper appeared, it is still hard to evaluate the academic and popular standing of behaviorism. Almost every university in the country gives a course in behaviorism. The instructor in charge, however, usually sets up behaviorism as a target for attack. There are few out-and-out behaviorists among the older generation of professional psychologists. And yet, subtly, behaviorism has changed the whole course of psychology. You no longer find any experimenter writing out long, introspective reports of what went on in the mind of his subject during the course of an experiment. Rarely does one now see anything about consciousness as such—even the philosophers who used to tell us all about consciousness now use the term as though it were just a little too hot for verbal manipulation.

The younger students of psychology seem to be accepting behaviorism. The public is genuinely interested in it. Even in the academic field it has brought a new life to genetic psychology. Tremendous interest now centers in the growth of behavior, and we are rapidly finding that we must go back and study growing organisms—infants (human and infra-human)—in order to understand behavior.

There is coming, and coming rapidly, a new psychology—a genetic psychology—which will write itself through experimentation upon infants, children, and young animals. It will be factual and not controversial. The Middle Age flavor of speculative philosophy will drop away from psychology. When this natural science psychology comes, behaviorism will claim it as its own child.

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And what an incalculable power for shaping and guiding mankind is awaiting us (after we have spent some millions of dollars, and years of patient research in building up a real psychology of human beings), must be apparent to anybody who studies what has been already accomplished.

BEFORE beginning our study of "behaviorism" or "behavioristic" psychology, it will be worth our while to take a few minutes to look at the conventional school of psychology that flourished before the advent of behaviorism in 1912—and that still flourishes. Indeed we should point out at once that behaviorism has not as yet by any means replaced the older psychology—called *introspective psychology*—of James, Wundt, Kulpe, Titchener, Angell, Judd, and McDougall. Possibly the easiest way to bring out the contrast between the old psychology and the new is to say that all schools of psychology except that of behaviorism claim that "*consciousness*" *is the subject matter of psychology.* Behaviorism, on the contrary, holds that the subject matter of human psychology is the *behavior or activities of the human being.* Behaviorism claims that "consciousness" is neither a definable nor a usable concept; that it is merely another word for the "soul" of more ancient times. The old psychology is thus dominated by a kind of subtle religious philosophy.

No one knows just how the idea of a soul or the supernatural started. It probably had its origin in the general laziness of mankind. Certain individuals who in primitive society declined to work with their hands, to go out hunting, to make flints, to dig for roots, became keen observers of human nature.

They found that the loud noise from breaking limbs, thunder and other sound-producing phenomena, would throw the primitive individual from his very birth into a panicky state, causing him to stop the chase, to cry, to hide and the like—and that in this state it was easy to train or, more scientifically, to *condition* him. These lazy but good observers soon found devices by means of which they could at will throw individuals into this fearsome attitude and thus control primitive human behavior. For example, colored nurses down South have gained control over the young white children by telling them that there is some one ready to grab them in the dark; that when it is thundering there is a fearsome power which they can appease by being good boys and girls. The "medicine men" of primitive times soon established an elaborate control through signs, symbols, rituals, formulæ, and the like. These individuals have been variously called medicine men, soothsayers, dream-interpreters and prophets. Skill in bringing about these emotional conditionings of the people increased rapidly; organization among medicine men took place and we began to have religions of one kind or another, and churches, temples, cathedrals and the like, each presided over by a medicine man.

The individual who functions as a medicine man in the narrow family group is, of course, always the father. In the larger group God or Jehovah takes the place of the family father. Thus even the modern child from the beginning is confronted by the dicta of medicine men—be they the father, the soothsayer of the village, the God or Jehovah. Having been brought up in this attitude toward authority, he never questions the concepts imposed upon him.

One example of such a concept is that there is a fearsome God and that every individual has a soul which is separate and distinct from the body. This soul is really a part of the supreme being. This concept has led to the philosophical platform called "dualism." All psychology except behaviorism is dualistic. That is to say we have both a mind (soul) and a body. This dogma has been present in human psychology from earliest antiquity. No one has ever touched a soul, or has seen one in a test tube, or has in any way come into relationship with it as he has with the other objects of his daily experience. Nevertheless, to doubt its existence is to become a heretic and once might possibly even have led to the loss of one's head. Even to-day the man holding a public position dare not question it.

With the development of the physical sciences which came with the Renaissance, a certain release from this stifling soul cloud was obtained. A man could think of astronomy, of the celestial bodies and their motions, of gravitation and the like, without involving soul. Although the early scientists were as a rule devout Christians, nevertheless they began to leave soul out of their test tubes. Psychology and philosophy, however, in dealing as they thought with non-material objects, found it difficult to escape the language of the church, and

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hence the concepts of mind and soul came down to the latter part of the nineteenth century. It was the boast of Wundt's students, in 1879, when the first psychological laboratory was established, that psychology had at last become a science without a soul. For fifty years we have kept this pseudo-science, exactly as Wundt laid it down. All that Wundt and his students really accomplished was to substitute for the word "soul" the word "consciousness."

From the time of Wundt on, consciousness becomes the keynote of psychology. It is the keynote of all psychologies to-day except behaviorism. It is a plain assumption just as unprovable, just as unapproachable, as the old concept of the soul. And to the behaviorist the two terms are essentially identical, so far as concerns their metaphysical implications.

To show how unscientific is the concept, look for a moment at William James' definition of psychology. "Psychology is the description and explanation of states of consciousness as such." Starting with a definition which *assumes* what he starts out to prove, he escapes his difficulty by an *argumentum ad hominem*. Consciousness—oh, yes, everybody must know what this "consciousness" is. When we have a sensation of red, a perception, a thought, when we *will* to do something, or when we *purpose* to do something, or when we desire to do something, we are being *conscious*. All other introspectionists are equally illogical. In other words, they do not tell us what consciousness is, but merely begin to put things into it by assumption; and then when they come to analyze consciousness, naturally they find in it just what they put into it. Consequently, in the analyses of consciousness made by certain of the psychologists you find such elements as *sensations* and their ghosts, the *images*. With others you find not only sensations, but so-called *affective elements;* in still others you find such elements as *will*—the so-called conative element in consciousness. With some psychologists you find many hundreds of sensations of a certain type; others maintain that only a few of that type exist. And so it goes. Literally hundreds of thousands of printed pages have been published on the minute analysis of this intangible something called "consciousness." And how do we begin work upon it? Not by analyzing it as we would a chemical compound, or the way a plant grows. No, those things are material things. This thing we call consciousness can be analyzed only by *introspection*—a looking in on what goes on inside of us.

As a result of this major assumption that there is such a thing as consciousness and that we can analyze it by introspection, we find as many analyses as there are individual psychologists. There is no way of experimentally attacking and solving psychological problems and standardizing methods.

In 1912 the behaviorists reached the conclusion that they could no longer be content to work with intangibles and unapproachables. They decided either to give up psychology or else to make it a natural science. They saw their brother-scientists making progress in medicine, in chemistry, in physics. Every new discovery in those fields was of prime importance; every new element isolated in one laboratory could be isolated in some other laboratory; each new element was immediately taken up in the warp and woof of science as a whole. May I call your attention to the wireless, to radium, to insulin, to thyroxin, and hundreds of others? Elements so isolated and methods so formulated immediately began to function in human achievement.

In his first efforts to get uniformity in subject matter and in methods the behaviorist began his own formulation of the problem of psychology by sweeping aside all mediæval conceptions. He dropped from his scientific vocabulary all subjective terms such as sensation, perception, image, desire, purpose, and even thinking and emotion as they were subjectively defined.

The behaviorist asks: Why don't we make what we can *observe* the real field of psychology? Let us limit ourselves to things that can be observed, and formulate laws concerning only those things. Now what can we observe? Well, we can observe *behavior—what the organism does or says*. And let me make this fundamental point at once: that *saying* is doing—that is, *behaving*. Speaking overtly or to ourselves (thinking) is just as objective a type of behavior as baseball.

The rule, or measuring rod, which the behaviorist puts in front of him always is: Can I describe this bit of behavior I see in terms of "stimulus and response"? By stimulus we mean any object in the general environment or any change in the tissues themselves due to the physiological condition of the animal, such as the change we get when we keep an animal from sex activity, when we keep it from feeding, when we keep it from building a nest. By response we mean anything the animal

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does—such as turning towards or away from a light, jumping at a sound, and more highly organized activities such as building a skyscraper, drawing plans, having babies, writing books, and the like.

At this point let me diverge to emphasize the fact that almost from infancy society begins to prescribe behavior. A Chinese baby must use chop sticks, eat rice, wear certain kinds of clothes, grow a queue, learn to speak Chinese, sit in a certain kind of way, worship his ancestors, and the like. The American baby must use a fork, learn quickly to form habits of personal cleanliness, wear certain kinds of clothes, learn reading, writing and arithmetic, become monogamous, worship the Christian God, go to church and, yes, even speak upon a public platform. It is presumably not the function of the behaviorist to discuss whether these things which society prescribes serve as a help or a hindrance to the growth or adjustment of an individual. The behaviorist is working under the mandates of society and consequently it does come within his province to say to society: "If you decide that the human organism should behave in this way, you must arrange situations of such and such kinds." I would like to point out here that some time we will have a behavioristic ethics, experimental in type, which will tell us whether it is advisable from the standpoint of present and future adjustments of the individual to have one wife or many wives; to have capital punishment or punishment of any kind; whether prohibition or no prohibition; easy divorces or no divorces; whether many of our other prescribed courses of conduct make for adjustment of the individual or the contrary, such for example as having a family life or even knowing our own fathers and mothers.

You will find, then, the behaviorist working like any other scientist. His sole object is to gather facts about behavior—verify his data—subject them both to logic and to mathematics (the tools of every scientist). He brings the newborn individual *into his experimental nursery* and begins to set problems: What is the baby doing now? What is the stimulus that makes him behave this way? He finds that the stimulus of tickling the cheek brings the response of turning the mouth to the side stimulated. The stimulus of the nipple brings out the sucking response. The stimulus of a rod placed on the palm of the hand brings closure of the hand and the suspension of the whole body by that hand and arm if the rod is raised. Stimulating the infant with a rapidly moving shadow across the eye will not produce blinking until the individual is sixty-five days of age. Stimulating the infant with an apple or stick of candy or any other object will not call out attempts at reaching until the baby is around 120 days of age. Stimulating a properly brought up infant at any age with snakes, fish, darkness, burning paper, birds, cats, dogs, monkeys, will not bring out that type of response which we call "fear" (which I would rather call reaction "X"), which is a catching of the breath, a stiffening of the whole body, a turning away of the body from the source of stimulation, a running or crawling away.

On the other hand, there are just two things which will call out a fear response, namely, a loud sound, and loss of support.

Now the behaviorist finds from observing children brought up *outside of his nursery* that hundreds of these objects will call out fear responses. Consequently, the scientific question arises: If at birth only two stimuli will call out fear, how do all these other things ever finally come to call it out? Please notice that the question is not a speculative one. It can be answered by experiments, and the experiments can be reproduced and the same findings can be had in every laboratory in the land. Convince yourself of this by making a simple test.

If you will take a snake, mouse or dog and show it to a baby who has never seen these objects or been frightened in other ways, he will begin to manipulate it and to poke at this, that or the other part. Do this for ten days until you are logically certain that the child will always go towards the dog and never run away from it (positive reaction) and that it does not call out a fear response at any time. In contrast to this, pick up a steel bar and strike upon it loudly behind the infant's head. Immediately the fear response will be called forth. Now try this: At the instant you show him the animal and just as he begins to reach for it, strike the steel bar behind his head. Repeat the experiment three or four times. A new and important change becomes apparent. The animal now calls out the same response as the steel bar, namely, a fear response. We call this, in behavioristic psychology, the *conditioned emotional response*—a form of *conditioned reflex*.

Our studies of conditioned reflexes make it easy for us to account for the child's fear of the dog on a thoroughly natural science basis without lugging in consciousness or

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any other so-called mental process. A dog comes toward the child rapidly, jumps upon him, pushes him down and at the same time barks loudly. Oftentimes one such combined stimulation is all that is necessary to make the baby run away from the dog the moment it comes within his range of vision.

There are many other conditioned emotional responses, such as those connected with *love*, where the mother by petting the child, rocking it, stimulating its sex organs in bathing, and the like, calls out the embrace, gurgling and crowing as an unlearned original response. Soon this response becomes conditioned. The mere sight of the mother calls out the same kind of response as actual bodily contacts. I should like to point out that in *rage* we get a similar set of facts. The stimulus of holding the infant's moving members brings out the original unlearned response we call rage. Soon the mere sight of a nurse that handles a child badly throws the child into a fit. Thus we see how relatively simple our emotional responses are in the beginning and how terribly complicated home life soon makes them.

We can set up conditioned responses in animals as low in the scale as the amœba —not necessarily of the same kind as the above, but similar ones.

The behaviorist has his problems with the adult as well. What methods shall we use systematically to condition the adult? For example, to teach him business habits, scientific habits? Both manual habits (technique and skill) and laryngeal habits (habits of speech and thought) must be formed and tied together before the task of learning is complete. After these work habits are formed, what system of changing stimuli shall we surround him with in order to keep his level of efficiency high and constantly rising?

In addition to vocational habits, there comes the problem of his emotional life. How much of it is carried over from childhood? What part of it interferes with his present adjustment? How can we make him lose this part of it; that is, uncondition him where unconditioning is necessary, and condition him where conditioning is necessary? Indeed we know nothing about the amount and kind of emotional or, better, visceral habits (by this term we mean that our stomach, intestines, breathing, etc., become conditioned—form habits) that should be formed. I wish to bring out the fact that visceral habits can be formed, that organization in this field is possible but has hitherto been neglected.

Probably more adults in this universe of ours suffer vicissitudes in family life and in business activities because of poor and insufficient visceral habits than through the lack of technique and skill in manual and verbal accomplishments. One of the large problems in big organizations to-day is that of personality adjustments. The young men and young women entering business organizations have plenty of skill to do their work but they fail because they do not know how to get along with other people.

After getting this brief insight into the behavioristic approach to the problems of psychology, I can almost hear you exclaim: "Why, yes, it is worth while to study human behavior in this way, but the study of behavior is not the whole of psychology. It leaves out too much. Don't I have sensations, perceptions, conceptions? Do I not forget things and remember things, imagine things, have visual images and auditory images of things I once have seen and heard? Can I not see and hear things that I have never seen or heard in nature? Can I not be attentive or inattentive? Can I not will to do a thing or will not to do it, as the case may be? Do not certain things arouse pleasure in me, and others displeasure? Behaviorism is trying to rob us of everything we have believed in since earliest childhood."

Having been brought up on introspective psychology, as most of you have, these questions are perfectly natural, and you will find it hard to put away this terminology and begin to formulate your psychological life in terms of behaviorism. Behaviorism is new wine and it will not go into old bottles. Let me hasten to add that if I were to ask you to tell me what you mean by the terms you have been in the habit of using I could soon make you tongue-tied with contradictions. I believe I could even convince you that you do not know what you mean by them. You have been using them uncritically as a part of your social and literary tradition.

This is the fundamental starting point of behaviorism. You will soon find that instead of self-observation being the easiest and most natural way of studying psychology, it is an impossible one; you can observe in yourselves only the most elementary forms of response. You will find, on the other hand, that when you begin to study what your neighbor is doing, you will rapidly become proficient in giving a reason for his behavior and in setting situa-

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tions (presenting stimuli) that will make him behave in a predictable manner.

Definitions are not as popular to-day as they used to be. The definition of any one science, physics, for example, would necessarily include the definition of all other sciences. And the same is true of behaviorism. About all that we can do in the way of defining a science at the present time is to mark a ring around that part of the whole of natural science that we claim particularly as our own.

Behaviorism, as you have already grasped from our preliminary discussion, is, then, a natural science that takes the whole field of human adjustments as its own. Its closest scientific companion is physiology. Indeed you may wonder, as we proceed, whether behaviorism can be differentiated from that science. It is different from physiology only in the grouping of its problems, not in fundamentals or in central view-point. Physiology is particularly interested in the functioning of parts of the animal—for example, its digestive system, the circulatory system, the nervous system, the excretory systems, the mechanics of neural and muscular response. Behaviorism, on the other hand, while it is intensely interested in the functioning of all of these parts, is intrinsically interested in what the whole animal will do from morning to night and from night to morning.

The interest of the behaviorist in man's doings is more than the interest of the spectator—he wants to control man's reactions as physical scientists want to control and manipulate other natural phenomena. It is the business of behavioristic psychology to be able to predict and to control human activity. To do this it must gather scientific data by experimental methods. Only then can the trained behaviorist predict, given the stimulus, what reaction will take place; or, given the reaction, state what the situation or stimulus is that has caused the reaction.

Let us look for a moment more closely at the two terms—stimulus and response.

If I were suddenly to flash a strong light in your eye, your pupil would contract rapidly. If I were suddenly to shut off all light in the room, the pupil would begin to widen. If a pistol shot were suddenly fired behind you, you would jump and possibly turn your head around. If hydrogen sulphide were suddenly released in your living-room, you would begin to hold your nose and possibly even seek to leave the room. If I suddenly made your sitting-room very warm, you would begin to unbutton your coat and perspire. If I suddenly made it cold, another response would take place.

Again, on the inside of us we have an equally large realm in which stimuli can exert their effect. For example, just before dinner to-night the muscles of your stomach began to contract and expand rhythmically because of the absence of food. As soon as food was eaten those contractions ceased. By swallowing a small balloon and attaching it to a recording instrument we can easily register the response of the stomach to lack of food and note the lack of response when food is present. In the male, at any rate, the pressure of certain fluids (semen) may lead to sex activity. In the case of the female possibly the presence of certain chemical bodies can lead in a similar way to overt sex behavior. The muscles of our arms and legs and trunk are not only subject to stimuli coming from the blood, they are also stimulated by their own responses—that is, the muscle is under constant tension; any increase in that tension, as when a movement is made, gives rise to a stimulus which leads to another response in that same muscle or in one in some distant part of the body; any decrease in that tension, as when the muscle is relaxed, similarly gives rise to a stimulus.

So we see that the organism is constantly assailed by stimuli—which come through the eye, the ear, the nose and the mouth—the so-called objects of our environment; at the same time the inside of our body is likewise assailed at every movement by stimuli arising from changes in the tissues themselves. Don't get the idea, please, that the inside of your body is any different or any more mysterious than the outside of your body.

Through the process of evolution human beings have put on sense organs—specialized areas where special types of stimuli are most effective—such as the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue, the skin and semi-circular canals. To these must be added the whole muscular system, both the striped muscles and the unstriped muscles. The muscles are thus not only organs of response—they are sense organs as well. The last two systems play a tremendous rôle in the behavior of the human being. Many of our most intimate and personal reactions are due to stimuli set up by tissue changes in our striped muscles and in our viscera.

One of the problems of behaviorism is to determine why the range of stimuli to

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which an individual responds is an ever-increasing one. Indeed, so marked is this that you might be tempted at first sight to doubt the formulation we gave above, namely that response can be predicted. If you will watch the growth and development of behavior in the human being, you will find that while a great many stimuli will produce a response in the new-born, many other stimuli will not. At any rate they do not call out the same response they later call out. For example, you don't get very far by showing a new-born infant a crayon, a piece of paper, or the printed score of a Beethoven symphony. In other words, habit formation has to come in before certain stimuli can become effective. The general term we use to describe this is "conditioning."

It is due to conditioning from earliest childhood on that the problem of the behaviorist in predicting what a given response will be is so difficult. The sight of a horse does not ordinarily produce the fear response, and yet there are surely thousands of people who will walk a block to avoid coming near to a horse. While the study of behaviorism will never enable its students to look at you and predict that such a state of affairs exists, nevertheless if the behaviorist sees that reaction taking place, it is very easy for him to state approximately what the situation was in the early experience of such a one that brought about this unusual type of adult response. After all, though, we have proceeded upon this practical basis since the time of Adam.

We have already brought out the fact that from birth to death the organism is being assailed by stimuli on the outside of the body and by stimuli arising in the body itself. Now the organism does something when it is assailed by stimuli. It responds. It moves. The response may be so slight that it can be observed only by the use of instruments. The response may confine itself merely to a change in respiration, or to an increase or decrease in blood pressure. It may call out merely a movement of the eye. The more commonly observed responses, however, are movements of the whole body, movements of the arm, leg, trunk, or combinations of all the moving parts.

Usually the response that the organism makes to a stimulus brings about an adjustment, though not always. By an adjustment we mean merely that the organism by moving so alters its physiological state that the stimulus no longer arouses reaction. This may sound a bit complicated, but examples will clear it up. If I am hungry, stomach contractions begin to drive me ceaselessly to and fro. If, in these restless seeking movements, I spy apples on a tree, I immediately climb the tree and pluck the apples and begin to eat. When surfeited, the stomach contractions cease. Although there are apples still hanging round about me, I no longer pluck and eat them. Again, the cold air stimulates me. I move around about until I am out of the wind. In the open I may even dig a hole. Having escaped the wind, it no longer stimulates me to further action. Under sex excitement the male may go to any length to capture a willing female. Once sex activity has been completed the restless seeking movements disappear. The female no longer stimulates the male to sex activity.

The behaviorist has often been criticized for this emphasis upon response. Some psychologists seem to have the notion that the behaviorist is interested only in the recording of minute muscular responses. Nothing could be further from the truth. Let me emphasize again that the behaviorist is primarily interested in the behavior of the whole man. From morning to night he watches him perform his daily round of duties. If it is brick-laying, he would like to measure the number of bricks he can lay under different conditions, how long he can go without dropping from fatigue, how long it takes him to learn his trade, whether we can improve his efficiency or get him to do the same amount of work in a less period of time. In other words, the response the behaviorist is interested in is the common-sense answer to the question "what is he doing and why is he doing it?" Surely with this as a general statement, no one can distort the behaviorist's platform to such an extent that it can be claimed the behaviorist is merely a muscle physiologist.

The behaviorist claims that there is a response to every effective stimulus and that the response is immediate. By effective stimulus we mean that it must be strong enough to overcome the normal resistance to the passage of the sensory impulse from sense organs to muscles. Don't get confused at this point by what the psychologist and the psycho-analyst sometimes tell you. If you read their statements, you are likely to believe that the stimulus can be applied to-day and produce its effect maybe the next day, maybe within the next few months, or years. The behaviorist doesn't believe in any such mythological conception.

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It is true that I can give the verbal stimulus to you: "Meet me at the Belmont to-morrow for lunch at one o'clock." Your immediate response is: "All right, I'll be there." Now what happens after that? We will not cross this difficult bridge now, but may I point out that we have in our verbal habits a mechanism by means of which the stimulus is reapplied from moment to moment until the final reaction occurs, namely, going to the Belmont at one o'clock the next day.

The two common-sense classifications of response are "external" and "internal"—or possibly the terms "overt" (explicit) and "implicit" are better. By external or overt responses we mean the ordinary doings of the human being—he stoops to pick up a tennis ball, he writes a letter, he enters an automobile and starts driving, he digs a hole in the ground, he sits down to write a lecture, or dances, or flirts with a woman, or makes love to his wife. We do not need instruments to make these observations. On the other hand, responses may be wholly confined to the muscular and glandular systems inside the body. A child or hungry adult may be standing stock still in front of a window filled with pastry. Your first exclamation may be "he isn't doing anything" or "he is just looking at the pastry." An instrument would show that his salivary glands are pouring out secretions, that his stomach is rhythmically contracting and expanding, and that marked changes in blood pressure are taking place—that the endocrine glands are pouring substances into the blood. The internal or implicit responses are difficult to observe, not because they are inherently different from the external or overt responses, but merely because they are hidden from the eye.

Another general classification is that of *learned* and *unlearned* responses. I brought out the fact a little while ago that the range of stimuli to which we react is ever increasing. The behaviorist has found by his study that most of the things we see the adult doing are really learned. We used to think that a lot of them were instinctive, that is, "unlearned." But we are now almost at the point of throwing away the word "instinct." Still there are a lot of things we do that we do not have to learn—to perspire, to breathe, to have our heart beat, to have digestion take place, to have our eyes turn toward a source of light, to have our pupils contract, to show a fear response when a loud sound is made. Let us keep as our second classification, then, "learned responses," and make it include all of our complicated habits and all of our conditioned responses; and "unlearned" responses, and mean by that all of the things that we do in earliest infancy before the processes of conditioning and habit formation get the upper hand.

Another purely logical way to classify responses is to designate them by the sense organ which initiates them. We could thus have a *visual unlearned response*—for example, the turning of the eye of the youngster at birth toward a source of light. Contrast this with a *visual learned response*, the response, for example, to a printed score of music or a word. Again, we could have a *kinæsthetic*[1] *unlearned response* when the infant reacts by crying to a long-sustained twisted position of the arm. We could have a *kinæsthetic learned response* when we manipulate a delicate object in the dark, or, for example, tread a tortuous maze. Again, we can have a *visceral unlearned response* where pressure of the urine produces a specific physical reaction in the male. Contrast this with the learned or visceral *conditioned* response where the sight of a certain female or even the sound of her voice or the perfume that she usually wears will produce the same result.

This discussion of stimulus and response shows what material we have to work with in behavioristic psychology, and why behavioristic psychology has as its goal *to be able, given the stimulus, to predict the response* —or, *seeing the reaction take place, to state what the stimulus is that has called out the reaction.*

If psychology can do without the terms "mind" and "consciousness," indeed, if it can find no objective evidence for their existence, what is going to become of philosophy and the so-called social sciences which to-day are built around the concept of mind and consciousness? Almost every day the behaviorist is asked this question, sometimes in a friendly inquiring way, and sometimes not so kindly. While behaviorism was fighting for its existence it was afraid to answer this question. Its contentions were too new; its field too unworked for it to allow itself even to think that some day it might be able to stand up and to tell philosophy and the social sciences that they, too, must scrutinize anew their own premises. Hence the behaviorist's one answer when approached in this way was to say,

[1] By kinæsthetic we mean the muscle sense. Our muscles are supplied with sensory nerve endings. When we move the muscles these sensory nerve endings are stimulated. Thus, the stimulus to the kinæsthetic or muscle sense is a *movement of the muscle itself.*

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"I can't let myself worry about such questions now. Behaviorism is at present a satisfactory way of going at the solution of psychological problems—it is really a methodological approach to psychological problems." To-day behaviorism is strongly entrenched. It finds its way of going at the study of psychological problems and its formulation of those problems growing more and more adequate.

To-day the behaviorist can safely throw out a real challenge to the subjective psychologists—"Show us that you have a possible method, indeed that you have even a legitimate subject matter. Prove to us that philosophy and the social sciences based upon your speculations have any right to further take up the time and thought of developing students."

In the table below I list on the left of the vertical line the old classical "mental disciplines"; to the right of the line I try to show the modern behavioristic trend of each of them.

Up to the Advent of Behaviorism Dominated by Concept of Consciousness:	*Now Showing the Following Leanings:*
Introspective psychology. / Functional psychology.	Behaviorism.
Philosophy.	Gradually disappearing and becoming the history of science.
Ethics.	Experimental ethics based entirely upon behavioristic methods.
Social Psychology.	Rapidly becoming a behavioristic study of how groups—family, village, national, church and the like—build up habits (attitudes) in the individual during the formative period, and thus maintain control of him throughout life.
Sociology.	Merging into behavioristic social psychology and into economics.
Religion.	Being replaced among the educated by experimental ethics.
Psycho-Analysis (Based largely upon religion, introspective psychology, and Voodooism.)	Being replaced slowly by behavioristic studies on the human child where scientific methods are being established for conditioning and unconditioning the child.

While this discussion does not completely answer the question whether behaviorism is a system or a method, nevertheless it does show that behavioristic formulations are becoming central in the whole field of what has hitherto been called "the mental and moral sciences."

Song from "Pippa Passes"

By ROBERT BROWNING

YOU'LL love me yet!—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartfull now: some seed
At least is sure to strike,
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like.

You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains,
What's death? You'll love me yet.

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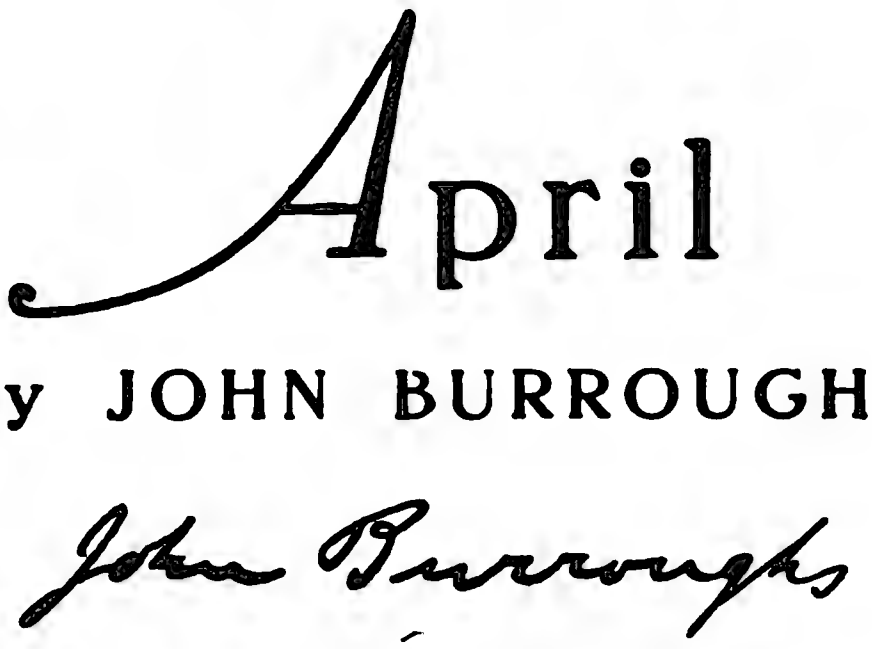
April

By JOHN BURROUGHS



IF WE represent the winter of our northern climate by a rugged snow-clad mountain, and summer by a broad fertile plain, then the intermediate belt, the hilly and breezy uplands, will stand for spring, with March reaching well up into the region of the snows, and April lapping well down upon the greening fields and unloosened currents, not beyond the limits of winter's sallying storms, but well within the vernal zone,—within the reach of the warm breath and subtle, quickening influence of the plain below. At its best, April is the tenderest of tender salads made crisp by ice or snow-water. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delight and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds,—like that of the phoebe-bird, or of the meadowlark. Its very snows are fertilizing and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odours! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odours,—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mould under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odours like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen; or did it come from much farther,—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odours is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are oftener bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odours of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

The season of which I speak does not correspond with the April of the almanac in all sections of our vast geography. It answers to March in Virginia and Maryland, while in parts of New York and New England it laps well over into May. It begins when the partridge drums, when the hyla pipes, when the shad start up the rivers, when the grass greens in the spring runs, and it ends when the leaves are unfolding and the last snowflake dissolves in midair. It may be the first of May before the first swallow appears, before the whip-poor-will is heard, before the wood-thrush sings; but it is April as long as there is snow upon the mountains, no matter what the almanac may say. Our April is, in fact, a kind of Alpine summer, full of such contrasts and touches of wild, delicate beauty as no other season affords. The deluded citizen fancies there is nothing enjoyable in the country till June, and so misses the freshest, tenderest part. It is as if one should miss strawberries and begin his his fruit-eating with melons and peaches. These last are good,—supremely so; they are melting and luscious,—but nothing so thrills and penetrates the taste, and wakes

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up and teases the papillæ of the tongue, as the uncloying strawberry. What midsummer sweetness half so distracting as its brisk sub-acid flavour, and what splendour of full-leaved June can stir the blood like the best of leafless April?

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there, and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of spring about the fields and by the roadside in the freshened grass,—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.

The fields of wheat and rye, too, how they stand out of the April landscape,—great green squares on a field of brown or gray!

Among April sounds there is none more welcome or suggestive to me than the voice of the little frogs piping in the marshes. No bird-note can surpass it as a spring token; and as it is not mentioned, to my knowledge, by the poets and writers of other lands, I am ready to believe it is characteristic of our season alone. You may be sure April has really come when this little amphibian creeps out of the mud and inflates its throat. We talk of the bird inflating its throat, but you should see this tiny minstrel inflate *its* throat, which becomes like a large bubble, and suggests a drummer-boy with his drum slung very high. In this drum, or by the aid of it, the sound is produced. Generally the note is very feeble at first, as if the frost were not yet all out of the creature's throat, and only one voice will be heard, some prophet bolder than all the rest, or upon whom the quickening ray of spring has first fallen. And it often happens that he is stoned for his pains by the yet unpacified element, and is compelled literally to "shut up" beneath a fall of snow or a heavy frost. Soon, however, he lifts up his voice again with more confidence, and is joined by others and still others, till in due time, say toward the last of the month, there is a shrill musical uproar, as the sun is setting, in every marsh and bog in the land. It is a plaintive sound, and I have heard people from the city speak of it as lonesome and depressing, but to the lover of the country it is a pure spring melody. The little piper will sometimes climb a bulrush, to which he clings like a sailor to a mast, and send forth his shrill call. There is a Southern species, heard when you have reached the Potomac, whose note is far more harsh and crackling. To stand on the verge of a swamp vocal with these, pains and stuns the ear. The call of the Northern species is far more tender and musical.[1]

Then is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is, but it is something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky. How the air transmits sounds, and what an awakening, prophetic character all sounds have! The distant barking of a dog, or the lowing of a cow, or the crowing of a cock, seems from out the heart of Nature, and to be a call to come forth. The great sun appears to have been reburnished, and there is something in his first glance above the eastern hills, and the way his eye-beams dart right and left and smite the rugged mountains into gold, that quickens the pulse and inspires the heart.

Across the fields in the early morning I hear some of the rare April birds,—the chewink and the brown thrasher. The robin, the bluebird, the song sparrow, the phoebe-bird, come in March; but these two ground-birds are seldom heard till toward the last of April. The ground-birds are all tree singers or air singers; they must have an elevated stage to speak from. Our long-tailed thrush, or thrasher, like its congeners the catbird and the mocking-bird, delights in a high branch of some solitary tree, whence it will pour out its rich and intricate warble for an hour together. This bird is the great American chipper. There is no other bird that I know of that can chip with such emphasis and military decision as this yellow-eyed songster. It is like the click of a giant gunlock. Why is the thrasher so stealthy? It always seems to be going about on tip-toe. I never knew it to steal anything, and yet it skulks and hides like a fugitive from justice. One never sees it flying aloft in the air and traversing the world openly, like most birds, but it darts along fences and through bushes as if pursued by a guilty conscience. Only when the musical fit is upon it does it come up into full view, and invite the world to hear and behold.

[1] The Southern species is called the green hyla. I have since heard them in my neighbourhood on the Hudson.

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The chewink is a shy bird also, but not stealthy. It is very inquisitive, and sets up a great scratching among the leaves, apparently to attract your attention. The male is perhaps the most conspicuously marked of all the ground-birds except the bobolink, being black above, bay on the sides, and white beneath. The bay is in compliment to the leaves he is forever scratching among, —they have rustled against his breast and sides so long that these parts have taken their colour; but whence come the white and the black? The bird seems to be aware that his colour betrays him, for there are few birds in the woods so careful about keeping themselves screened from view. When in song, its favourite perch is the top of some high bush near to cover. On being disturbed at such times, it pitches down into the brush and is instantly lost to view.

This is the bird that Thomas Jefferson wrote to Wilson about, greatly exciting the latter's curiosity. Wilson was just then upon the threshold of his career as an ornithologist, and had made a drawing of the Canada jay which he sent to the President. It was a new bird, and in reply Jefferson called his attention to a "curious bird" which was everywhere to be heard, but scarcely ever to be seen. He had for twenty years interested the young sportsmen of his neighbourhood to shoot one for him, but without success. "It is in all the forests, from spring to fall," he says in his letter, "and never but on the tops of the tallest trees, from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, and as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it for miles, without ever but once getting a good view of it. It is of the size and make of the mocking-bird, lightly thrush-coloured on the back, and a grayish white on the breast and belly. Mr. Randolph, my son-in-law, was in possession of one which had been shot by a neighbour," etc. Randolph pronounced it a flycatcher, which was a good way wide of the mark. Jefferson must have seen only the female, after all his tramp, from his description of the colour; but he was doubtless following his own great thoughts more than the bird, else he would have had an earlier view. The bird was not a new one, but was well known then as the ground-robin. The President put Wilson on the wrong scent by his erroneous description, and it was a long time before the latter got at the truth of the case. But Jefferson's letter is a good sample of those which specialists often receive from intelligent persons who have seen or heard something in their line very curious or entirely new, and who set the man of science agog by a description of the supposed novelty,—a description that generally fits the facts of the case about as well as your coat fits the chair-back. Strange and curious things in the air, and in the water, and in the earth beneath, are seen every day except by those who are looking for them, namely, the naturalists. When Wilson or Audubon gets his eye on the unknown bird, the illusion vanishes, and your phenomenon turns out to be one of the commonplaces of the fields or woods.

A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear, is the hardy and ever-welcome meadow-lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigour! It smacks of the soil. It is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its "*z-d-t, z-d-t,*" and what character in its long, piercing note! Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a crossbow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but, heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. "*Spring o' the year! spring o' the year!*" it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like while hovering on the wing in midair, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument, and the attempt usually ends in a breakdown. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note, uttered from some knoll or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance. It has the build and walk and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crack shot. Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its coat of mottled gray is in perfect keeping with the stubble amid which it walks.

The two lateral white quills in its tail seem strictly in character. These quills spring from a dash of scorn and defiance in the bird's make-up. By the aid of these, it can almost emit a flash as it struts about the fields and jerks out its sharp notes. They give a rayed, a definite and piquant expression to its movements. This bird is not properly a lark, but a starling, say the ornithologists, though it is lark-like in its

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habits, being a walker and entirely a ground-bird. Its colour also allies it to the true lark. I believe there is no bird in the English or European fields that answers to this hardy pedestrian of our meadows. He is a true American, and his note one of our characteristic April sounds.

Another marked April note, proceeding sometimes from the meadows, but more frequently from the rough pastures and borders of the woods, is the call of the high-hole, or golden-shafted woodpecker. It is quite as strong as that of the meadow-lark, but not so long-drawn and piercing. It is a succession of short notes rapidly uttered, as if the bird said "*if-if-if-if-if-if-if.*" The notes of the ordinary downy and hairy woodpeckers suggest, in some way, the sound of a steel punch; but that of the high-hole is much softer, and strikes on the ear with real springtime melody. The high-hole is not so much a woodpecker as he is a ground-pecker. He subsists largely on ants and crickets, and does not appear until they are to be found.

In Solomon's description of spring, the voice of the turtle is prominent, but our turtle, or mourning dove, though it arrives in April, can hardly be said to contribute noticeably to the open-air sounds. Its call is so vague, and soft, and mournful,—in fact, so remote and diffused,—that few persons ever hear it at all.

Such songsters as the cow-blackbird are noticeable at this season, though they take a back seat a little later. It utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction. This bird is the only feathered polygamist we have. The females are greatly in excess of the males, and the latter are usually attended by three or four of the former. As soon as the other birds begin to build, they are on the *qui vive*, prowling about like gypsies, not to steal the young of others, but to steal their eggs into other birds' nests, and so shirk the labour and responsibility of hatching and rearing their own young. As these birds do not mate, and as therefore there can be little or no rivalry or competition between the males, one wonders—in view of Darwin's teaching—why one sex should have brighter and richer plumage than the other, which is the fact. The males are easily distinguished from the dull and faded females by their deep glossy-black coats.

The April of English literature corresponds nearly to our May. In Great Britain, the swallow and the cuckoo usually arrive by the middle of April; with us, their appearance is a week or two later. Our April, at its best, is a bright, laughing face under a hood of snow, like the English March, but presenting sharper contrasts, a greater mixture of smiles and tears and icy looks than are known to our ancestral climate. Indeed, winter sometimes retraces his steps in this month, and unburdens himself of the snows that the previous cold has kept back; but we are always sure of a number of radiant, equable days,—days that go before the bud, when the sun embraces the earth with fervour and determination. How his beams pour into the woods till the mould under the leaves is warm and emits an odour! The waters glint and sparkle, the birds gather in groups, and even those unused to singing find a voice. On the streets of the cities, what a flutter, what bright looks and gay colours! I recall one preëminent day of this kind last April. I made a note of it in my note-book. The earth seemed suddenly to emerge from a wilderness of clouds and chilliness into one of these blue sunlit spaces. How the voyagers rejoiced! Invalids came forth, old men sauntered down the street, stocks went up, and the political outlook brightened.

Such days bring out the last of the hibernating animals. The woodchuck unrolls and creeps out of his den to see if his clover has started yet. The torpidity leaves the snakes and the turtles, and they come forth and bask in the sun. There is nothing so small, nothing so great, that it does not respond to these celestial spring days, and give the pendulum of life a fresh start.

April is also the month of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plow is started upon the hill, and at each bout I see its brightened mould-board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snowdrift lingered yesterday the plow breaks the sod to-day. Where the drift was deepest the grass is pressed flat, and there is a deposit of sand and earth blown from the fields to windward. Line upon line the turf is reversed, until there stands out of the neutral landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breasts of the broad hills glow like the breasts of the robins.

Then who would not have a garden in April? to rake together the rubbish and burn it up, to turn over the renewed soil, to scatter the rich compost, to plant the first seed, to bury the first tuber! It is not the seed that is planted, any more than it is

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I that is planted; it is not the dry stalks and weeds that are burned up, any more than it is my gloom and regrets that are consumed. An April smoke makes a clean harvest.

I think April is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train, which is made up in this month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out of your hibernaculum too early or too late; the time is ripe, and, if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season.

An Arabesque

By JENS P. JACOBSEN

Translated by S. Foster Damon

HAVE you wandered bewildered in darkening forests?
Have you known Pan?
I once was smitten;
not in the sombre forests
while all the Silent whispered.
No, that Pan I have never known,
but I have felt the Pan of passion
when all Voices were hidden.

In sun-flooded regions
grows an unimagined herb;
only in bitterest stillness,
under a thousand flames of the sun,
opens its blossom
for an evanescent moment.
It blazes like a maniac's eye,
like death's red cheeks.
This have I perceived
in my hour of esctasy.

She was like the subtle snow of the jasmine,
the blood of poppies moved in her veins,
her cold marmoreal hands
lay in her lap
like nenuphars on a profound tarn.
Her syllables sank
as fall the fragile petals of apple-trees
to the dew-cool grass;
but there were hours
when they writhed coldly and clearly,
the perfect jet of a fountain.
There was a sigh behind her laughter
and triumph behind her tears.
Before her all things bowed themselves,—
two things alone defied her:
her own proud eyes.

From the dangerous lily's
dazzling chalice
she drank to me,
to him who is dead,
and to him now beneath her tread.
To us all she drank
(and then her eyes for once obeyed her)
the faith of irrefragible vows
from the dangerous lily's
dazzling chalice.

All has fallen!
On the snowy plain
between the brown trees
grows a lonely Thorn.
The stray gusts claim its leaves:
one by one,
one by one,
it rains slowly its blood-red berries
upon the white snow,
glowing berries
on the cold snow.—

Have you known Pan!

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Will o' the Mill

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE PLAIN AND THE STARS

THE Mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine-woods and great mountains. Above, hill after hill soared upwards until they soared out of the depth of the hardiest timber, and stood naked against the sky. Some way up, a long gray village lay like a seam or a rag of vapour on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favourable, the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will. Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper, and at the same time widened out on either hand; and from an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain, where the river turned and shone, and moved on from city to city on its voyage towards the sea. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighbouring kingdom, so that, quiet and rural as it was, the road that ran along beside the river was a high thoroughfare between two splendid and powerful societies. All through the summer, traveling-carriages came crawling up, or went plunging briskly downwards past the mill; and as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented, except by people going in one direction; and of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downwards and only one-sixth crawling up. Much more was this the case with foot-passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the pedlars laden with strange wares, were tending downward like the river that accompanies their path. Nor was this all; for when Will was yet a child a disastrous war arose over a great part of the world. The newspapers were full of defeats and victories, the earth rang with cavalry hoofs, and often for days together and for miles around the coil of battle terrified good people from their labours in the field. Of all this, nothing was heard for a long time in the valley; but at last one of the commanders pushed an army over the pass by forced marches, and for three days horse and foot, cannon and tumbril, drum and standard, kept pouring downward past the mill. All day the child stood and watched them on their passage—the rhythmical stride, the pale, unshaven faces tanned about the eyes, the discoloured regimentals and the tattered flags, filled him with a sense of weariness, pity, and wonder; and all night long, after he was in bed, he could hear the cannon pounding and the feet trampling, and the great armament sweeping onward and downward past the mill. No one in the valley ever heard the fate of the expedition, for they lay out of the way of gossip in those troublous times; but Will saw one thing plainly, that not a man returned. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and pedlars with strange wares? whither all the brisk barouches with servants in the dicky? whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above? Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. It seemed like a great conspiracy of things animate and inanimate; they all went downward, fleetly and gaily downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind, like a stock upon the wayside. It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads upstream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him, while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills—six-score mills, they say, from here to Unterdeck—and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where

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kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir. bless its heart!"

"And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake. There it lies, as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water-mountains bigger than any of ours, and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill, and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land. There are great fish in it five times bigger than a bull, and one old serpent as long as our river and as old as all the world, with whiskers like a man, and a crown of silver on her head."

Will thought he had never heard anything like this, and he kept on asking question after question about the world that lay away down the river, with all its perils and marvels, until the old miller became quite interested himself, and at last took him by the hand and led him to the hill-top that overlooks the valley and the plain. The sun was near setting, and hung low down in a cloudless sky. Everything was defined and glorified in golden light. Will had never seen so great an expanse of country in his life; he stood and gazed with all his eyes. He could see the cities, and the woods and fields, and the bright curves of the river, and far away to where the rim of the plain trenched along the shining heavens. An overmastering emotion seized upon the boy, soul and body; his heart beat so thickly that he could not breathe; the scene swam before his eyes; the sun seemed to wheel round and round, and throw off, as it turned, strange shapes which disappeared with the rapidity of thought, and were succeeded by others. Will covered his face with his hands, and burst into a violent fit of tears; and the poor miller, sadly disappointed and perplexed, saw nothing better for it than to take him up in his arms and carry him home in silence.

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heartstrings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed over its fleeting surface; the wind, as it ran over innumerable tree-tops, hailed him with encouraging words; branches beckoned downward; the open road, as it shouldered round the angles and went turning and vanishing faster and faster down the valley, tortured him with its solicitations. He spent long whiles on the eminence, looking down the river-shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain; or he would linger by the wayside, and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river. It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

We are told by men of science that all the ventures of mariners on the sea, all that counter-marching of tribes and races that confounds old history with its dust and rumour, sprang from nothing more abstruse than the laws of supply and demand, and a certain natural instinct for cheap rations. To any one thinking deeply, this will seem a dull and pitiful explanation. The tribes that came swarming out of the North and East, if they were indeed pressed onward from behind by others, were drawn at the same time by the magnetic influence of the South and West. The fame of other lands had reached them; the name of the eternal city rang in their ears; they were not colonists, but pilgrims; they traveled towards wine and gold and sunshine, but their hearts were set on something higher. That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievements and all miserable failure, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic, inspired and supported these barbarians on their perilous march. There is one legend which profoundly represents their spirit, of how a flying party of these wanderers encountered a very old man shod with iron. The old man asked them whither they were going; and they answered with one voice: "To the Eternal City!" He looked upon them gravely, "I have sought it," he said, "over the most part of the world. Three such pairs as I now carry on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage, and now the fourth is growing slender underneath

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my steps. And all this while I have not found the city." And he turned and went his own way alone, leaving them astonished.

And yet this would scarcely parallel the intensity of Will's feeling for the plain. If he could only go far enough out there, he felt as if his eyesight would be purged and clarified, as if his hearing would grow more delicate, and his very breath would come and go with luxury. He was transplanted and withering where he was; he lay in a strange country and was sick for home. Bit by bit, he pieced together broken notions of the world below: of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities, full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, bands of music and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold; of the great churches, wise universities, brave armies, and untold money lying stored in vaults; of the high-flying vice that moved in the sunshine, and the stealth and swiftness of midnight murder. I have said he was sick as if for home: the figure halts. He was like some one lying in twilit, formless pre-existence, and stretching out his hands lovingly towards many-coloured, many-sounding life. It was no wonder he was unhappy, he would go and tell the fish: they were made for their life, wished for no more than worms and running water, and a hole below a falling bank; but he was differently designed, full of desires and aspirations, itching at the fingers, lusting with the eyes, whom the whole variegated world could not satisfy with aspects. The true life, the true bright sunshine, lay far out upon the plain. And O! to see this sunlight once before he died! to move with a jocund spirit in a golden land! to hear the trained singers and sweet church bells, and see the holiday gardens! "And O fish!" he would cry, "if you would only turn your noses down-stream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters and see the vast ships passing over your head like clouds, and hear the great water-hills making music over you all day long!" But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

Hitherto the traffic on the road had passed by Will, like something seen in a picture: he had perhaps exchanged salutations with a tourist, or caught sight of an old gentleman in a traveling-cap at a carriage window; but for the most part it had been a mere symbol, which he contemplated from apart and with something of a superstitious feeling. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller, who was a greedy man in his way, and never forewent an opportunity of honest profit, turned the mill-house into a little wayside inn, and, several pieces of good fortune falling in opportunely, built stables and got the position of post-master on the road. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people, as they sat to break their fasts in the little arbour at the top of the mill garden; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open, and learned many new things about the outside world as he brought the omelette or the wine. Nay, he would often get into conversation with single guests, and by adroit questions and polite attention, not only gratify his own curiosity, but win the good-will of the travelers. Many complimented the old couple on their serving-boy; and a professor was eager to take him away with him, and have him properly educated in the plain. The miller and his wife were mightily astonished and even more pleased. They thought it a very good thing that they should have opened their inn. "You see," the old man would remark, "he has a kind of talent for a publican; he never would have made anything else!" And so life wagged on in the valley, with high satisfaction to all concerned but Will. Every carriage that left the inn door seemed to take a part of him away with it; and when people jestingly offered him a lift, he could with difficulty command his emotion. Night after night he would dream that he was awakened by flustered servants, and that a splendid equipage awaited at the door to carry him down into the plain; night after night; until the dream, which had seemed all jollity to him at first, began to take on a colour of gravity, and the nocturnal summons and waiting equipage occupied a place in his mind as something to be both feared and hoped for.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a fat young man arrived at sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow, with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing, he sat in the arbour to read a book; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside; he was plainly one of those who prefer living people to people made of ink and paper. Will, on his part, although he had not been much interested in the stranger at first sight, soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good-nature and good sense, and at last

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conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom. They sat far into the night; and about two in the morning Will opened his heart to the young man, and told him how he longed to leave the valley and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled, and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow, to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense, and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains. And let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they wish themselves heartily back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags and many of them deformed with horrible disorders; and a city is so hard a place for people who are poor and sensitive that many choose to die by their own hand."

"You must think me very simple," answered Will. "Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes. I know how one thing lives on another; for instance, how the fish hangs in the eddy to catch his fellows; and the shepherd, who makes so pretty a picture carrying home the lamb, is only carrying it home for dinner. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me; it might have been that once upon a time; but although I live here always, I have asked many questions and learned a great deal in these last years, and certainly enough to cure me of my old fancies. But you would not have me die like a dog and not see all that is to be seen, and do all that a man can do, let it be good or evil? you would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life?—I would rather die out of hand," he cried, "than linger on as I am doing."

"Thousands of people," said the young man, "live and die like you, and are none the less happy."

"Ah!" said Will, "if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?"

It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbour which lit up the table and the faces of the speakers; and along the arch the leaves upon the trellis stood out illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple. The fat young man rose, and, taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upwards.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any of them; perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings: and yet we can never reach them; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbours, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are hipped or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain, and we are no nearer them. All we can do is to stand down here in the garden and take off our hats; the starshine lights upon our heads, and where mine is a little bald, I dare say you can see it glisten in the darkness. The mountain and the mouse. That is like to be all we shall ever have to do with Arcturus or Aldebaran. Can you apply a parable?" he added, laying his hand upon Will's shoulder. "It is not the same thing as a reason, but usually vastly more convincing."

Will hung his head a little, and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and as he kept turning his eyes higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

"I see," he said, turning to the young man. "We are in a rat-trap."

"Something of that size. Did you ever see a squirrel turning in a cage? and another squirrel sitting philosophically over his nuts? I needn't ask you which of them looked more of a fool."

THE PARSON'S MARJORY

After some years the old people died, both in one winter, very carefully tended by

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their adopted son, and very quietly mourned when they were gone. People who had heard of his roving fancies supposed he would hasten to sell the property, and go down the river to push his fortunes. But there was never any sign of such an intention on the part of Will. On the contrary, he had the inn set on a better footing, and hired a couple of servants to assist him in carrying it on; and there he settled down, a kind, talkative, inscrutable young man, six feet three in his stockings, with an iron constitution and a friendly voice. He soon began to take rank in the district as a bit of an oddity: it was not much to be wondered at from the first, for he was always full of notions, and kept calling the plainest common-sense in question; but what most raised the report upon him was the odd circumstance of his courtship with the parson's Marjory.

The parson's Marjory was a lass about nineteen, when Will would be about thirty; well enough looking, and much better educated than any other girl in that part of the country, as became her parentage. She held her head very high, and had already refused several offers of marriage with a grand air, which had got her hard names among the neighbours. For all that she was a good girl, and one that would have made any man well contented.

Will had never seen much of her; for although the church and parsonage were only two miles from his own door, he was never known to go there but on Sundays. It chanced, however, that the parsonage fell into disrepair, and had to be dismantled; and the parson and his daughter took lodgings for a month or so, on very much reduced terms, at Will's inn. Now, what with the inn, and the mill, and the old miller's savings, our friend was a man of substance; and besides that, he had a name for good temper and shrewdness, which make a capital portion in marriage; and so it was currently gossiped, among their ill-wishers, that the parson and his daughter had not chosen their temporary lodging with their eyes shut. Will was about the last man in the world to be cajoled or frightened into marriage. You had only to look into his eyes, limpid and still like pools of water, and yet with a sort of clear light that seemed to come from within, and you would understand at once that here was one who knew his own mind, and would stand to it immovably. Marjory herself was no weakling by her looks, with strong, steady eyes and a resolute and quiet bearing. It might be a question whether she was not Will's match in steadfastness, after all, or which of them would rule the roost in marriage. But Marjory had never given it a thought, and accompanied her father with the most unshaken innocence and unconcern.

The season was still so early that Will's customers were few and far between; but the lilacs were already flowering, and the weather was so mild that the party took dinner under the trellis, with the noise of the river in their ears and the woods ringing about them with the songs of birds. Will soon began to take a particular pleasure in these dinners. The parson was rather a dull companion, with a habit of dozing at table; but nothing rude or cruel ever fell from his lips. And as for the parson's daughter, she suited her surroundings with the best grace imaginable; and whatever she said seemed so pat and pretty that Will conceived a great idea of her talents. He could see her face, as she leaned forward, against a background of rising pine-woods; her eyes shone peaceably; the light lay around her hair like a kerchief; something that was hardly a smile rippled her pale cheeks, and Will could not contain himself from gazing on her in an agreeable dismay. She looked, even in her quietest moments, so complete in herself, and so quick with life down to her finger tips and the very skirts of her dress, that the remainder of created things became no more than a blot by comparison; and if Will glanced away from her to her surroundings, the trees looked inanimate and senseless, the clouds hung in heaven like dead things, and even the mountain tops were disenchanted. The whole valley could not compare in looks with this one girl.

Will was always observant in the society of his fellow-creatures; but his observation became almost painfully eager in the case of Marjory. He listened to all she uttered, and read her eyes, at the same time, for the unspoken commentary. Many kind, simple, and sincere speeches found an echo in his heart. He became conscious of a soul beautifully poised upon itself, nothing doubting, nothing desiring, clothed in peace. It was not possible to separate her thoughts from her appearance. The turn of her wrist, the sound of her voice, the light in her eyes, the lines of her body, fell in tune with her grave and gentle words, like the accompaniment that sustains and harmonises the voice of the singer. Her influence was one thing, not to be divided or

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discussed, only to be felt with gratitude and joy. To Will, her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water, and of the earliest violets and lilacs. It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renews a man's character from the fountain upwards.

One day after dinner Will took a stroll among the firs; a grave beatitude possessed him from top to toe, and he kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood; the hill-tops looked immeasurably high, and as he glanced at them from time to time seemed to contemplate his movements with a beneficent but awful curiosity. His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone, and fell into deep and pleasant thought. The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep, except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. He repeated Marjory's name aloud, and the sound of it gratified his ear. He shut his eyes, and her image sprang up before him, quietly luminous and attended with good thoughts. The river might run for ever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars. He saw it was empty bustle after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

The next day Will made a sort of declaration across the dinner-table, while the parson was filling his pipe.

"Miss Marjory," he said, "I never knew any one I liked so well as you. I am mostly a cold, unkindly sort of man; not from want of heart, but out of strangeness in my way of thinking; and people seem far away from me. 'Tis as if there were a circle round me, which kept every one out but you; I can hear the others talking and laughing; but you come quite close. Maybe, this is disagreeable to you?" he asked.

Marjory made no answer.

"Speak up, girl," said the parson.

"Nay, now," returned Will, "I wouldn't press her, parson. I feel tongue-tied myself, who am not used to it; and she's a woman, and little more than a child, when all is said. But for my part, as far as I can understand what people mean by it, I fancy I must be what they call in love. I do not wish to be held as committing myself; for I may be wrong; but that is how I believe things are with me. And if Miss Marjory should feel any otherwise on her part, mayhap she would be so kind as to shake her head."

Marjory was silent, and gave no sign that she had heard.

"How is that, parson?" asked Will.

"The girl must speak," replied the parson, laying down his pipe. "Here's our neighbour who says he loves you, Madge. Do you love him, ay or no?"

"I think I do," said Marjory, faintly.

"Well then, that's all that could be wished!" cried Will, heartily. And he took her hand across the table, and held it a moment in both of his with great satisfaction.

"You must marry," observed the parson, replacing his pipe in his mouth.

"Is that the right thing to do, think you?" demanded Will.

"It is indispensable," said the parson.

"Very well," replied the wooer.

Two or three days passed away with great delight to Will, although a bystander might scarce have found it out. He continued to take his meals opposite Marjory, and to talk with her and gaze upon her in her father's presence; but he made no attempt to see her alone, nor in any other way changed his conduct towards her from what it had been since the beginning. Perhaps the girl was a little disappointed, and perhaps not unjustly; and yet if it had been enough to be always in the thoughts of another person, and so pervade and alter his whole life, she might have been thoroughly contented. For she was never out of Will's mind for an instant. He sat over the stream and watched the dust of the eddy, and the poised fish, and straining weeds; he wandered out alone into the purple even, with all the blackbirds piping round him in the wood; he rose early in the morning, and saw the sky turn from gray to gold, and the light leap upon the hilltops; and all the while he kept wondering if he had never seen such things before, or how it was that they should look so different now. The sound of his own mill-wheel, or of the wind among the trees, confounded and charmed his heart. The most enchanting thoughts presented themselves unbidden in his mind.

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He was so happy that he could not sleep at night, and so restless that he could hardly sit still out of her company. And yet it seemed as if he avoided her rather than sought her out.

One day, as he was coming home from a ramble, Will found Marjory in the garden picking flowers, and as he came up with her, slackened his pace and continued walking by her side.

"You like flowers?" he said.

"Indeed I love them dearly," she replied. "Do you?"

"Why, no," said he, "not so much. They are a very small affair, when all is done. I can fancy people caring for them greatly, but not doing as you are just now."

"How?" she asked, pausing and looking up at him.

"Plucking them," said he. "They are a deal better off where they are, and look a deal prettier, if you go to that."

"I wish to have them for my own," she answered, "to carry them near my heart, and keep them in my room. They tempt me when they grow here; they seem to say, 'Come and do something with us'; but once I have cut them and put them by, the charm is laid, and I can look at them with quite an easy heart."

"You wish to possess them," replied Will, "in order to think no more about them. It's a bit like killing the goose with the golden eggs. It's a bit like what I wished to do when I was a boy. Because I had a fancy for looking out over the plain, I wished to go down there—where I couldn't look out over it any longer. Was not that fine reasoning? Dear, dear, if they only thought of it, all the world would do like me; and you would let your flowers alone, just as I stay up here in the mountains." Suddenly he broke off sharp. "By the Lord!" he cried. And when she asked him what was wrong, he turned the question off and walked away into the house with rather a humorous expression of face.

He was silent at table; and after the night had fallen and the stars had come out overhead, he walked up and down for hours in the courtyard and garden with an uneven pace. There was still a light in the window of Marjory's room: one little oblong patch of orange in a world of dark blue hills and silver starlight. Will's mind ran a great deal on the window; but his thoughts were not very lover-like. "There she is in her room," he thought, "and there are the stars overhead:—a blessing upon both!" Both were good influences in his life; both soothed and braced him in his profound contentment with the world. And what more should he desire with either? The fat young man and his councils were so present to his mind, that he threw back his head, and, putting his hands before his mouth, shouted aloud to the populous heavens. Whether from the position of his head or the sudden strain of the exertion, he seemed to see a momentary shock among the stars, and a diffusion of frosty light pass from one to another along the sky. At the same instant, a corner of the blind was lifted up and lowered again at once. He laughed a loud ho-ho! "One and another!" thought Will. "The stars tremble, and the blind goes up. Why, before Heaven, what a great magician I must be! Now if I were only a fool, should not I be in a pretty way?" And he went off to bed, chuckling to himself: "If I were only a fool!"

The next morning, pretty early, he saw her once more in the garden, and sought her out.

"I have been thinking about getting married," he began abruptly; "and after having turned it all over, I have made up my mind it's not worth while."

She turned upon him for a single moment; but his radiant, kindly appearance would, under the circumstances, have disconcerted an angel, and she looked down again upon the ground in silence. He could see her tremble.

"I hope you don't mind," he went on, a little taken aback. "You ought not. I have turned it all over, and upon my soul there's nothing in it. We should never be one whit nearer than we are just now, and, if I am a wise man, nothing like so happy."

"It is unnecessary to go round about with me," she said. "I very well remember that you refused to commit yourself; and now that I see you were mistaken, and in reality have never cared for me, I can only feel sad that I have been so far misled."

"I ask your pardon," said Will stoutly; "you do not understand my meaning. As to whether I have ever loved you or not, I must leave that to others. But for one thing, my feeling is not changed; and for another, you may make it your boast that you have made my whole life and character something different from what they were. I mean what I say; no less. I do not think getting married is worth while. I would rather you went on living with your father, so that I could walk over and see you once, or maybe twice a week, as people go to church, and then we should both be all the

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happier between whiles. That's my notion. But I'll marry you if you will," he added.

"Do you know that you are insulting me?" she broke out.

"Not I, Marjory," said he; "if there is anything in a clear conscience, not I. I offer all my heart's best affections; you can take it or want it, though I suspect it's beyond either your power or mine to change what has once been done, and set me fancy-free. I'll marry you, if you like; but I tell you again and again, it's not worth while, and we had best stay friends. Though I am a quiet man I have noticed a heap of things in my life. Trust me, and take things as I propose; or, if you don't like that, say the word, and I'll marry you out of hand."

There was a considerable pause, and Will, who began to feel uneasy, began to grow angry in consequence.

"It seems you are too proud to say your mind," he said. "Believe me, that's a pity. A clean shrift makes simple living. Can a man be more downright or honourable to a woman than I have been? I have said my say, and given you your choice. Do you want me to marry you? or will you take my friendship, as I think best? or have you had enough of me for good? Speak out, for the dear God's sake! You know your father told you a girl should speak her mind in these affairs."

She seemed to recover herself at that, turned without a word, walked rapidly through the garden, and disappeared into the house, leaving Will in some confusion as to the result. He walked up and down the garden, whistling softly to himself. Sometimes he stopped and contemplated the sky and hill-tops; sometimes he went down to the tail of the weir and sat there, looking foolishly in the water. All this dubiety and perturbation were so foreign to his nature and the life which he had resolutely chosen for himself, that he began to regret Marjory's arrival. "After all," he thought, "I was as happy as a man need be. I could come down here and watch my fishes all day long if I wanted: I was as settled and contented as my old mill."

Marjory came down to dinner, looking very trim and quiet; and no sooner were all three at table than she made her father a speech, with her eyes fixed upon her plate, but showing no other sign of embarrassment or distress.

"Father," she began, "Mr. Will and I have been talking things over. We see that we have each made a mistake about our feelings, and he has agreed, at my request, to give up all idea of marriage, and be no more than my very good friend, as in the past. You see, there is no shadow of a quarrel, and indeed I hope we shall see a great deal of him in the future, for his visits will always be welcome in our house. Of course, father, you will know best, but perhaps we should do better to leave Mr. Will's house for the present. I believe, after what has passed, we should hardly be agreeable inmates for some days."

Will, who had commanded himself with difficulty from the first, broke out upon this into an inarticulate noise, and raised one hand with an appearance of real dismay, as if he were about to interfere and contradict. But she checked him at once, looking up at him with a swift glance and an angry flush upon her cheek.

"You will perhaps have the good grace," she said, "to let me explain these matters for myself."

Will was put entirely out of countenance by her expression and the ring of her voice. He held his peace, concluding that there were some things about this girl beyond his comprehension, in which he was exactly right.

The poor parson was quite crestfallen. He tried to prove that this was no more than a true lovers' tiff, which would pass off before night; and when he was dislodged from that position, he went on to argue that where there was no quarrel there could be no call for a separation; for the good man liked both his entertainment and his host. It was curious to see how the girl managed them, saying little all the time, and that very quietly, and yet twisting them round her finger and insensibly leading them wherever she would by feminine tact and generalship. It scarcely seemed to have been her doing—it seemed as if things had merely so fallen out—that she and her father took their departure that same afternoon in a farm-cart, and went farther down the valley, to wait, until their own house was ready for them, in another hamlet. But Will had been observing closely, and was well aware of her dexterity and resolution. When he found himself alone he had a great many curious matters to turn over in his mind. He was very sad and solitary, to begin with. All the interest had gone out of his life, and he might look up at the stars as long as he pleased, he somehow failed to find support or consolation. And then he was in such a turmoil of spirit about Marjory. He had been puzzled and

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irritated at her behaviour, and yet he could not keep himself from admiring it. He thought he recognized a fine, perverse angel in that still soul, which he had never hitherto suspected; and though he saw it was an influence that would fit but ill with his own life of artificial calm, he could not keep himself from ardently desiring to possess it. Like a man who has lived among shadows and now meets the sun, he was both pained and delighted.

As the days went forward he passed from one extreme to another; now pluming himself on the strength of his determination, now despising his timid and silly caution. The former was, perhaps, the true thought of his heart, and represented the regular tenor of the man's reflections; but the latter burst forth from time to time with an unruly violence, and then he would forget all consideration, and go up and down his house and garden or walk among the fir-woods like one who is beside himself with remorse. To equable, steady-minded Will this state of matters was intolerable; and he determined, at whatever cost, to bring it to an end. So, one warm summer afternoon he put on his best clothes, took a thorn switch in his hand, and set out down the valley by the river. As soon as he had taken his determination, he had regained at a bound his customary peace of heart, and he enjoyed the bright weather and the variety of the scene without any admixture of alarm or unpleasant eagerness. It was nearly the same to him how the matter turned out. If she accepted him he would have to marry her this time, which perhaps was all for the best. If she refused him, he would have done his utmost, and might follow his own way in the future with an untroubled conscience. He hoped, on the whole, she would refuse him; and then, again, as he saw the brown roof which sheltered her, peeping through some willows at an angle of the stream, he was half inclined to reverse the wish, and more than half ashamed of himself for this infirmity of purpose.

Marjory seemed glad to see him, and gave him her hand without affectation or delay.

"I have been thinking about this marriage," he began.

"So have I," she answered. "And I respect you more and more for a very wise man. You understood me better than I understood myself; and I am now quite certain that things are all for the best as they are."

"At the same time—" ventured Will.

"You must be tired," she interrupted. "Take a seat and let me fetch you a glass of wine. The afternoon is so warm; and I wish you not to be displeased with your visit. You must come quite often; once a week, if you can spare the time; I am always so glad to see my friends."

"O, very well," thought Will to himself. "It appears I was right after all." And he paid a very agreeable visit, walked home again in capital spirits, and gave himself no further concern about the matter.

For nearly three years Will and Marjory continued on these terms, seeing each other once or twice a week without any word of love between them; and for all that time I believe Will was nearly as happy as a man can be. He rather stinted himself the pleasure of seeing her; and he would often walk half-way over to the parsonage, and then back again, as if to whet his appetite. Indeed there was one corner of the road, whence he could see the church-spire wedged into a crevice of the valley between sloping fir-woods, with a triangular snatch of plain by way of background, which he greatly affected as a place to sit and moralize in before returning homewards; and the peasants got so much into the habit of finding him there in the twilight that they gave it the name of "Will o' the Mill's Corner."

At the end of three years Marjory played him a sad trick by suddenly marrying somebody else. Will kept his countenance bravely, and merely remarked that, for as little as he knew of women, he had acted very prudently in not marrying her himself three years before. She plainly knew very little of her own mind, and, in spite of a deceptive manner, was as fickle and flighty as the rest of them. He had to congratulate himself on an escape, he said, and would take a higher opinion of his own wisdom in consequence. But at heart, he was reasonably displeased, moped a good deal for a month or two, and fell away in flesh, to the astonishment of his serving-lads.

It was perhaps a year after this marriage that Will was awakened late one night by the sound of a horse galloping on the road, followed by precipitate knocking at the inn-door. He opened his window and saw a farm servant, mounted and holding a led horse by the bridle, who told him to make what haste he could and go along with him; for Marjory was dying, and had sent urgently to fetch him to her bedside. Will was no horseman, and made so little speed upon the way that the poor young wife was very

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near her end before he arrived. But they had some minutes' talk in private, and he was present and wept very bitterly while she breathed her last.

DEATH

YEAR after year went away into nothing, with great explosions and outcries in the cities on the plain: red revolt springing up and being suppressed in blood, battle swaying hither and thither, patient astronomers in observatory towers picking out and christening new stars, plays being performed in lighted theaters, people being carried into hospitals on stretchers, and all the usual turmoil and agitation of men's lives in crowded centers. Up in Will's valley only the winds and seasons made an epoch; the fish hung in the swift stream, the birds circled overhead, the pine-tops rustled underneath the stars, the tall hills stood over all; and Will went to and fro, minding his wayside inn, until the snow began to thicken on his head. His heart was young and vigorous; and if his pulses kept a sober time, they still beat strong and steady in his wrists. He carried a ruddy stain on either cheek, like a ripe apple; he stooped a little, but his step was still firm; and his sinewy hands were reached out to all men with a friendly pressure. His face was covered with those wrinkles which are got in the open air, and which, rightly looked at, are no more than a sort of permanent sunburning; such wrinkles heighten the stupidity of stupid faces; but to a person like Will, with his clear eyes and smiling mouth, only give another charm by testifying to a simple and easy life. His talk was full of wise sayings. He had a taste for other people; and other people had a taste for him. When the valley was full of tourists in the season, there were merry nights in Will's arbour; and his views, which seemed whimsical to his neighbours, were often enough admired by learned people out of towns and colleges. Indeed, he had a very noble old age, and grew daily better known; so that his fame was heard on in the cities of the plain; and young men who had been summer travelers spoke together in *cafés* of Will o' the Mill and his rough philosophy. Many and many an invitation, you may be sure, he had; but nothing could tempt him from his upland valley. He would shake his head and smile over his tobacco-pipe with a deal of meaning. "You come too late," he would answer. "I am a dead man now: I have lived and died. Fifty years ago you would have brought my heart into my mouth; and now you do not even tempt me. But that is the object of long living, that man should cease to care about life." And again: "There is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner: that, in the dinner, the sweets come last." Or once more: "When I was a boy, I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now I know it is myself, and stick to that."

He never showed any symptoms of frailty, but kept stalwart and firm to the last; but they say he grew less talkative towards the end, and would listen to other people by the hour in an amused and sympathetic silence. Only, when he did speak, it was more to the point and more charged with old experience. He drank a bottle of wine gladly; above all, at sunset on the hill-top or quite late at night under the stars in the arbour. The sight of something attractive and unattainable seasoned his enjoyment, he would say; and he professed he had lived long enough to admire a candle all the more when he could compare it with a planet.

One night, in his seventy-second year, he awoke in bed, in such uneasiness of body and mind that he arose and dressed himself and went out to meditate in the arbour. It was pitch dark, without a star; the river was swollen, and the wet woods and meadows loaded the air with perfume. It had thundered during the day, and it promised more thunder for the morrow. A murky, stifling night for a man of seventy-two! Whether it was the weather or the wakefulness, or some little touch of fever in his old limbs, Will's mind was besieged by tumultuous and crying memories. His boyhood, the night with the fat young man, the death of his adopted parents, the summer days with Marjory, and many of those small circumstances, which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself—things seen, words heard, looks misconstrued—arose from their forgotten corners and usurped his attention. The dead themselves were with him, not merely taking part in this thin show of memory that defiled before his brain, but revisiting his bodily senses as they do in profound and vivid dreams. The fat young man leaned his elbows on the table opposite; Marjory came and went with an apronful of flowers between the garden and the arbour; he could hear the old parson knocking out his pipe or blowing his resonant nose. The tide of his consciousness ebbed and flowed: he was sometimes

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half asleep and drowned in his recollections of the past; and sometimes he was broad awake, wondering at himself. But about the middle of the night he was startled by the voice of the dead miller calling to him out of the house as he used to do on the arrival of custom. The hallucination was so perfect that Will sprang from his seat and stood listening for the summons to be repeated; and as he listened he became conscious of another noise besides the brawling of the river and the ringing in his feverish ears. It was like the stir of the horses and the creaking of harness, as though a carriage with an impatient team had been brought up upon the road before the courtyard gate. At such an hour, upon this rough and dangerous pass, the supposition was no better than absurd; and Will dismissed it from his mind, and resumed his seat upon the arbour chair; and sleep closed over him again like running water. He was once again awakened by the dead miller's call, thinner and more spectral than before; and once again he heard the noise of an equipage upon the road. And so thrice and four times, the same dream, or the same fancy, presented itself to his senses: until at length, smiling to himself as when one humours a nervous child, he proceeded towards the gate to set his uncertainty at rest.

From the arbour to the gate was no great distance, and yet it took Will some time; it seemed as if the dead thickened around him in the court, and crossed his path at every step. For, first, he was suddenly surprised by an overpowering sweetness of heliotropes; it was as if his garden had been planted with this flower from end to end, and the hot, damp night had drawn forth all their perfumes in a breath. Now the heliotrope had been Marjory's favourite flower, and since her death not one of them had ever been planted in Will's ground.

"I must be going crazy," he thought. "Poor Marjory and her heliotropes!"

And with that he raised his eyes towards the window that had once been hers. If he had been bewildered before, he was now almost terrified; for there was a light in the room; the window was an orange oblong as of yore; and the corner of the blind was lifted and let fall as on the night when he stood and shouted to the stars in his perplexity. The illusion endured only an instant; but it left him somewhat unmanned, rubbing his eyes and staring at the outline of the house and the black night behind it. While he thus stood, and it seemed as if he must have stood there quite a long time, there came a renewal of the noises on the road: and he turned in time to meet a stranger, who was advancing to meet him across the court. There was something like the outline of a great carriage discernible on the road behind the stranger, and, above that, a few black pine-tops, like so many plumes.

"Master Will?" asked the new-comer, in brief military fashion.

"The same, sir," answered Will. "Can I do anything to serve you?"

"I have heard you much spoken of, Master Will," returned the other; "much spoken of, and well. And though I have both hands full of business, I wish to drink a bottle of wine with you in your arbour. Before I go, I shall introduce myself."

Will led the way to the trellis, and got a lamp lighted and a bottle uncorked. He was not altogether unused to such complimentary interviews, and hoped little enough from this one, being schooled by many disappointments. A sort of cloud had settled on his wits and prevented him from remembering the strangeness of the hour. He moved like a person in his sleep; and it seemed as if the lamp caught fire and the bottle came uncorked with the facility of thought. Still he had some curiosity about the appearance of his visitor, and tried in vain to turn the light into his face; either he handled the lamp clumsily, or there was a dimness over his eyes; but he could make out little more than a shadow at table with him. He stared and stared at this shadow, as he wiped out the glasses, and began to feel cold and strange about the heart. The silence weighed upon him, for he could hear nothing now, not even the river, but the drumming of his own arteries in his ears.

"Here's to you," said the stranger, roughly.

"Here is my service, sir," replied Will, sipping his wine, which somehow tasted oddly.

"I understand you are a very positive fellow," pursued the stranger.

Will made answer with a smile of some satisfaction and a little nod.

"So am I," continued the other; "and it is the delight of my heart to tramp on people's corns. I will have nobody positive but myself; not one. I have crossed the whims, in my time, of kings and generals and great artists. And what would you say," he went on, "if I had come up here on purpose to cross yours?"

Will had it on his tongue to make a sharp

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rejoinder; but the politeness of an old innkeeper prevailed; and he held his peace and made answer with a civil gesture of the hand.

"I have," said the stranger. "And if I did not hold you in a particular esteem, I should make no words about the matter. It appears you pride yourself on staying where you are. You mean to stick by your inn. Now I mean you shall come for a turn with me in my barouche; and before this bottle's empty, so you shall."

"That would be an odd thing, to be sure," replied Will, with a chuckle. "Why, sir, I have grown here like an old oak-tree; the Devil himself could hardly root me up: and for all I perceive you are a very entertaining old gentleman, I would wager you another bottle you lose your pains with me."

The dimness of Will's eyesight had been increasing all this while; but he was somehow conscious of a sharp and chilling scrutiny which irritated and yet overmastered him.

"You need not think," he broke out suddenly, in an explosive, febrile manner that startled and alarmed himself, "that I am a stay-at-home, because I fear anything under God. God knows I am tired enough of it all; and when the time comes for a longer journey than ever you dream of, I reckon I shall find myself prepared."

The stranger emptied his glass and pushed it away from him. He looked down for a little, and then, leaning over the table, tapped Will three times upon the forearm with a single finger. "The time has come!" he said solemnly.

An ugly thrill spread from the spot he touched. The tones of his voice were dull and startling and echoed strangely in Will's heart.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with some discomposure. "What do you mean?"

"Look at me, and you will find your eyesight swim. Raise your hand; it is dead-heavy. This is your last bottle of wine, Master Will, and your last night upon the earth."

"You are a doctor?" quavered Will.

"The best that ever was," replied the other; "for I cure both mind and body with the same prescription. I take away all pain and I forgive all sins; and where my patients have gone wrong in life, I smooth out all complications and set them free again upon their feet."

"I have no need of you," said Will.

"A time comes for all men, Master Will," replied the doctor, "when the helm is taken out of their hands. For you, because you were prudent and quiet, it has been long of coming, and you have had long to discipline yourself for its reception. You have seen what is to be seen about your mill; you have sat close all your days like a hare in its form; but now that is at an end; and," added the doctor, getting on his feet, "you must arise and come with me."

"You are a strange physician," said Will, looking steadfastly upon his guest.

"I am a natural law," he replied, "and people call me Death."

"Why did you not tell me so at first?" cried Will. "I have been waiting for you these many years. Give me your hand and welcome."

"Lean upon my arm," said the stranger, "for already your strength abates. Lean on me heavily as you need; for though I am old, I am very strong. It is but three steps to my carriage, and there all your trouble ends. Why, Will," he added, "I have been yearning for you as if you were my own son; and of all the men that ever I came for in my long days, I have come for you most gladly. I am caustic, and sometimes offend people at first sight; but I am a good friend at heart to such as you."

"Since Marjory was taken," returned Will, "I declare before God you were the only friend I had to look for."

So the pair went arm-in-arm across the courtyard.

One of the servants awoke about this time and heard the noise of horses pawing before he dropped asleep again; all down the valley that night there was a rushing as of a smooth and steady wind descending towards the plain; and when the world rose next morning, sure enough Will o' the Mill had gone at last upon his travels.

You must be a believer . . . You must detach yourself from the old things you believed, but not from the beautiful old power of believing. HENRI BARBUSSE.

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Concerning Kissing—

ANTONY—*I am dying, Egypt, dying; only*
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. SHAKESPEARE.

THE HALF THAT DOESN'T KISS

The habit of affectionate clasping or embracing is seen at the meetings of the Andaman Islanders and Australian blacks, or where the Fuegians in friendly salute hug "like the grip of a bear" (W. P. Snow). This natural gesture appears in old Semitic and Aryan custom: "Esau ran to meet him (Jacob) and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and they wept" (Genesis); so, when Odysseus makes himself known, Philoetius and Eumæus cast their arms round him with kisses on the head, hands and shoulders.

The idea of the kiss being an instinctive gesture is negatived by its being unknown over half the world, where the prevailing salute is that by smelling or sniffing (often called by travelers "rubbing noses"), which belongs to Polynesians, Malays, Burmese and other Indo-Chinese, Mongols, etc., extending thence eastward to the Eskimo and westward to Lapland, where Linnæus saw relatives saluting by putting their noses together. This seems the only appearance of the habit in Europe.

On the other hand, the kiss, the salute by tasting, appears constantly in Semitic and Aryan antiquity, as in the above cases from the book of Genesis and the Odyssey, or in Herodotus' description of the Persians of his time kissing one another—if equals on the mouth, if one was somewhat inferior on the cheek. In Greece in the classic period it became customary to kiss the hand, breast or knee of a superior. In Rome the kisses of inferiors became a burdensome civility. The early Christians made it the sign of fellowship: "greet all the brethren with an holy kiss." It early passed into more ceremonial form in the kiss of peace given to the newly baptized and in the celebration of the Eucharist; this is retained by the Oriental Church. After a time, however, its indiscriminate use between the sexes gave rise to scandals, and it was restricted by ecclesiastical regulations—men being allowed to kiss only men, and women women, and eventually in the Roman Church the ceremonial kiss at the communion being exchanged only by the ministers, but a relic or cross called an *osculatorium* or *pax* being carried to the people to be kissed.

While the kiss has thus been adopted as a religious rite, its original social use has continued. Among men, however, it has become less effusive, the alteration being marked in England at the end of the seventeenth century by such passages as the advice to Sir Wilfull by his London-bred brother (Congreve: *Way of the World*): "in the country, where great lubberly brothers slobber and kiss one another when they meet; . . . 'Tis not the fashion here."

Court ceremonial keeps up the kiss on the cheek between sovereigns and the kissing of the hand by subjects, and the Pope, like a Roman emperor, receives the kiss on his foot. A curious trace which these osculations have left behind is that when ceasing to be performed they are still talked of by way of politeness. Austrians say, "Küss d' Hand!" and Spaniards, "Beso a Vd. las manos!"—"I kiss your hands."

EDWARD BURNETT TYLOR (*Britannica*).

And having finished her verse, the Lady Budur stood up forthwith and, firmly setting her feet to the wall, strained with all her might upon the collar of iron, till she broke it from her neck and snapped the chains. Then going forth from behind the curtain she threw herself on Kamar-al-Zaman and kissed him on the mouth like a pigeon feeding its young.

Thousand Nights. (BURTON).

SCIENCE CONSIDERS THE PHENOMENON

The sound which follows a kiss has been carefully investigated by the Austrian savant, W. von Kempelen, in his remarkable book, *The Mechanism of Human Speech.* He divides

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kisses into three sorts according to their sound. First he treats of the kiss proper, which he characterizes as a *freundschaftlich hellklatschender Herzenkuss* (an affectionate, clear-ringing kiss coming from the heart); next he defines the more discreet, or, from an acoustic point of view, weaker kiss; and, lastly, speaks contemptuously of a third kind of kiss, which is designated an *ekelhafter Schmatz* (a loathsome smack).

Many other writers have, although in a less scientific manner, sought to define and elucidate the sound that arises from a kiss. Johannes Jorgensen says very delicately in his *Stemninger* that "the plash of the waves against the pebbles of the beach is like the sound of long kisses." . . .

The emotions expressed by this more or less noisy lip-sound are manifold and varying: burning love and affectionate friendship, exultant joy and profound grief, etc., etc.; consequently there must be many different sorts of kisses.

The austere old Rabbis recognized only three kinds of kisses, viz.: those of greeting, farewell and respect. The Romans had also three kinds, but their classification was essentially at variance with the Rabbis': they distinguished between *oscula*,[1] friendly kisses, *basia*, kisses of love, and *suavia*, passionate kisses. . . . But this division is by no means exhaustive; kisses are and have been actually employed to express many feelings other than those above-mentioned.

That I have arranged kisses in five groups, viz., those of passion, love, peace, respect, and friendship, is due chiefly to practical considerations; for, to be precise, these artificially formed groups are inadequate, and, besides, often overlap one another.

A modern French writer reckons no less than twenty sorts of kisses, but I find in German dictionaries over thirty different designations: *Abschiedskuss*, *Brautkuss*, *Bruderkuss*, *Dankkuss*, *Doppelkuss*, *Ehrenkuss*, *Erwiderungskuss*, *Feuerkuss*, *Flammenkuss*, *Frauenkuss*, *Freundschaftskuss*, *Friedenskuss*, *Gegenkuss*, *Geisterkuss*, *Handkuss*, *Honigkuss*, *Inbruntskuss*, *Judaskuss*, *Lehenskuss*, *Liebeskuss*, *Mädchenkuss*, *Minnekuss*, *Morgenkuss*, *Mutterkuss*, *Nebenkuss*, *Pantoffelkuss*, *Segenskuss*, *Söhnungskuss*, *Undschuldskuss*, *Vermählungskuss*, *Versöhnungskuss*, *Wechselkuss*, *Weihekuss*, *Zuckerkuss*, etc., etc. In German the verb itself, "to kiss," is varied in many different ways, *e.g.*, in Germany one may *anküssen*, *aufküssen*, *ausküssen*, *beküssen*, *durchküssen*, *emporküssen*, *entküssen*, *erküssen*, *fortküssen*, *herküssen*, *nachküssen*, *verküssen*, *vorbeiküssen*, *wegküssen*, *widerküssen*, *zerküssen*, *zuküssen*, and *zurückküssen*.

We must give the Germans the credit for being thorough, and in the highest degree methodical and exhaustive in their nomenclature, for can we conceive a more admirable word than, for instance, *nachküssen*, which is explained as "making up for kisses that have been omitted, or supplementing kisses"?

[1]From *osculum* we get the word osculogy, the science of kissing, and osculogical, that which pertains to kissing; but the Greek derivations, philematology and philematological, are perhaps preferable.

DR. CHRISTOPHER NYROP.

LEONTES—*Is whispering nothing?*
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?

SHAKESPEARE.

THEY LACK THAT IMPULSE

As to kissing in Japan, there is no kissing. Kissing is not "forbidden" at all;—there is simply no impulse to kiss among the Turanian races. All Aryan races have the impulse, as an affectionate greeting. Children do not kiss their parents—but the pressing of cheek to cheek is nearly the same thing—as a demonstration. Mothers lip their little ones—but—how shall I explain? The kiss, as we understand it in the Occident, is considered not as an affectionate, but as a sexual impulse, or as of kin to such an impulse. Now this is absolutely true. Undoubtedly the modern kiss of the cultivated West may have no such meaning in 99,997 cases out of 99,998. But the original primitive signification of pressing lip to lip, as Aryan races do, or even lip to cheek, is physiologically traceable to the love which is too often called l'amour, but which has little to do with the higher sense of affection. With us the impulse of a child to kiss is absolutely *instinctive*. The Japanese child has no such impulse whatever; but his way of caressing is none the less delicious.

LAFCADIO HEARN (*Letters*).

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WHO CARES?

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson

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"Kissing with th' inner lip," as Shakespeare calls it, is the "sucking of the tongue" in Alf Laylah wa Laylah; *the French* langue fourrée, *and Sanskrit* Samputa. *The subject of kissing is extensive in the East. Ten different varieties are duly enumerated in the* Ananda-Ranga.

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON.

THE WISE ONE'S WARNING

Socrates put this question to Xenophon before Critobulus: "Tell me, Xenophon, did you not suppose Critobulus to be a sober person, and by no means rash; prudent, and not thoughtless or adventurous?"

"Certainly," said Xenophon.

"Then you are to look on him henceforth as utterly hot-headed and reckless: the man would do a somersault into a ring of knives; he would jump into fire."

"What on earth has he done to make you think so badly of him?" asked Xenophon.

"What has the man done? He dared to kiss a pretty face." . . .

"Oh, if that is the sort of adventure you mean, I think I might make that venture myself."

"Poor fellow! What do you think will happen to you through kissing a pretty face? Won't you lose your liberty in a trice and become a slave, begin spending large sums on harmful pleasures, have no time to give to anything fit for a gentleman, be forced to concern yourself with things no madman even would care about?"

"Heracles! what alarming power in a kiss!" cried Xenophon.

"What? Does that surprise you?" continued Socrates. "Don't you know that the scorpion, though smaller than a farthing, if it but fasten on the tongue, inflicts excruciating and maddening pain?"

"Yes, to be sure; for the scorpion injects something by its bite."

"And do you think, you foolish fellow, that the fair inject nothing when they kiss, just because you don't see it? Don't you know that this creature called 'fair and young' is more dangerous than the scorpion, seeing that it need not even come in contact, like the insect, but at any distance can inject a maddening poison into anyone who only looks at it?"

"Maybe, too, the loves are called archers for this reason, that the fair can wound even at a distance."

"Nay, I advise you, Xenophon, as soon as you see a pretty face to take to your heels and fly: and you, Critobulus, I advise to spend a year abroad. It will certainly take you at least as long as that to recover from the bite."

Memorabilia. XENOPHON. (MARCHANT).

Divine Rhodanthe, being prevented from kissing me, held her maiden girdle stretched out between us and kept kissing it, while I, like a gardener, diverted the stream of love to another point, lapping up the kiss, and so returned it from a distance, pressing with my lips on the girdle. Even this a little eased my pain, for the sweet girdle was like a ferry plying from lip to lip.

AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS.

THE METHOD OF ADORING

Adoration (. . . "carrying to one's mouth"), primarily an act of homage or worship, was performed among the Romans by raising the hand to the mouth, kissing it, and then waving it in the direction of the adored object. The devotee had his head covered, and after the act turned himself round from left to right. Sometimes he kissed the feet or knees of the images of the gods themselves, and Saturn and Hercules were adored with the head bare.

By a natural transition the homage, at first paid to divine beings alone, came to be paid to monarchs. Thus the Greek and Roman emperors were adored by bowing or kneeling, laying hold of the imperial robe, and presently withdrawing the hand and pressing it to the lips, or by putting the royal robe itself to the lips.

In Eastern countries adoration has ever been performed in an attitude still more lowly. The Persian method, introduced by Cyrus, was to bend the knee and fall on the face at the prince's feet, striking the earth with the forehead and kissing the ground. This striking of

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the earth with the forehead, usually a fixed number of times, is the form of adoration usually paid to Eastern potentates to-day. *Britannica.*

Come in the evening, or come in the morning
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
THOMAS O. DAVIS.

WHEN DAPHNIS WON THE PRIZE

This said, Chloe tarried no longer, but what with his praise of her beauty and her long desiring to kiss him, she started up and gave him a kiss; and though it were the kiss of a novice, 'twas enough to heat and inflame a lover's heart. With that, Dorco in an agony betakes himself off. . . . But Daphnis, more like one that is bitten than kissed, was suddenly downcast and sad. . . .

And if ever she left him alone, he fell to mutter with himself such fancies as these:

"Whither in the name of the Nymphs will that kiss of Chloe drive me? Her lips are softer than roses, and her mouth sweeter than the honeycombs, but her kiss stings sharper than a bee. I have often kissed the young kids, I have kissed a pretty whippet and that calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss is a new thing. My heart leaps up to my lips, my spirit sparkles and my soul melts, and yet I am mad to kiss her again. Oh, what a mischievous victory is this! Oh, what a strange disease, whose very name I know not! Did Chloe take poison before she kissed me? How then is she not dead? How sweetly sing the nightingales, while my pipe is silent! How wantonly the kids skip, and I lie still upon the ground! How sweetly do the flowers grow, and I neglect to make garlands! So it is, the violet and the hyacinth flourish, but alas! Daphnis, Daphnis withers."
Daphnis and Chloe. LONGUS (THORNLEY AND EDMONDS).

One day, as Tofah sang before the Commander of the Faithful, he was delighted with exceeding delight, so that he offered to kiss her hand; but she drew it away from him and smote upon her lute and broke it and wept (this salute being the action of a slave, practised by freemen only when in extreme danger and therefore humiliating). *Thousand Nights.* (BURTON).

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FREE-FOR-ALL

August 4, 1665. Up at five o'clock, and by six walked out alone, with my Lady Slanning, to the Docke Yard, where walked up and down, and so to Mr. Pett's, who led us into his garden, and there the lady, the best humoured woman in the world, and a devout woman (I having spied her on her knees half an houre this morning in her chamber), clambered up to the top of the banquetting-house to gather nuts, and mighty merry, and so walked back again through the new rope house, which is very usefull; and so to the Hill-house to breakfast and mighty merry. Then they took coach, and Sir G. Carteret kissed me himself heartily, and my Lady several times, with great kindnesse, and then the young ladies, and so with much joy, bade "God be with you!" and an end I think it will be to my mirthe for a great while, it having been the passage of my whole life the most pleasing for the time, considering the quality and nature of the business, and my noble usage in the doing of it, and very many fine journeys, entertainments and great company. PEPYS.

So the Captain of the thieves pressed forward and looking upon the prisoner, knew him, whereupon he went up to him and strained him to his bosom and threw his arms round his neck, and fell to kissing him upon his mouth.[1] *Thousand Nights.* (BURTON).

[1]As he would kiss a son. I have never yet seen an Englishman endure these masculine kisses, formerly so common in France and Italy, without showing clearest signs of his disgust. R. F. B.

GETTING A FRENCH DECORATION

"Well, this other guy has got U. S. R. on his collar, which means 'Uncle Sam's Right' or somethin'. He claims he got his commission in Plattsburg, N. Y., and I says I didn't

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know we was also at war with New York State which never done nothin' outside of goin' Democrat. Then he says they's an officers' trainin' camp there and he was one of the first to graduate. But outside of that, Joe, he's the same as me, only not as good lookin'. You know, Joe, I have got to be such a handsome dog since I come over here and got wed, etc., that even the French colonel which pinned the war cross on me couldn't resist kissin' me, on the level!"

H. C. WITWER.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favouritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"APRIL'S MESSAGE"

The younger people had passed out of sight. But from the rear of the hedge came to the Duke and Lord Brudenel, staring blankly at each other across the paper-littered table, a sort of duet. First tenor, then contralto, then tenor again,—and so on, with many long intervals of silence, during which you heard the plashing of the fountain, grown doubly audible, and, it might be, the sharp, plaintive cry of a bird intensified by the stillness.

"I think it is a dream," said Marian. . . .

"What eyes you have, Marian!"

"But you have not kissed the littlest finger of all. See, it is quite stiff with indignation."

"They are green, and brown, and yellow—O Marian, there are little gold specks in them like those in *eau de Dantzig!* They are quite wonderful eyes, Marian. And your hair is all streaky gold-and-brown. You should not have two colours in your hair, Marian. Marian, did any one ever tell you that you are very beautiful?"

Silence. "Pee-weet!" said a bird. "Tweet?"

And Marian replied: "I am devoted to Dorothy, of course, but I have never admired her fashion of making advances to every man she meets. Yes, she does."

"Nay, 'twas only her money that lured me, to do her justice. It appeared so very sensible to marry an heiress. . . . But how can any man be sensible so long as he is haunted by the memory of your eyes? For see how bright they are,—see, here in the water. Two stars have fallen into the fountain, Marian."

"You are handsomer so. Your nose is too short, but here in the fountain you are quite handsome——"

"Marian,——"

"I wonder how many other women's fingers you have kissed—like that. Ah, don't tell me, Humphrey! . . ."

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.

Jonathan Swift.

CIVILIZATION'S GIFT TO THE ISLANDERS

Nina leaned over, and with a proud and happy smile took Dain's face between her hands, looking into his eyes with a fond yet questioning gaze. She believed that he, the descendant of many great Rajahs, the son of a great chief, the master of life and death, knew the sunshine of life only in her presence. An immense wave of gratitude and love welled forth out of her heart towards him. How could she make an outward and visible sign of all she felt for the man who had filled her heart with so much joy and so much pride? And in the great tumult of passion, like a flash of lightning came to her the reminiscence of that despised and almost forgotten civilization she had only glanced at in her days of restraint, of sorrow, and of anger. In the cold ashes of that hateful and miserable past she would find the sign of love, the fitting expression of the boundless felicity of the present, the pledge of a bright and splendid future. She threw her arms around Dain's neck and pressed her lips to his in a long and burning kiss. He closed his eyes, surprised and frightened at the storm raised in his breast by the strange and to him hitherto unknown contact, and long after Nina had pushed her canoe into the river he remained motionless, without daring to open his eyes, afraid to lose the sensation of intoxicating delight he had tasted for the first time.

Now he wanted but immortality, he thought, to be the equal of the gods.

Almayer's Folly. JOSEPH CONRAD.

(To be continued)

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The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

HAS THE MODERN SUPER-ADVERTISER LOST THE GRAND MANNER?

The grand stimuli to the performance of heroic achievements in the art of war are the distinguished honours conferred by a grateful country, and the hopes of immortality. Thus the Romans of old decreed the glory of a triumph while living to their illustrious warriors, and *post mortem* a place among the gods. The AMOR PATRIÆ is the noblest impulse of our nature, and, in this happy land of OLD ENGLAND, the highest honours a beloved monarch can bestow are accessible to the lowest of her citizens, and the man of science who, in his particular profession astonishes the world by the splendour of his genius, is stamped by an admiring people as a star of the first magnitude. The preliminaries apply to that singular professor of his art,

GILLINGWATER,
THE
INIMITABLE HAIR CUTTER,
AND
PATENT PERRUQUIER,
85,
LONG LANE, SMITHFIELD.

Who, by a tact peculiarly his own, has introduced a new era in the science of Hair-cutting; he proves to demonstration that the same *modus operandi* does not assimilate to every head, but, by a union of skill and anatomical knowledge of each particular countenance, he blends, with a strict regard to fashion, the commanding aspect of personal figure.

When this COLOSSUS OF HAIR-CUTTING established his *head-quarters* in Long-lane, like the mighty CÆSAR, conscious of his conquering powers, he exclaimed "VENI, VIDI, VICI," and he soon illustrated the memorable expression, and such is his influence, that the MINOR STARS, with which his neighbourhood is infested, are hiding their diminished heads. Like the admirable CRICHTON, GILLINGWATER stands pre-eminently great. The COGNOSCENTI who have examined the principles upon which the Perruques are fabricated, pronounce them a CHEF D'ŒUVRE of workmanship—indeed, they form *Elegantia ista;* and the liberal method he pursues is so different from what is practised by petty shopkeepers, that it must necessarily distinguish him.

Although his assortment is extensive, consisting of all the shades of nature, he offers the only safe mode—that of measuring the head. Upon this principle the result is certain, and free of that mixture of colour which is found in perruques kept in shops where a large stock is boasted of.—His CHEVALIERS are artists of high distinction, and exhibit that polite attention, inseparable from a professional intercourse with polished society, and form a GALAXY of commanding talent.

Charge for cutting only sixpence.

English Barber's Notice, 1831.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

LOST—Two bottles of medicine. Finder please return to Mrs. W. A. Dubberly. Itch.
Glennville (Ga.) Sentinel.

YOUNG LADY—21 yrs., 380 lbs., wants position advertising or demonstrating. Real attraction for store window work.
Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Buy Your Graves in Advance. No Money down is Required. *Newspaper advt. of a Cemetery.*

Dr. Grace Webb, chiropractor, for summer office hours see add on amusement page 6. Mondays and Saturdays.—Adv.
Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

EXPERIENCED washed men wanted only.
Bridgeport (Conn.) Telegram.

NEAT appearing young man, 18 x 24, for remunerative position. Apply Mr. Mason, 306 Broadway Exchange bldg., 8 to 9 a. m. *Detroit Free Press.*

Dress, in either rose, blue or yellow; glass knobs on drawers. Each, $2.49. *Erie (Pa.) Daily Times.*

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all who so kindly assisted in any way in the death of my dear husband, also those who furnished flivvers.
(Adv.) Mrs. Frank Savage
Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.

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PALACE
Tonight
500 Loaves
Whole Wheat Graham Bread
Will Be Given Away
—Also—
CLARA BOW
In
"THE LAWFUL CHEATER"
Danville (Ill.) Commercial News.

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE
Walnut St. Baptist Church
LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.

Rev. J. H. Mitchell's morning sermon unlike any you have ever heard in this church. You can not criticize nor commend unless you hear. Your presence can help make history for this good church. The Smith Male Quartette and our own Junior Choir will furnish the music for the evening service.

Evening Subject—"Your Wages and mine."

P. S.—Better pray before you come.
Muncie (Ind.) Morning Star.

LOST—A black hound pup, about six months' old. When last seen was following a man, with a white spot on his hind leg, a few white hairs on his breast and very large drooping ears.
Lincoln County (Ore.) Leader.

LOST—Smooth Brown Lady's pocketbook, probably Freese's store, containing money, fountain pen and other articles. Finder please Tel. 3170 and receive reward. *Bangor (Me.) Daily News.*

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
THE LIGHT BEYOND
Just out!
Sign in Boston bookstore window.

I will until March 1st refinish, repair, upholster, make new anything in the Cabinet line. Radio cases and Stands. Fine Walnut Coffins at prices you can afford to die. Vinegar, 30c a gallon. Adv.
OBE LASH. *Vermont (Ill.) Union.*

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

G. A. Bennett, 207 West Healey street, has received word of the sudden death of his father, J. W. Bennett in Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. Bennett was subject to attacks of death.
Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette.

MISSING JERSEY GIRL
FOUND IN OUR BED
Camden (N. J.) Morning Post.

While 500 national guardsmen, equipped with machine guns, army tanks, sawed-off shotguns, tear bombs and one-pounders, and 200 heavily armed civilian officers commanded the cellhouse the convicts surrendered their weapons to four guards who had been held as hostesses.
Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer.

"As a matter of fact," observed the host, his daughter having just given the company a son, "I'm sending her abroad to finish her singing lesson."

"I don't blame you," said a guest.
Grit (Williamsport, Pa.).

The regular meeting of Conanicut Grange was held in the grange hall, Worthy Master Armbrust in the chair. . . .

During the installation of the chaplain, "Nearer By God to Thee" was played by the pianist and a quartet. *Newport (R. I.) News.*

Mrs. Louise Collings died suddenly at her home, 335 North Booth Street, Wednesday evening at 11:05 o'clock.

She had been afflicted with the Summit Congregational church for the past thirty years.
Dubuque (Ia.) Telegraph Herald.

COOLIDGES WILL EAT SIMPLE
MEAL OF NEAR EAST ORPHANS
Indianapolis (Ind.) News.

"The modern dress," Miss Elder said, "can be folded in an envelope. Most of my trunk is filled with souvenirs for my husbands and friends."
Plattsburg (N. Y.) Republican.

C. J. Russell had better luck than that. He brought in a strayed ad for a cow and before the paper went to press he phoned and told us that the owner had called for the hog. *Arbuckle (Cal.) American.*

Sturgeon Bay—(A.P.)—George Sargant, 47, a carpenter living on a small farm near here, committed suicide Saturday in a school building near his home by hanging himself with the bell rope. He apparently stood on his neck and then jumped off. *Appleton (Wis.) Post-Crescent.*

The number of pullets at the town farm, which is being carried on by Mr. and Mrs. James Brown who laid so many eggs during the last three months, was omitted in the item in Wednesday's paper.
Bath (Me.) Independent.

Standing in the shadow of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, the "Sage of Eureka," Dr. Benjamin Radford yesterday recalled boyhood impressions of Lincoln as an attorney and a party leader. . . .

"A few years later I sat on the hind wheels of a woman from which Lincoln spoke, held by the same hypnotic power that impressed his person on my memory." *Taylorville (Ill.) Daily Breeze.*

Mrs. Kline and Mrs. May were former residents being the Eisenberg girls who lied on Central Main street. *Barnesville (Ohio) Wheatstone.*

Mrs. McMullen is not a bench coach. She takes active charge of the drilling and the training of the squad and all of the players are of her own conception.
Watertown (S. Dak.) Daily Public Opinion.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
3. A response to God (vs. 11).
Moses had come to the extremity take one of the Golden Lax Tablets at bedtime. 25 cents per box.
New Castle (Pa.) News.

Mr. and Mrs. John Erwin of East Gilbert St., and Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Shirman of Indianapolis, will leave tomorrow for Chicago, where they fight.
Muncie (Ind.) Press.

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The First of April

By PER HALLSTRÖM

Translated by E. Gee. Nash

IT WAS in the good old times when the national characteristic of fidelity, about which we still boast, really did exist in the land.

It was in the days when a lover could dream all through the long winter nights of the same girl, and picture to himself the glance of dreamy eyes as she sat at the spinnet, the rosy band in her hair, or her slender ankles as she moved gracefully in the dance. Dream till it grew too hard for him, and he put on his stiffest stock and went off to pay her a special visit. His purpose was plain to all eyes, and kind relations gave him an opportunity for his longed-for tête-à-tête at the first possible moment.

There he stood, tongue-tied and staring, and sighed till he made the lady as ill at ease as he was himself; and then he thanked her humbly for the honour she had done him, and bowed himself out, to return a year later on the same errand, and with exactly the same result.

The girls were not displeased with such lovers, for, as I have said, it was in the old days when the women at least possessed the characteristic fidelity.

Their household tasks had taught them that it was not easy to kindle a birch-log, but that, once alight, it lasted well! So they swallowed their annoyance when the young men disappeared behind the trees in the avenue without ever once daring to turn round. They consoled themselves with the thought, "That's the one I shall have . . . if I have any! Luck comes and goes, and it's not for us to interfere." There was time enough in those days!

But at times their patience wore a little thin under great provocation, especially when the weather took a hand in the game.

That's what had happened to Hanne Charlotte during that long winter; for that matter her patience never had been her strong point; even as a child she had gotten into trouble because, after sitting bolt upright through three long sermons, she had tried to cut short the grace before supper by half a thanksgiving!

Oh, that winter, that winter!

Certainly, folk were used to waiting for the spring, up there in Norrland, but to stand, on the afternoon of the first of April, chilling one's forehead against the frozen window-pane, and watch the snowflakes falling as big as kittens; and to know that it would go on freezing and thawing, freezing and thawing, and never get any better——

And Olof Gustav, the nearest neighbour, who never, never called—for all he rode past every day with his eyes glued on her window till he was in constant danger of slipping into the stream!

The last time they met they had played philopena together, and as he had had three glasses of warm punch and was unusually gay and daring, he had left the stake unnamed, with a look that promised her as much—or perhaps as little—as she desired.

Well, she wasn't going to say the word—nor was Olof Gustav, by the look of it!

This afternoon he hadn't driven past, so he must be at home, for Bergsgården was up a side road, and from her window she could see everyone who approached or left it.

Olof Gustav's father had taken over the post-stables, as someone had to manage them; not that he needed the money, for of all men, he was one who loved a quiet life with plenty of good food and drink. There had been a great many travelers that day, and all the sledges were out, and the men with them; even the old folk were out, and Olof Gustav was quite alone in the house.

Why didn't he think of paying a visit, when it was such a little way to go?

Hanne Charlotte tried to get away from this thought, and interested herself in reckoning how long it would take to quite cover the briar hedge with snow. Till June, she thought . . . June or even July, if it went on snowing so slowly . . . the 21st of July . . . "my name day, when Olof Gustav comes . . . and kisses my shawl secretly out in the hall . . . and

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goes home, and waits another two or three years! . . . by then, the last red berries will be covered up!"

Suddenly sleigh-bells rang out. Suppose it were the post-sleigh, some impatient traveler who would wake up Olof Gustav, and insist on having fresh horses although they were all out . . . and put some life into the house . . . if only it were that!

But when the sleigh came into sight it was only the army cashier. It turned in at the gate, so the visitor was for them. And nothing but a great bundle of furs in the sleigh. That didn't cheer anyone up! Now he'd sit and play écarté with father, after teasing her about not being married. "Twenty-two years old . . . time's passing!" he'd say, and so on . . . and no one was any the jollier for that!

Suddenly Hanne Charlotte had an idea, and quickly jerked her forehead away from the frosty pane. "Suppose I borrowed the sledge, put on father's furs, and drove down and fetched Olof Gustav. It wouldn't take long, and no one need ever know!"

Had it been any other day Hanne Charlotte would never have thought of such a mad prank . . . nor even now if she had had company; but it was the first of April, and so deadly dull, with the snow that never stopped falling, and the warm weather that never came!

She couldn't wait a moment, but rushed out, listening at the door till the army cashier got into her father's room, with all his equipment on, even his top-boots! It would be some time before they had helped him off with all his wrappings, and they'd never notice the sleigh bells.

She snatched down a fur coat, scarf and cap, and took a pair of high fur boots, and with all this in her arms, she hurried round to the stables. The sleigh was still there, but no one had touched it yet; the driver, a sleepy boy, was always a long time in falling from his perch, like an icicle from a roof.

"Anders," said Hanne Charlotte, "drive me down to Berggården; there was something that should have been brought."

Poor Anders, of whom only two frozen ear-tips and the end of a nose were visible, raised the whip he had laid down, and snorted to show that he had heard, and was none too pleased.

Hanne Charlotte got into her queer costume with the help of the old stableman, who looked at her with eyes wide open with astonishment. She wound the scarf round and round her neck, and climbed up into the sleigh, where the elk-skin rug was fastened close up under her chin.

It didn't take long, just time for poor Anders to take in the meaning of her orders and to get thoroughly cross. Then off they went.

It was jolly, altogether jolly. The snow was glorious as it blew against her face, and it was nice to see the manor fast disappearing in the flurry. The bells clanged as merrily as wedding-bells, and the horses' hoofs rang in time with them as the forest flashed by. Up one hill . . . down another . . . a swing round a corner, and there was Berggarden!

Not for a moment had she thought what she was going to say. No, she would make it up on the spur of the moment, she thought, undismayed.

Anders pulled up the horses outside the door, and started to say something, but thought better of it, and tucked his nose deep into his muffler.

"Hostler!" shouted Hanne Charlotte, in as deep and gruff a voice as she could manage.

No one appeared; there wasn't a soul upon the place but Olof Gustav himself.

Then she got well into her rôle of traveler, grew angry in good earnest, and had not the slightest difficulty in finding words. She jumped out of the sleigh, tramped up the steps, and thundered on the door.

"Hostler!" she shouted, "are you all asleep in this place!"

Then slow, dignified steps were heard approaching. It was undoubtedly Olof Gustav himself. The slow-poke should pay for keeping travelers waiting.

"Hostler!" she cried, when he was so close that it almost deafened him. "What, you've come at last! I've been sitting in the snow for at least an hour. Thousand devils . . . haven't you any ears, or are they too long? I want fresh horses, and at once!"

Olof Gustav stared at this gentleman who was so little and so angry; but as he couldn't tell what manner of man he was, he answered very politely that all the horses were out.

Then the little gentleman grew beside himself with rage.

"Thousand devils!" he roared (that was a happy expression, it made her voice sound gruff and manly). "Thousand devils! You've no horses! Say that again!"

Olof Gustav said it again, quite politely, but with a hint of impatience in his voice.

"You needn't try that on me! I never heard such impudence! I'll teach you!"

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(She almost began to believe that she was really an impatient traveler, being delayed by this country yokel.) "I'll soon show you!

"Hundred thousand devils! Here you sit, fast asleep. One winter you sleep on the right side, the next on the left. . . . One year you put out one foot, the next year the other . . . and you never get any further . . . and a poor traveler on His Majesty's service must put up with your lies . . . and you don't even know enough to ask him into the fire when you've no horses!"

If Olof Gustav had known Anders's nature, and had noticed him at that moment, he would have known there was something up, for the boy was wide awake, and staring with all his eyes at such speech and behaviour as he had never seen in any young lady; but Olof Gustav had eyes for no one but the angry little gentleman who had so much spirit behind his fur collar, and so little head above it, that it was impossible to tell whether he was old or young.

"Good gracious!" he said, "you're welcome to come in if you want to"; and while Anders shut his eyes, and thought that there were riddles in this life that needed sleeping on, the stranger pushed past Olof Gustav, and went into the room without troubling to remove his fur boots. He went to the fire and stood with his back toward it, so that his face was in the shadow, stamped angrily on the floor, and did not even take off his hat.

Now Olof Gustav began to get angry at the whole affair, and grew anxious to get away before there were more unpleasantnesses.

"If you need anything, I'll send you one of the maids . . . To begin with, you can take your hat off."

But Hanne Charlotte wasn't going to have that.

"If I need anything!" she shouted. "You can keep your maids . . . propose to one, perhaps she'll accept you. 'If I need anything'! Of course I need something. I need nuts!"

"Nuts!" stammered Olof Gustav. Now he thought he had the devil in the house.

"Yes—call your dear maid—call her whatever you like—call her Philopen—but help me off with this scarf; it's as hot as an oven!"

Olof Gustav took the end of the scarf in a shaking hand, and pulled. He could scarcely think or see, and, fast as the little gentleman whirled to get rid of the scarf, his thoughts whirled faster. At last he stood with the scarf in his hand, and then he felt a wet cap thrown in his face.

Then he grew really angry, and sprang forward with uplifted hands, only to stop dumfounded.

A fur coat fell to the floor, and in the midst of it stood Hanne Charlotte, hopping up and down to get rid of the fur boots.

Olof Gustav didn't stop to think about the matter; he knew that some joke was in the air, but it wasn't that which made him smile. Just to see her there, so unexpected . . . almost as if she had got there by magic; so pretty now that the muffling furs were gone, and almost tearful at what she had done—when he saw all that, he lost his restraint. Never in his life had he seen anything so beautiful as that little figure in the firelight. This was no time for shyness; in a flash he had taken the impatient little traveler right into his arms, and said more in one moment than he could have thought up in a whole year—even if it were rather clumsily put together.

Hanne Charlotte's wits had deserted her, and she found few thoughts and fewer words; she knew only how good and wonderful it all was; and had an uneasy feeling that it should have ceased with the borrowing of the sleigh.

At last she said this, and then Olof Gustav remembered the furs and the sleigh, and the whole affair.

He laughed till he cried. What a girl, what a girl! The First of April! Yes, the First of April! But it wasn't a joke any longer! Philopen! Of course! Now he saw what she had meant by "nuts." What a girl! The wittiest in the whole country!

But suddenly he grew solemn, and his eyes widened . . . certain words flashed into his mind.

"But, Hanne Charlotte," he stammered, "you . . . you swore!"

She looked as if such a thing was quite impossible, and refused to admit it.

"But you did swear . . . time after time . . . 'thousand devils'!"

Hanne Charlotte paled . . . "It . . . it must have been in the furs, and got into me!" she said; "but haven't you anything to say to me?"

That he had—a whole story. When they came outside again Anders was quite white with snow. All recollection of the affair had passed from his mind, and he just opened his eyes the merest slit, for they were almost frozen shut.

And with that half-blind Cupid on the box, the pair drove back to Hanne Charlotte's to speak to her parents.

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City Life

As Chronicled in the Daily Press

SOMEBODY'S BULL IS MISSING. By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

Out of obscurity into prominence a black bull trotted to-day, swishing his tail. He was going about his business, whatever it may have been, and the events which resulted—up to his final incarceration on a charge of bullheadedness—were by no manner of means his fault. It must not be understood that there is any reflection upon the bull.

He appeared first in Thirty-eighth street, trotting happily east from the Hudson. Now and then he swished his tail and tossed his head in sheer joy of living. He trotted to Tenth avenue and nobody said anything to him. He reached Tenth avenue and turned north. The traffic lights were against him, but no bull that is a bull is ever stopped by a red light. On the contrary.

He went north, but no longer unnoticed. A concourse of people appeared and said "Shoo!" The bull didn't shoo. He trotted, now on the sidewalk, now in the street. A taxicab or two fell in behind and adventure loomed ahead. He came to Forty-second street, which meant nothing to the bull. It was just another street—a street with Frank Adams, 28 years old, of the Department of Street Cleaning and 500 West Thirty-ninth street, in it. Adams knows bulls.

"I know bulls," said Adams. "I'll stop him and throw him." Mr. Adams stopped him. The bull was faintly annoyed. A few minutes later they were saying at the hospital that there was nothing really the matter with Adams and he might as well go home. He went home. The bull went on. A few steps further he met Patrolman John Clark of the West Forty-seventh street station.

"Come, come!" said Clark. "Come, come!" The bull came. Clark dodged neatly and, knowing his duty as a policeman, commandeered a taxicab. Policemen always commandeer taxicabs. It gives them a feeling. The cab fell in behind the bull, at the head of a procession. Patrolman Carl Wiltzen, the Forty-fourth street station, saw the bull coming. He glanced at the traffic lights and verified his impression that they were against bulls.

He held up a white hand. Then he dodged neatly and commandeered a taxicab. He and Clark rode along together in their taxicabs and chatted pleasantly of bulls. Trucks fell in behind, privately owned cars fell in behind. The bull reached Forty-sixth street. There the police went into action.

Clark came up to the left, Wiltzen came up to the right, They squeezed the bull. The bull looked his annoyance. Then he stopped suddenly. The taxicabs went on. The bull moved over to the sidewalk, to the consternation of the pedestrians.

Came Forty-ninth street. Came the bull. Came Clark on the step of his taxicab. Clark cruised in, he drew his gun. Now was the moment. The gods of bulls hovered anxiously above. Clark put his finger on the trigger—the bull reached out a horn, hooked Clark neatly off the taxicab and continued. Clark, on the other hand, did not continue for some minutes. Then, feeling that desperate measures were indicated, he commandeered a truck.

The bull turned east in Forty-ninth street. Clark turned east on his truck. Wiltzen turned east in his cab. Mr. Adams had long since gone home and was putting on liniment. The bull trotted to Ninth avenue, swishing his tail and nodding to friends on the sidewalks. The friends left the sidewalks.

The bull turned north. He reached Fifty-second street by putting one foot before another and nodding to pedestrians. At Fifty-second street Edward McAvoy, 50, a mechanic, of 544 West Fiftieth street, was talking to friends. The bull nodded to him from behind. At the hospital they said that there was nothing really much the matter with Mr. McAvoy and that a little rest and some liniment would fix him up beautifully for mechanicking. Mr. McAvoy is resting.

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Clark and Wiltzen were still in the race. Clark had now a piece of rope, Wiltzen had a length of cable. They amused themselves by tying slip-knots in the ends. The knots slipped beautifully. Patrolman Edward Catalaerro joined the chase. "Get a taxicab," directed Clark. Catalaerro got a taxicab—he commandeered it.

At Fifty-third street Clark and Wiltzen made casts. The rope went around the bull's neck, the cable went around his feet. To his own intense astonishment the bull sat down in the middle of the street. He had never done a thing like that before. The policemen pulled. The bull was halted. They tied the cable to one elevated pillar and the rope to another. Then everybody sat down on the bull. Clark called Lieut. Edward Moran at the station-house and said he had the bull.

It was a surprise to Moran. Clark explained. Moran asked what he was going to do with it. Clark didn't know. The bull was sat on while the owner was sought. Various possible bull owners inquired what the bull had done. When they heard they said firmly that it wasn't their bull. The bull remained sat on.

Finally the New York Butchers' Association agreed to park the bull, on the distinct understanding that it was the police's bull, not theirs. It is so parked. The police would like somebody to make a suggestion. *New York Sun.*

Ethics in a Business Suit

MORE than one great organization—U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Rotary International, and so on—has of late years attempted to erect a Code of ethical procedure in the conduct of business; and many specific cases are presented to their committees to obtain rulings.

Prof. Carl F. Taeusch, in a recent volume (*Professional and Business Ethics*) has clarified some of the types of actions thus submitted for measurement by the accepted standards:

> "1. Inducing the seller to reduce his prices by indicating, contrary to fact, that you have received a lower quotation on the same quality of merchandise.
> "2. Obtaining an extra discount by leading the seller to believe that the buyer will order a certain quantity of goods during the season.
> "3. Arbitrarily taking a discount after the date for earning the same has expired.
> "4. Misrepresenting market conditions to justify prices charged or to induce the customer to increase his order.

"None of these cases should receive a moment's consideration from any committee seriously attacking the problem of business ethics. Every one of these cases is a bald attempt on the part of an individual to do something which he knows is downright dishonest; they do not deserve the dignity of recognition. That the courts will deal effectively with such cases is shown by a recent decision, in which the court held that:

> "The gathering and dissemination of information which will enable sellers to prevent the perpetration of fraud upon them, which information they are free to act upon or not as they choose, cannot be held to be an unlawful restraint upon commerce, even though in the ordinary course of business most sellers would act upon the information and refuse to make deliveries for which they are not legally bound.

"This case consisted in the attempt, on the part of the association, to prevent contractors from placing orders for the same job with several manufacturers and then canceling all but one. Of some 1,392 contracts which were found to have been 'padded,' 978 were canceled through the dissemination of the information collected by the association. The attitude taken by the court was that such activities are not illegal. This alone would not warrant an association in attempting to deal with the matter; it remains for such an association to determine whether it is expedient to engage actively in the control of a situation which is legally permissible and which may be commercially desirable. Certainly this would become a matter of ethical concern in the sense in which the term (ethics) is used here.

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"In every case the person who is the object of the dishonest act is evidently too weak-kneed to treat the agent as he deserves: the injured party in every case is afraid to lose this or other customers, and deserves the ill-treatment he receives. Business ethics cannot solve any such problems as these. The difficulty is that most individuals are unwilling to exert themselves to the extent of securing their own rights, whether legal through the courts, or social through self-assertion and the securing of public opinion. Ethics cannot assume the burden of injecting into people the dictum that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' Obviously, in the cases above cited, there is no ethical problem involved; the case is clear. The solution of the difficulty, which lies in the actual business relationship, cannot be made by discussion or by a paper formulation.

"Business ethics can rightly and successfully concern itself only with problems in which there is an honest difference of opinion, in which an objective formulation of current standards will work toward an effective control of business methods.

"Now consider the following cases:

"1. Is any policy other than 'one price to all' buyers of equal quantities of goods ever justifiable?

"2. Should rebates be given under any circumstances?

"3. Should customers or prospective customers be 'treated'?

"These are all honestly debatable problems. They represent respectively three types of business principles. Cases 1 and 2 have been subjected to administrative control in connection with railroads and large industrial corporations. Such practices on the part of the general run of business men, however, have not been subject to legislative enactment. It is doubtful whether Case 1 ever will or should be. Hence business men face the alternative of controlling this matter by unequivocal assertions and sanctions, or of facing the possibilities of discovery by irritated customers. It would seem to be the part of businesss wisdom to prevent the latter. To accomplish the former is a distinct step in establishing ethical business principles. Merchants who fail to observe this principle would then become subject to such discipline as can be arranged by the business organization interested in establishing a reputation for conduct of the better sort.

"Case 2, involving rebates, is more likely to become the subject of legislative action. The business man here faces the alternative of controlling the matter among his own associates by men versed in such business affairs, or of allowing amateur legislatures, under the pressure of irate customers, and unwillingly at times, to attempt by statute some regulation of this practice. . . .

"Case 3, except where it reaches the form of bribery, will probably not come under legislative cognizance. In some cases business men have attempted control of what generally amounts to an evil. The giving of prizes and coupons may be listed under this category. One organization was instrumental in forcing state legislation prohibiting the giving of prizes for coupons accompanying purchases, and later successfully prosecuted an individual in the courts who violated the statute. In New Orleans merchants were plagued by this practice of 'treating,' which there went under the name of 'lagniappe.' The climax was reached when a youngster presented a 'jit' (5c.) and reported: 'My ma, she want for quartine (2½c.) beans, for quartine rice; and lagniappe pepper, salt, and butter.' It is a question whether 'treating' injures more the buyer or the seller. The former has not seen fit to boycott the practice or to legislate against it. The latter has felt the ill effects and protested against other merchants employing the practice. Circumstantial evidence seems to show that it is a matter for the seller to control. In this case an attractive feature lies in the fact that there are degrees of treating. Hence there is the possibility of determining quantitatively the exact point at which 'treating' becomes a menace to good business."

[It is anecdotes of actual happenings in this field where "there is an honest difference of opinion" that are invited for publication in these pages. Facts must be exact though names of people and places need not be given. What we wish is to show glimpses of real human beings in these United States, as they are actually conducting affairs—it being assumed that we have some practical working ideals and are a "Christian nation." THE EDITOR.]

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The Beyond

By ARKADYI AVERCHENKO

Translated by A. J. Bimstone

THE World of the supernatural is a world beautiful, alluring—but at the same time terrible in its mystery.

Few can look beyond the terrible curtain of the unknown, and those who have done so preserve in their hearts a cold weight of terror for the rest of their days, and on their heads—many extra gray hairs.

In my life there have been only three occurrences which have been entirely beyond human comprehension, and at the mere recollection of them a cold shudder runs down my spine. . . .

The first occurrence was a long time ago, in the days of my youth.

I was walking in a deserted field, when an old gypsy woman came up to me, and, glancing searchingly at my face, said:

"The gentleman will soon go on a long journey."

"How do you know?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Old Liubka knows everything," said the gypsy ominously.

Surprised at the strange prediction, I crossed her hand with silver, and she disappeared.

Three years passed. I began to forget about my walk, the gypsy and her words, when suddenly, in Autumn, I received a telegram asking me to go immediately to N——, where my uncle lived.

Full of deep foreboding I went, and on meeting my aunt at the station learned the sad news that my uncle had died the night before!

"What date is to-day?" I asked.

"The tenth."

"Amazing," I thought. "Just three years and ten days since my meeting with the gypsy. . . . How could she have known of my uncle's impending death and my aunt's wire?"

My wonder increased when my aunt, in describing my uncle's death, told me that ten minutes before he died, the old man was still alive.

This strange fact convinced me that between the two occurrences—the gypsy's prediction and my uncle's death—there was some mysterious connection which the mere human understanding was powerless to penetrate.

The second case happened quite recently. Even now, my brain reels at the thought of it, and if I had previously felt any skepticism about the supernatural, this event must have converted me.

It was the very last day one could have associated with anything mysterious—not one of your dark, terrible autumn evenings, but a bright, sunny day. I had to make some purchases, and had hired a cabman—a young beardless fellow (I remembered that well). We drove to several places, and I, deep in my own thoughts, completely forgot about the cabman and his very ordinary appearance.

The last place I went was to the bank. Quickly settling my business there, I walked back into the street, and jumping into the droshky told the cabman to drive me home.

He whipped up his horses. As he settled himself afresh on the coach-box (I shall never forget that instant), he turned,

"Where to?" he asked, peering round at me. I uttered a shriek and, terrified, covered my face with my hands. The face that was staring into mine was old, the cheeks long-bearded and bewrinkled! I plainly recollect even now that not more than two hours had elapsed between my hiring the cabman and that terrible instant when he looked at me. Whence could have appeared this big beard, mustache and wrinkles on what had been a youthful beardless face? What had happened during that period? Had scores of years rushed unnoticed past our heads, adorning the fellow with the attributes of mature age? Or, stay, perhaps the devil himself was seated on the cab, and the driver's face was but

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a mask which he changed as the mood took him.

The most amazing thing was that the old driver could no longer recollect the street where I had first engaged him, and I also thought rather strange his exaggerated salutes and bows when I paid him the two roubles on which we had agreed.

Who was my driver? As in the previous instance the mystery is impenetrable. . . . Will it ever be solved? Heaven alone knows.

The third occurrence I consider most awe-inspiring of all.

One day my maid told me that each new moon, a white figure appeared in the garret, frightening everybody by its sinister appearance.

"Nonsense," I said, smiling. "Why only when the moon is new? If it appears at all, it can appear at any time."

But the maid stuck to her statement. "Well," I said, "we shall verify it. To-night there is no new moon, and I will therefore watch and see whether your ghost comes or not."

That night, with a sinking heart, and not paying any attention to the maid,—who kept on assuring me that since there was no new moon there would be no ghost either,—I made my way to the garret.

Next day, early in the morning, scarcely able to stand, my face distorted with horror, I crept down from the garret. I could just manage to stammer out: "The maid was right . . . there was no new moon, and indeed the ghost has not appeared. It is plain, absolutely plain, that at the new moon it actually does appear."

It is now long since that inexplicable occurrence. . . . Immediately afterwards I insisted on leaving that terrible house. But even now, when I happen to recollect that night in the attic, my hair stands on end, and I strive to banish from my memory the remembrance of the night which finally convinced me of the existence of mysterious ghostly beings of another world. . . .

Ca' the Yowes

By ISOBEL PAGAN (1740-1821)

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

I

AS I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

II

"Will ye gang down the water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly."

III

"I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me."

IV

"Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie."

V

"If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie."

VI

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye sall be my dearie."

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Remembered from the Play

"The Royal Family"

Fanny Cavendish—When you're eighteen, you don't marry a man because he's dependable.

Gwen Cavendish—I'm an actress, Perry. An actress!
Perry Stewart—Oh, what does that mean! What is there to it when it's all over? Get your name in electric lights, and a fuse blows out—and where are you!

Perry Stewart—You can't compare business with acting!
Gwen Cavendish—Is that so? I can give you the names of actors and actresses of three hundred years ago—dozens of them! Name me two seventeenth-century stock brokers. *By George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, New York, 1928.*

"The Living Corpse"

Fedja—A man of my station has to follow either of these three paths in life. First of all, he may go out and make money, and thereby add to the filth in which we are living. Secondly, he may fight against the filth, but then he has got to be a hero. And lastly, he does not care about anything, and wants to forget everything, and he gives himself to drink. *By Leo N. Tolstoy, Moscow, 1906; revived, New York, 1928.*

"John Ferguson"

James Ceasar—There's people says he sold his soul to the devil.
"Clutie" John—Ah, why would the devil be buying souls when he can get millions of them for nothing?

James Ceasar—That's the cowardliest thing of all, to want to commit a sin and not have the courage to do it. *By St. John Ervine, London, 1919; revived, New York, 1928.*

"Marco Millions"

Kublai Kaan—Life is so stupid, it is mysterious.

Kublai Kaan—One should be either sad or joyful. Contentment is a warm sty for the eaters and sleepers.

Kublai Kaan—Farewell! Live! There is no other advice possible from one human being to another.

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CHU-YIN—Life is perhaps most wisely regarded as a bad dream between two awakenings, and every day is a life in miniature. Youth needs so much sleep, and old age so little. Is not that a proof that from birth to death one grows steadily closer to complete life?

By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1928.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

SHYLOCK—Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys": you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

By William Shakespeare, London, 1600; revived by George Arliss, New York, 1928.

"A FREE SOUL"

STEPHEN ASHE—Those who have never learned how to live should at least learn how to die.

By Willard Mack, New York, 1928.

"CARRY ON"

BENJAMIN ROBIE—Take the words of damnation out of the vocabulary of a modern young lady, and she'll be helpless.

By Owen Davis, New York, 1928.

"THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND"

PRINCESS ANNE—You're a good king, father—a noble king.

KING ERIC VIII.—I may just as well be a bad king, for all the difference it would make. . . . Kings and Queens and Princes and Princesses are absurd institutions—useless institutions, when you come to think about it. But some people need us—and as long as they need us, we must be on hand—to dress up, when they want us to; to patronize them, when they want us to; to marry and breed, when they want us to. We're hired entertainers, Anne. As long as we amuse the public, and don't cost them too much money, they command us to perform. When our antics begin to bore them, they throw us out. And that, my dear, is what is known as the divine right of kings.

By Robert E. Sherwood, New York, 1928.

"A DISTANT DRUM"

LYNN WILSON—No one should play cards and never lose.

By Vincent Lawrence, New York, 1928.

"MIRRORS"

MRS. NORTON—You don't know the meaning of love, my child. I am older than you are, and it's still a puzzle to me.

By Milton Herbert Gropper, New York, 1928.

"THE PATRIOT"

COUNT STROGANOFF—Count Pahlen is so great a man that he seems to have no enemies—and has, in reality, no friends.

By Alfred Neumann, Berlin, 1927; New York, 1928.

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Books in the Day's Work

An Interview with Eva Le Gallienne

By GUSTAV DAVIDSON

MISS EVA LE GALLIENNE sat before her make-up table in her New York theatre, getting herself ready for the rôle of *Sister Joanna of the Cross* in Sierra's touching comedy, "The Cradle Song."

"I have lived all my life among books," she said. "I was taught to go to them for almost everything—entertainment, example, wit, language, fortitude, adventure, etc. I still go to books for these sundry purposes, but since assuming directorship of the Civic Repertory, I have sought and found in books an additional virtue: utility. So used, and when easily accessible, books give one a most reassuring feeling of power. Having them at arm's reach, ready for service, is a satisfaction I have come to enjoy more and more lately. It's like having money in the bank and drawing on it as the need arises. There are some books that I now look upon, in my present association, as indispensable. I would not venture, for instance, to prepare a lecture, or an article on the theatre, without certain books before me which I can consult.

"On my desk are not, necessarily, the books I love most, but the books I need most—the books I refer to oftenest. I keep them handy for that reason.

"First of all, there is that very stimulating and informative *History of Theatrical Art* by Karl Mantzius, the Danish actor, in six liberal-sized volumes, handsomely illustrated.

"Then there is Barrett Clark's *Study of the Modern Drama*, an excellent guide-book, and *Who's Who*, covering the major dramatists and productions of our times. It's brim full of facts. Almost encyclopædic.

"A favourite of mine is *The Mask*, the theatre journal founded by Gordon Craig and printed in Florence, Italy. It is no longer published, I believe. I have the first three volumes in the large format, as well as scattered subsequent numbers in the smaller size. They make, together, an invaluable source of memorabilia of the theatre. I dip into the volumes ever so often. The wood-cuts and illustrations are unique.

"I read Stanislavski's *My Life in Art* continually. It's more than a biography. It's a creative and prophetic commentary on the theatre and its significance. I consider it one of the best books in the field.

"Let me not forget to mention Burns Mantle's *Year Book of the Drama*. I find this extremely serviceable.

"I think every true theatre-lover is an admirer of Walt Whitman. I adore him. His *Leaves of Grass* is more often under my arm than on my desk. What an amazing man he was! There, you see, is his portrait on the wall. I rarely let him out of my sight. Whitman, truly, is my daily bread. In a minute I am out with him on the open road. Because of him, I have taken life to my heart again and again, when otherwise I might have let go. He chastens and exhilarates. He communicates vitality, joy, hunger for freedom. He is fierce and fearless. *He* never lets go. He is drama in flesh.

"I am also a great admirer of Schopenhauer, who is, one might say, at the antipodes of Whitman. Yet, strangely enough, I emerge from every reading of this philosopher with a keen zest for life. Perhaps that is my own peculiar reaction. But it seems to me that philosophy of whatever kind, however pessimistic in trend, encourages rather than discourages to a love of life in all but cowards. After putting down Schopenhauer's most disheartening essays, I feel refreshed. I want to run into a garden and dance on the grass. He drains every atom of gloom out of me.

"Another book that is always before me is William James' *On Some of Life's Ideals*. I have read William James ever since I came of age, intellectually. He is profound to lucidity. His thoughts are like running water to a thirsty and confused soul come out of a desert. In my humble

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opinion, America has yet to produce another philosopher his equal.

"I have, of course, all the plays we produce here at the Civic Repertory: Ibsen's works, the comedies of Goldoni, the plays of Shakespeare, Benavente, Heijermans, Chekhov, Wied, J. J. Bernard, Sierra, etc. Some in the original, some in translations, some in both versions. All the books are within arm's-length reach—a comfort to the eye by their mere physical nearness. I read Ibsen in the original (my mother is doing a translation of *Hedda Gabler* for me). My French is as good as, or better than, my English, so the French dramatists are with me in their native language. I read Russian (I acquired it in the most complicated fashion), but I do not read Spanish. I came across Sierra in Underhill's translation. I was browsing around in a book shop, and opened, casually, a volume containing *The Cradle Song*. 'Here's a play I must do some day,' I said. And so I have.

"Books are more than literature. They are, when great and useful, life. They are not merely an escape; they are a fulfilment."

Song to the Wind

An Ode by a Sixth Century Welsh Bard

By TALIESIN

DISCOVER thou what is
The strong creature from before the flood,
Without flesh, without bone,
Without vein, without blood,
Without head, without feet;
It will neither be older nor younger
Than at the beginning;
For fear of a denial,
These are no rude wants
With creatures.
Great God! how the sea whitens
When first it comes!
Great are its gusts
When it comes from the south;
Great are its evaporations
When it strikes on coasts.
It is in the field, it is in the wood,
Without hand and without foot,
Without signs of old age,
Though it be co-eval
With the five ages or periods;
And older still,
Though they be numberless years.
It is also so wide;
As the surface of the earth;
And it was not born,
Nor was it seen.
It will cause consternation
Wherever God willeth.
On sea, and on land,
It neither sees, nor is seen.
Its course is devious,
And it will not come when desired.
On land and on sea
It is indispensable.
It is without an equal,
It is four-sided;
It is not confined,
It is incomparable;
It comes from four quarters;
It will not be advised,
It will not be without advice.
It commences its journey
Above the marble rock.
It is sonorous, it is dumb,
It is mild,
It is strong, it is bold,
When it glances over the land.
It is silent, it is vocal,
It is clamorous,
It is the most noisy
On the face of the earth.
It is good, it is bad,
It is extremely injurious.
It is concealed,
Because sight cannot perceive it.
It is noxious, it is beneficial;
It is yonder, it is here;
It will discompose,
But will not repair the injury;
It will not suffer for its doings,
Seeing it is blameless.
It is wet, it is dry,
It frequently comes,
Proceeding from the heat of the sun,
And the coldness of the moon.
The moon is less beneficial,
Inasmuch as her heat is less.
One Being has prepared it,
Out of all creatures,
By a tremendous blast,
To wreak vengeance
On Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

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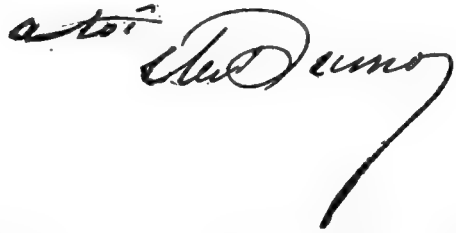
The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS



CHAPTER XI

THE "SUFFREN"

CONTRARY to the usual habits of a court, the secret had been faithfully kept by Louis XVI. and the Comte d'Artois. No one knew at what time or in what manner Monsieur de Suffren would arrive.

The king had announced a card party for the evening; and at seven o'clock he entered with the princes and princesses of his family. The queen came, holding by the hand the Princess Royal, then only seven years old. The assembly was numerous and brilliant. During the preliminaries of the meeting, while all were taking their places, the Comte d'Artois softly approached the queen, and said, "Look around you carefully, sister."

"Well?"

"What do you see?"

The queen looked all around, and seeing friends everywhere, among them Andrée and her brother, said, "I see only very agreeable faces,—the faces of friends."

"Rather, then, whom do you not see?"

"Ah, it is indeed true!" she cried.

The Comte d'Artois laughed.

"Again absent," resumed the queen. "Ah! shall I always thus put him to flight?"

"It is not that," said the Comte d'Artois; "it is only a continuation of the joke. Monsieur de Provence has gone to wait at the barrier for Monsieur de Suffren."

"Well, I do not see why you laugh at that; he has been the most cunning, after all, and will be the first to receive, and pay his compliments to this gentleman."

"Come, dear sister," replied the young prince, laughing, "you have a very mean opinion of our diplomacy. Monsieur de Provence has gone to meet him at Fontainebleau, but we have sent some one to meet him at Villejuif; so that my brother will waste his time at the barrier, while our messenger will conduct Monsieur de Suffren straight to Versailles, without passing through Paris at all."

"That is excellently imagined."

"It is not bad, I flatter myself; but make up your game, sister."

There were at the moment in the card-room at least a hundred persons of the highest rank,—including Monsieur de Condé, Monsieur de Penthièvre, Monsieur de Trémouille, and the princesses.

The king alone noticed that Monsieur d'Artois was making the queen laugh, and guessing what it was about, gave them a significant glance, to show that he shared their amusement.

The news of the arrival of Monsieur de Suffren had been suppressed, as we have said; but there was a general, undefined anticipation of some unusual event, and all minds were preoccupied and expectant. Even the king, who was in the habit of playing six-franc pieces, in order to moderate the play of the court, placed on the table all the money he had in his pockets, without intending to do so. The queen, however, playing her part with more skill, diverted attention by her pretended interest in the game.

Philippe, admitted to the party, and placed opposite his sister, was absorbed in thoughts of the astounding, stupefying degree of favour unexpectedly shown to him. The words of his father recurred to his mind. He asked himself if, indeed, this old man who had seen so much of courts was not right. He asked himself if that puritanism which confines itself to a religious adoration was not an additional absurdity which he had brought from a foreign land. This queen, so charming, so beautiful, and so friendly toward him, was she indeed only a terrible coquette, anxious to add one lover more to her list, as the entomologist transfixes a new insect or a butterfly, without thinking of the tortures of the poor creature whose heart he is piercing? "Coigny, Vaudreuil," he repeated to himself, "they have loved the queen, and have been loved by her; oh, why does this calumny haunt me so, or why will not some ray of light illumine that profound abyss, a woman's heart,—still more profound when it is the heart of a queen?"

Then Philippe turned his eyes to the other end of the table, where, by a strange chance, these gentlemen were sitting side by side, and both apparently forgetful of, and insensible to, the presence of the queen. He said to himself that it was impossible that these men could have loved and be so calm, or that they could have been loved, and could be so forgetful. Oh, were it he the queen loved, he should go wild with joy; if after loving him she were to forget him, he would kill himself in despair. From Messieurs de Coigny and de Vaudreuil, Philippe turned to look at Marie Antoinette herself. He interrogated that brow so pure, that mouth so imperious, that look so majestic; he sought in the

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charms of the woman to discover the secret of the queen. "Oh, no! calumnies, calumnies! only vague rumours, beginning to circulate among the people, to which the hatreds, the interests, and the intrigues of the court alone give any stability."

Philippe was at this point in his reflections when the clock in the guard-room struck a quarter to eight. At the same moment a loud noise was heard; there were hurried steps; the butts of muskets struck the floor; a confusion of voices heard through the half-open door attracted the attention of the king, who threw back his head to listen, and then made a sign to the queen. She understood the sign, and immediately broke up the game. The players, gathering up the money, awaited some indication from the queen. The queen entered the large reception-hall, whither the king had already gone.

An aide-de-camp of Monsieur de Castries, Minister of the Navy, approached the king and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"Very well," replied the king. Then turning to the queen, he added, "All goes well."

Every one questioned his neighbour with a glance, —the "All goes well" giving them much to think of.

Suddenly Monsieur le Maréchal de Castries entered the hall, saying, in a loud voice, "Will your Majesty receive Monsieur le Bailli de Suffren, who has just arrived from Toulon?"

At that name, uttered in a loud, joyous, and triumphant tone, an indescribable tumult arose in the assembly.

"Yes, Monsieur," replied the king; "and with great pleasure."

Monsieur de Castries left the hall. The whole company made a movement toward the door by which he had disappeared.

To explain this interest in Monsieur de Suffren, and why king, queen, princes, and ministers contended who should be the first to receive him, a few words will suffice.

Suffren is a name essentially French, like Turenne, like Catinat, like Jean Bart. Since the last war with England, Monsieur de Suffren had fought seven great naval battles, without sustaining a defeat. He had taken Trincomalee and Gondalore, assured the French possession, scoured the seas, and taught the nabob Hyder Ali that France was the first power in Europe. He had carried into his profession all the skill of an able diplomatist, all the bravery and all the strategy of a soldier, and all the prudence of a wise ruler. Hardy, indefatigable, and proud when the honour of the French flag was in question, he had harassed the English, by land and by sea, till even those proud sailors never dared to complete a victory partially won, or to try an attack on Suffren when the lion showed his teeth. But after the battle in which he risked his life like the meanest sailor, he ever showed himself humane, generous, and compassionate. We will not attempt to describe the noise and enthusiasm which his arrival at Versailles elicited from the gentlemen invited to this assembly.

Suffren was now about fifty-six years of age, stout and short, with an eye of fire, and a noble carriage; like a man accustomed to surmount all difficulties, he had dressed in his traveling-carriage. He wore a blue coat embroidered with gold, a red waistcoat, and blue trousers. He had retained the military stiff cravat over which his massive chin rounded itself as the necessary complement of his colossal head. When he had entered the guard-room, some one whispered a word to Monsieur de Castries, who was impatiently walking back and forth, and who immediately cried out, "Monsieur de Suffren, gentlemen!" Immediately the guards, seizing their muskets, drew themselves up in line as if to receive the king of France; and de Suffren having passed them, they formed behind him, in good order, four by four, as if to serve him as an escort. He, pressing the hands of Monsieur de Castries, sought to embrace him. But the Minister of the Navy gently repelled him. "No, no, Monsieur," said he; "no, I will not take the pleasure of first embracing you from one who is more worthy of that honour than myself." And he conducted Monsieur de Suffren into the presence of Louis XVI.

"Monsieur de Suffren!" cried the king, with a radiant countenance. "Welcome to Versailles. You bring to it glory; you bring to it all that heroes give to their contemporaries on earth. I do not speak to you of the future; that is your property. Embrace me, Monsieur de Suffren."

Monsieur de Suffren had already bent his knee. The king raised him and embraced him so cordially that a prolonged murmur of joy and triumph ran through the assembly. But for the respect due to the king, all present would have broken out in shouts of applause.

The king turned toward the queen. "Madame," said he, "this is Monsieur de Suffren, the conqueror of Trincomalee and of Gondalore, the terror of the English,—my own Jean Bart."

"Monsieur," said the queen, "I wish you to know that you have not fired a shot for the glory of France but my heart has beat with admiration and gratitude."

When she ceased, the Comte d'Artois approached with his son, the Duc d'Angoulême. "My son," said he, "you see a hero; look at him well, for it is a rare sight."

"Monseigneur," replied the young prince, "I have read about the great men in Plutarch, but I could not see them; I thank you for showing me Monsieur de Suffren."

The young duke might know, from the murmur of approbation which he heard around him, that he had said something that would not soon be forgotten.

The king now took the arm of Monsieur de Suffren, in order to lead him to his study, and talk to him of his travels; but he made a respectful resistance.

"Sire," said he, "will you permit me, since your Majesty has shown me so much goodness—"

"Oh, whatever you wish, Monsieur."

"Sire, one of my officers has committed so grave a fault against discipline, that I thought your Majesty ought to be sole judge of the offence."

"Oh, Monsieur de Suffren, I hoped your first request would be for a favour, and not for a punishment."

"Your Majesty, as I have had the honour to say, shall judge what ought to be done. In the last battle the officer of whom I speak was on board the *Sévère*."

"Oh, the ship that struck her flag," cried the king, frowning.

"Yes, Sire, the captain of the *Sévère* had indeed struck his flag, and already the English admiral had despatched a boat to take possession of his prize, when the lieutenant in command of the guns of the middle deck, perceiving that the firing above had ceased, and having received orders to stop his own fire, went on deck. He saw the flag lowered, and the captain ready to surrender. I ask your Majesty's pardon, Sire; but at this sight all his French blood revolted. He seized the flag, which lay within reach, caught up a hammer, ordered all hands to resume firing, and climbing aloft, nailed the flag to the mast, close under the pennant. It was by this action, Sire, that the *Sévère* was preserved to your Majesty."

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"A splendid action!" cried the king and queen, at once.

"Yes, Sire; yes, Madame; but a grave fault against discipline. The order had been given by the captain, and the lieutenant ought to have obeyed; I, however, ask for the pardon of the officer, and with the greater earnestness, as he is my own nephew."

"Your nephew!" cried the king, "and you have never mentioned him?"

"Not to you, Sire, but I made my report to the Minister of the Navy, begging him not to speak of the matter to your Majesty until I had obtained pardon for the offender."

"Granted! granted!" exclaimed the king; "and I promise my protection to every disobedient person who shall thus vindicate the honour of the flag and of the king of France. You should have presented that officer to me, Monsieur de Suffren."

"He is here," said De Suffren; "and since your Majesty permits—" He turned around. "Approach, Monsieur de Charny," he said.

The queen started. This name awakened in her mind a recollection too recent to be effaced.

Then a young officer stepped forth from a group formed near Monsieur de Suffren, and suddenly appeared before the king.

The queen had made a movement to go forward to meet the young man, roused to enthusiasm as she was by the recital of his noble action. But when she saw the officer whom Monsieur de Suffren was presenting to the king, and heard his name, she paused, turned pale, and uttered a slight murmur.

Mademoiselle de Taverney also turned pale and looked anxiously at the queen.

As for Monsieur de Charny, without seeing anything, without showing any other emotion but that of respect, he bowed before the king, who gave him his hand to kiss; then he returned, modest and trembling, to the circle of officers, who loudly congratulated him and overwhelmed him with attentions.

There was, then, a moment of silence and emotion, during which one might have seen the king radiant, the queen smiling and undecided, Monsieur de Charny with downcast eyes, and Philippe, who had not failed to notice the emotion of the queen, anxious and inquiring.

"Come, come," said the king, at last,—"come, Monsieur de Suffren, come and talk with me; I am eager to hear you and prove to you how much I have thought of you."

"Sire, so much goodness—"

"Oh, you shall see my charts, Monsieur de Suffren; you shall see that every phase of your expedition was foreseen or planned in advance, in my solicitude. Come, come." Then after going a few steps, dragging Monsieur de Suffren with him, he suddenly turned to the queen, "By the by, Madame," he said, "I am about to have built, as you know, a vessel of one hundred guns; I have changed my mind as to its name. Instead of calling it as we had agreed, is it not, Madame—"

Marie Antoinette, being somewhat restored to self-possession, instantly caught the king's idea. "Yes, yes," said she, "we will call it the *Suffren*, and I will stand sponsor, together with Monsieur de Suffren."

Shouts, until then restrained, burst forth wildly, "Long live the king! long live the queen!"

"And long live the *Suffren*!" added the king, with exquisite delicacy; for no one could shout, "Long live Monsieur de Suffren!" in presence of the king, while the most careful observers of etiquette might cry, "Long live his Majesty's ship!"

"Long live the *Suffren*!" repeated, therefore, the whole assemblage with enthusiasm.

The king made a sign to thank them for having so quickly caught his meaning, and led Monsieur de Suffren away with him.

CHAPTER XII

MONSIEUR DE CHARNY

As soon as the king had disappeared, all the princes and princesses in the room grouped themselves about the queen.

Monsieur de Suffren had made a sign requesting his nephew to await his return; and with a low bow of assent, he remained in the group as before.

The queen, who had exchanged with Andrée many significant glances, hardly lost sight of the young man, and every time she looked at him she said to herself, "It is he, certainly."

To which Mademoiselle de Taverney replied in pantomime in such a way as to leave no doubt in the queen's mind, for it meant, "Oh, good Heavens! Madame; it is he, it is certainly he!"

Philippe, as we have before said, noticed this preoccupation of the queen; he saw it, and if he did not actually understand its cause, at least he had a vague sense of it.

Those who love are never mistaken in the impression they receive from those they love. He guessed therefore that the queen had just been affected by some mysterious event unknown to everybody but herself and Andrée.

Indeed, the queen had been confused, and sought refuge behind her fan,—she who usually made every one lower their eyes before her.

While the young man was wondering what this preoccupation of the queen could mean; while he was trying to read the countenances of Coigny and Vaudreuil to assure himself that they were not concerned in the mystery, and observing that they were very much occupied in talking with Monsieur de Haga, who had come to Versailles to present himself to their Majesties,—a personage, clothed in the majestic robe of a cardinal, followed by officers and prelates, entered the salon.

The queen recognized Monsieur Louis de Rohan; she saw him crossing the room, and immediately she turned away her head without even taking the trouble to conceal the frown upon her brow.

The prelate passed by the whole company without saluting any one, and came straight to the queen, before whom he bowed, as a man of the world saluting a lady rather than as a subject saluting a queen. Then he addressed a very gallant compliment to her Majesty, who scarcely turned her head, murmured two or three cold words of ceremony, and resumed her conversation with Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Polignac.

Prince Louis appeared not to notice the chilling reception of the queen. He made his bows, turned away without haste, and with the grace of a perfect courtier addressed himself to the aunts of the king, with whom he conversed a long time, receiving from them a reception as cordial as that of the queen had been cold.

Cardinal Louis de Rohan was a man in the prime of life, of imposing figure, and of noble bearing; his face shone with intelligence and gentleness; his mouth was well cut and handsome; and his hands were beautiful. A premature baldness indicated either a man of pleasure or a man devoted to study,—and he was both. He was much sought after by women, who liked his gallantry, dignified and

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quiet; he was noted for his magnificence. He had, indeed, found a way to feel himself poor with an income of sixteen hundred thousand francs.

The king liked him because he was learned; the queen, on the contrary, hated him. The reasons for this hate were twofold: first, when ambassador to Vienna, he had written to Louis XV. letters so full of sarcasm on Maria Theresa that her daughter had never forgiven him; and he had also written letters opposing her marriage, which had been read aloud by Louis XV. at a supper at Madame Dubarry's. The embassy at Vienna had been taken from Monsieur de Breteuil and given to Monsieur de Rohan. The former gentleman, not strong enough to avenge himself alone, had procured copies of these letters, which he had laid before the dauphiness, thus making her the eternal enemy of Monsieur de Rohan.

This hatred rendered the cardinal's position at court not a little uncomfortable. Every time he presented himself before the queen he met with the same discouraging reception. In spite of this he neglected no occasion of being near her, for which he had frequent opportunities, as he was chaplain to the court; and he never complained of the treatment he received. A circle of friends, among whom the Baron de Planta, a German officer, was the most intimate, helped to console him for these royal rebuffs, not to speak of the ladies of the court, who by no means imitated the severity of the queen toward him.

The cardinal had just passed as a shadow over the pleasing picture which the queen saw in imagination. When he was gone, therefore, Marie Antoinette recovered her serenity, and said to Madame de Lamballe, "Do you not think that this action of the nephew of Monsieur de Suffren is one of the most remarkable during the war? By the way, what is his name?"

"Monsieur de Charny, I believe," replied the princess; "was it not, Mademoiselle de Taverney?" she said, turning to Andrée.

"Yes, your Highness," replied Andrée.

"Monsieur de Charny shall describe it to us himself," said the queen; "is he still here? Let him be sought for."

An officer who stood near hastened to obey her. At the same instant, on looking round, she saw Philippe, and said impatiently, "Monsieur de Taverney, why do you not search?"

Philippe coloured, and went to find the happy officer; as he had not lost sight of him since his presentation, his task was not difficult.

Monsieur de Charny appeared immediately between the two messengers, and the circle around the queen made room for him to approach; the queen had then an opportunity to examine him more attentively than had been possible the evening before.

He was a young man, about twenty-eight years of age, tall, and well made; his face, animated and yet sweet, took a character of singular energy when he spoke and dilated his large blue eyes; and he was, strange to say of one who had been fighting in India, as fair as Philippe was dark.

When he approached the group, in the center of which stood the queen, de Charny gave not the slightest intimation that he recognized either Mademoiselle de Taverney or the queen herself. Surrounded by officers asking all sorts of questions, to which he civilly replied, he seemed to forget that there was a king who had spoken to him, or a queen who had looked favourably upon him.

That politeness, that reserve, was of a kind to elicit still further interest on the part of the queen, herself so careful in all that related to social usages. It was not only that he concealed from others his surprise on meeting so unexpectedly the lady of the fiacre; he even rose to that height of gallantry that he would, if he could, allow the lady to believe herself unrecognized.

"Monsieur de Charny," said the queen, "these ladies have the wish—a wish quite natural, which I share with them—to hear about the affair of the ship in all its particulars. Tell us about it, I beg of you."

"Madame," replied the young officer, in the midst of a profound silence, "I beg your Majesty to spare me the recital, not from modesty, but from humanity. What I did as lieutenant of the *Sévère* a dozen other officers doubtless wished to do, only I was the first to put it in execution; and it is not worthy being made the subject of a narration to your Majesty. Besides, the captain of the *Sévère* is a brave officer, who on that day lost his presence of mind. Alas, Madame! we all know that the most courageous are not always equally brave. He wanted but ten minutes to recover himself; my determination not to surrender gave him this breathing time. His natural courage returned to him, and from that moment he showed himself the bravest of us all. Therefore, I beg your Majesty not to exaggerate the merit of my action, and thereby crush this deserving officer, who deplores incessantly the forgetfulness of a single moment."

"Right!" said the queen, touched, and radiant with joy at hearing the murmur of satisfaction which the generous words of the young officer had raised about her; "you are a true gentleman, Monsieur de Charny, and such I already knew you to be."

The young man coloured, and looked almost affrightedly at Andrée, fearing what the queen's rash generosity might lead her to say.

"For," continued the intrepid queen, "I must tell you all that this is not the first time I have heard of Monsieur de Charny, who deserves to be known and admired by all ladies." It was at once perceived that the queen was about to relate a story, from which every one might glean either some petty scandal or some little secret. They made a circle, therefore, and listened in silence.

"You must know," said the queen, "that Monsieur de Charny is as considerate toward the ladies as he is pitiless toward the English. I have heard a little story about him which, I tell you in advance, does him the greatest honour, in my opinion."

"Oh, Madame!" stammered the young man, who felt as if he would have given a year of his life to be back in India.

It may readily be imagined that the words of the queen, uttered in the presence of him whom they concerned, only redoubled curiosity.

"This, then, is it," continued the queen, to her eager listeners: "Two ladies, whom I know, were detained out late, and became embarrassed in a crowd; they ran a great risk, a real danger threatened them. Happily, Monsieur de Charny passed by at the moment; he dispersed the crowd, and although the two ladies were unknown to him, and it was impossible to recognize their rank, he took them under his protection and escorted them a long way, —ten leagues from Paris, I believe."

"Oh, your Majesty exaggerates!" said Monsieur de Charny, laughing, and now quite reassured.

"Well, we will call it five," said the Comte d'Artois, suddenly joining in the conversation.

"Let it be five, then, brother," said the queen; "but the most admirable part of the story is that Monsieur de Charny did not seek to know even the names of these ladies whom he had served; but left them at the place where they wished to stop, and

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went away without even looking back, so that they escaped from his protecting hands without even a moment's disquietude."

All exclaimed, admired. De Charny was complimented by twenty ladies at once.

"This was noble, was it not?" added the queen; "a knight of the Round Table could not have done better."

"It was superb!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Monsieur de Charny, as the king will doubtless take upon himself to reward Monsieur de Suffren, your uncle, I, for my part, wish to do something for the nephew of that great man."

As she spoke she held out her hand to him, and Charny, pale with joy, pressed his lips to this beautiful hand, while Philippe, pale with grief, looked on from an obscure corner.

Andrée had also turned pale, and yet she could not conceive all that her brother was suffering.

The voice of Monsieur d'Artois interrupted this scene, saying loudly, "Ah, Provence! you come too late! you have missed a fine sight, the reception of Monsieur de Suffren. Really, it was one that a Frenchman can never forget. How the devil did it happen that you were not here,—you, brother, who are noted for your punctuality?"

Monsieur de Provence bit his lips with vexation, bowed absently to the queen, and replied in words without special significance. Then he whispered to Monsieur de Favras, his captain of the guards, "How does it happen that Monsieur de Suffren is at Versailles?"

"Ah, Monseigneur! I have been asking myself that question for the last hour, and have not yet found an answer."

CHAPTER XIII

THE HUNDRED LOUIS

Now that we have introduced to our readers the principal characters of this history, or rather have renewed their acquaintance with them; now that we have taken them, both into the private house of the Comte d'Artois, and into the king's palace at Versailles,—we will return to that house in the Rue Saint Claude where we saw the queen enter incognito, accompanied by Mademoiselle Andrée de Taverney.

We left Madame de La Motte counting over, in great delight, the fifty double louis which had fallen to her so miraculously from the sky,—fifty beautiful double louis, each worth forty-eight francs, which, spread out on the poor table, seemed by their aristocratic presence to intensify the poverty of the humble garret. After the pleasure of possessing, Madame de La Motte knew no greater than that of displaying. The possession was of no value if it did not excite envy. For some time it had been repugnant to her feelings that her maid was acquainted with her poverty; she now hastened to confide to her this good fortune. She called Dame Clotilde, who was still in the antechamber, and placed the lamp in such a position that the gold would shine with brilliancy on the table.

When she entered, "Come and look here!" said her mistress.

"Oh, Madame!" cried the old woman, clasping her hands in astonishment.

"You were uneasy about your wages," said the countess.

"Oh, Madame! I never said that; I only asked Madame if she could pay me, which was very natural, as I had received nothing for three months."

"Do you think there is enough there to pay you?"

"Oh, Madame! if I had all that I should be rich for the rest of my life."

Madame de La Motte looked at the old woman, shrugging her shoulders with a movement of inexpressible disdain.

"It is very fortunate," she said, "that certain persons have some recollection of the name I bear, while those who ought to remember it seem to forget it."

"But in what way will Madame spend all this money?"

"In every way."

"The first thing, I think, Madame, will be to furnish the kitchen; for you will have good dinners cooked now, will you not,—now that you have money?"

"Listen!" said Madame de La Motte; "some one knocks."

"Madame is mistaken," said the old woman, always economical of her steps.

"But I tell you it is so; go at once."

"I heard nothing."

"Yes; as you heard nothing a little while ago. Well! Suppose the two ladies had gone away without entering?"

This reasoning seemed to convince Clotilde, who started for the door.

"Do you hear now?" cried Madame de La Motte.

"Ah, it is true; I am going, I am going."

Madame de La Motte hastily gathered up her money, and put it into a drawer, murmuring, "Oh, if Providence will but send me another hundred louis!" And these words were spoken with an expression of such irreverent cupidity that they would have made Voltaire smile. Then she heard the steps of a man below, but could not distinguish what he said. Soon, however, the door opened, and Clotilde came in with a letter.

The countess examined it attentively, and asked, "Was this brought by a servant?"

"Yes, Madame."

"In livery?"

"No, Madame."

"I know these arms," said Jeanne to herself, glancing again at the seal. Then, bringing it to the lamp,—"Gules with nine mascles *or*. Who, then, bears gules with nine mascles *or?* But the letter will tell," and opening it, she read: "Madame, the person whom you have solicited will see you to-morrow evening, if it be agreeable to you to open your door." And that was all.

"I have written to so many people," thought the countess. "Let me reflect a little; to whom have I written? To every one. Is this a man or a woman? The writing is no guide, nor is the style; it might come from either." Then she repeated, "'the person whom you have solicited'—the phrase shows a purpose to humiliate,—it is certainly from a woman. '—If it be agreeable to you to open your door.' A woman would have said, 'Will expect you to-morrow evening,'—it is a man. And yet those ladies came here yesterday, and certainly they were of high rank. No signature— Who, then, bears gules with nine mascles *or?* Oh!" she broke out, "have I lost my head?—the Rohans, *pardieu!* Yes, I wrote to Monsieur de Guémenée, and to Monsieur de Rohan; one of them has answered. But the shield is not quartered,—it is therefore the cardinal. Ah, Monsieur de Rohan! the man of gallantry, the ladies' man, the man of ambition. He will come to see Madame de La Motte, if Madame de La Motte will open her door to him. Good! he need not be anxious; the door will be open. And when? To-morrow evening." She paused

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and reflected. "A sister of charity, who gives a hundred louis, may be received in a garret, freeze in my cold room, and suffer on my chairs, as hard as Saint Lawrence's gridiron, though without fire; but a clerical prince, a ladies' man,—that is quite another thing. The misery visited by such an almoner must be attended by more luxury than some among those called rich can easily afford."

Then turning to Clotilde, who was getting her bed ready, she said, "Be sure to call me early to-morrow morning." Then, doubtless that she might meditate more quietly, she made a sign to the old woman to leave her.

Clotilde stirred up the fire, which had been covered with ashes to give the room a more miserable appearance, and retired to the loft in which she slept.

Jeanne de Valois, instead of sleeping, was making plans all night long. She took notes in pencil by the light of the night-lamp; then, having arranged her programme for the next day, she allowed herself, toward three o'clock in the morning, to sink into a sleep from which Clotilde, who had slept very little more than she, came, in obedience to her orders, to rouse her at break of day. Toward eight o'clock she had finished her toilet, which consisted of an elegant silk gown and tasteful head-dress. Her shoes were such as were suitable both for the lady of rank and for the pretty woman; she wore a patch on her left cheek. She sent to the Rue Pont-au-Choux for a two-wheeled chaise. She would have preferred a sedan-chair, but it would have been necessary to send to a great distance for one.

This rolling chair was drawn by a robust Auvergnese, who was ordered to leave Madame at the Place Royale, where, under the arcades on the southern side, on the ground-floor of an old deserted mansion, was the shop of Monsieur Fingret, an upholsterer, who had second-hand furniture for sale and to let at the lowest prices.

The Auvergnese wheeled his customer rapidly from the Rue Saint Claude to the Place Royale; so that ten minutes after setting out the countess reached the warehouses of Monsieur Fingret, where we shall find her presently admiring and choosing, in a kind of pandemonium of which we will endeavour to give a sketch.

Let the reader imagine warehouses fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, with a height of seventeen feet; upon the walls tapestries of the reign of Henri IV, and Louis XIII; the ceilings hidden by the number of objects suspended,—chandeliers of the seventeenth century side by side with stuffed lizards, church lamps, and flying fishes.

On the floor were piles of carpeting and matting, furniture with twisted pillars and square feet, buffets of carved oak, Louis XV consoles with gilt claws, sofas covered with rose-coloured damask or Utrecht velvet, couches, capacious easy-chairs of leather, such as Sully liked, ebony wardrobes with panels in relief and brass mouldings, Boule tables with porcelain or enamelled tops, complete toilet-sets, desks inlaid with designs of musical instruments or flowers, and bedsteads in rosewood or in oak, with canopies. Curtains of every shape, of every design, of every kind of stuff, are hanging in confusion, their colours harmonizing or contrasting in every part of the warehouse. There were harpsichords, spinnets, harps, lyres, upon a table, and one might see the dog of Marlborough, stuffed, with eyes of enamel. Then there was linen of every quality; dresses were to be seen hanging side by side with velvet coats, and swords with hilts of steel, silver, or mother-of-pearl. There were candlesticks, ancestral portraits, engravings, and all the imitations of Vernet, who was then in vogue,—that Vernet to whom the queen said so gracefully and so wittily, "Decidedly, Monsieur Vernet, you are the only one in France who can make both rain and fine weather."

CHAPTER XIV

MONSIEUR FINGRET

Madame de La Motte, once admitted to view all these riches, understood for the first time how much she needed in the Rue Saint Claude. She needed a drawing-room to hold sofas and easy-chairs; a dining-room for tables and sideboards; a boudoir for Persian curtains, screens, and pretty tables; in short, what she needed most, if she had the drawing-room, dining-room, and boudoir, was money to buy furniture to put in this new apartment.

But with the upholsterers of Paris there has always been an opportunity for easy transactions, and we have never heard it said that a young and pretty woman had died on the threshold of a door which she was unable to get opened for her. In Paris, what one cannot buy he can hire, and it is the renters of furnished apartments who have given rise to the proverb, "To see is to have."

Madame de La Motte, in the hope of securing a suitable apartment, chose, after measuring some of the articles, a set of furniture of yellow silk with gilt nails, which had pleased her at first sight. She was a brunette.

But this set of furniture of ten pieces could never find room in the fifth story in the Rue Saint Claude. In order to arrange everything it would be necessary to hire the third story,—consisting of an antechamber, dining-room, parlour, and bedroom. She might, she thought, receive on the third story the alms of cardinals, and on the fifth those of the bureaux of charity,—that is to say, receive in luxury those who give from ostentation, and in poverty the offerings of prejudiced persons who prefer giving to those only who are in need.

The countess, having made her decision, turned her eyes toward the obscurer portion of the warehouse,—that is, toward the place where the most splendid things were displayed. There she saw, standing hat in hand, with an impatient manner, the figure of a Parisian citizen, who twirled a key with his fingers and looked at her with a slight smile of condescension. That worthy man was no other than Monsieur Fingret himself, to whom his clerks had announced her arrival.

The same clerks might now be seen in the court-yard, occupied in the renovating of old furniture. Monsieur Fingret, fearing that his customer might observe the operations of his clerks and thus gain an insight into his methods prejudicial to his interests, closed the door which opened into the court-yard,—"for fear the dust might blind Madame——"

That "Madame—" was an interrogation.

"Madame la Comtesse de La Motte Valois," replied Jeanne, carelessly.

Monsieur Fingret, on hearing this high-sounding title, put his key in his pocket and approached the countess. "Oh!" said he, "there is nothing here suitable for Madame; I have furniture that is new, beautiful, magnificent. Madame la Comtesse must not imagine that the house of Fingret has not as handsome furniture as the king's upholsterer. Leave all this, Madame, if you please, and let me show you the other warehouse."

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Jeanne coloured. All this had seemed so splendid to her,—too splendid even to hope to possess it; and Monsieur Fingret's exalted opinion of her perplexed her not a little. She regretted that she had not announced herself as a simple bourgeoise; but a skilful mind can withdraw with advantage from the most awkward situations.

"Nothing new, Monsieur," she said; "I do not want it."

"Madame has doubtless some friend's apartments to furnish."

"Precisely," she replied, "a friend's apartment. Now, you understand that for a friend's apartment——"

"Certainly,—if Madame will but choose," said Monsieur Fingret, who had no pride to prevent his selling old furniture instead of new, if he could make as much money on it.

"This set," said Jeanne, pointing to the one in yellow silk.

"Oh, but that is such a small set, Madame; there are only ten pieces."

"The chamber is not large," replied the countess.

"It is nearly new, as Madame may see."

"Yes,—for second-hand."

"Certainly," said Monsieur Fingret, smiling; "but, in short, such as it is, it is worth eight hundred francs."

That price made the countess tremble; and how was she to confess that the heiress of the Valois was content with second-hand things, and then could not afford to pay eight hundred francs for them. She thought the best thing to do was to appear angry. "Why," she said, "who thinks of buying, Monsieur? How could you imagine that I would buy such trash? I only want to hire."

Fingret made a grimace,—his customer began gradually to lose her value in his eyes. It was no longer a question of selling new furniture, or even old; the transaction had dwindled to a mere hiring. "You wish it for a year?" he asked.

"No, for only a month. It is for some one coming from the country."

"It will be one hundred francs a month."

"You jest, surely, Monsieur; why, in eight months I should have paid the full price of it."

"Granted, Madame la Comtesse."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, then, Madame, if it belongs to you it will no longer belong to me; and I shall not have the trouble of repairing it, and making it new again,—which costs money."

Madame de La Motte reflected: "One hundred francs a month is very dear, certainly; but either I can return it at the end of that time, and say it is too dear, or I shall then perhaps be in a situation to buy. I thought of spending five, or six, hundred francs; let us do things in style, and spend three hundred."

"I will take it," she said, "with curtains to match."

"Yes, Madame."

"And carpets?"

"Here they are."

"What can you give me for another room?"

"These oak chairs, this table with twisted legs, and green damask curtains."

"Good: and for a bedroom?"

"A large and handsome bed, a counterpane of velvet, embroidered in rose-colour and silver, excellent mattresses, blue curtains, and chimney ornaments in the Gothic style, but richly gilt."

"And for the dressing-room?"

"A toilet-table, hung with Mechlin lace; a chest of drawers, delicately ornamented with inlaid wood; a chiffonnier to match; sofa and chairs, covered with tapestry, and elegant fire-irons from the bedroom of Madame de Pompadour at Choissy."

"All this for what price?"

"For a month?"

"Yes."

"Four hundred francs."

"Come, Monsieur Fingret, do not take me for a grisette, to be dazzled by your fine descriptions. Please reflect that you are asking at the rate of four thousand eight hundred francs a year, and for that I can take a house all furnished."

Monsieur Fingret scratched his ear.

"You disgust me with the Place Royale," continued the countess.

"I am very sorry, Madame."

"Prove it, then; I will give only three hundred francs for all that furniture."

Jeanne pronounced these words with so much authority that the merchant began again to think she might be worth conciliating.

"So be it, then, Madame."

"And on one condition, Monsieur Fingret."

"What, Madame?"

"That everything be arranged in its proper place by three o'clock."

"But consider, Madame, it is now ten."

"Can you do it, or not?"

"Where are they to go?"

"To the Rue Saint Claude in the Marais."

"Ah, two steps from here?"

"Precisely."

The upholsterer opened a door, and called, "Sylvain! Landry! Rémy!"

Three of the apprentices came running in, delighted to have a pretext for leaving their work, as well as a chance to see the fine lady.

"The carts and the trucks, instantly! Rémy, you may take this yellow furniture; Sylvain, you take that for the dining-room; and you, Landry, that for the bedroom. We will make out the list, and if you please, Madame, I will receipt it."

"Here are six double louis, and a single louis," said the countess; "give me the change."

"Here are twelve francs, Madame."

"Of which I will give six to these gentlemen, if they do their work well;" and having given her address she returned to her wheeled chair.

An hour later she had rented the apartment on the third floor, and in less than two hours the work of furnishing the salon, the antechamber, and the bedroom was progressing rapidly. Messieurs Landry, Rémy, and Sylvain earned their six francs, with ten minutes to spare.

The lodgings thus transformed, the windows cleaned, and the fires lighted, Jeanne applied herself to making her toilet, and for two hours she was happy. She felt under her feet a thick carpet; around her were walls fittingly adorned; and she breathed a warm and perfumed atmosphere. Nothing had been forgotten; there were gilded branches from the walls for wax-lights, and glass lustres on each side of the mirror. Jeanne had also added flowers, to complete the embellishment of the paradise in which she intended to receive his Eminence. She took care even to leave the door of the bedroom a little open, through which the light of a bright fire gave a glimpse of the luxuries within.

Jeanne's coquetry went farther than this. If the light of the fire revealed the interior of that mysterious chamber, if the perfumes declared the woman, the woman herself showed signs of high birth, beauty, intelligence, taste, to make her worthy the attention of a cardinal. Her toilet was arranged with so much elegance that Monsieur de

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La Motte, her absent husband, might have asked of her some explanation.

After a light repast, Jeanne buried herself in a large easy-chair near the fire in her bedroom. With a book in her hand, and one foot resting on a stool, she waited, listening to the ticking of the clock and the rumbling of distant carriages. The clock struck nine, ten, and eleven; no one came, either in a carriage or on foot.

Eleven o'clock! That is the hour for gallant prelates, who, having quickened their charity by a supper in the suburbs, can then make their way easily to the Rue Saint Claude, and thus may congratulate themselves on being humane, philanthropic, and pious at slight cost.

Midnight sounded solemnly from the steeple of the Filles-du-Calvaire. No prelate, no carriage. The waxlights began to wane; the fire, often renewed, was reduced to ashes; the heat in the two chambers was torrid.

The old servant lamented the damage to her cap, bedecked with ribbons, which as she nodded in her sleep came in contact with the flame or the melting wax of the candles.

At half-past twelve Jeanne rose, furious, from her easy-chair, which more than a hundred times she had left during the evening to open the window and search the dimly-lighted street. The neighbourhood was as quiet as before the creation of the world. She directed Clotilde to undress her, refused supper, and dismissed the old woman, who was beginning to ask disagreeable questions. Left alone, amid her silken draperies, under her fine curtains, in her excellent bed, she slept no better than she had the night before.

However, in the course of her reflections, Jeanne found excuses for the cardinal. In the first place, this excuse: the cardinal, being grand-almoner of the court, had in hand a thousand perplexing affairs, more important than a visit to the Rue Saint Claude. And then this other excuse: "He does not know this little Comtesse de Valois,"—an excuse very comforting to Jeanne. Oh, certainly she would have been inconsolable if Monsieur de Rohan had failed in an appointment after making her a first visit! This excuse Jeanne wished to test, for her complete satisfaction. She sprang from her bed, lighted the candles, and in her white night-dress looked at herself a long time in the mirror. Then she smiled, blew out the lights, and jumped into bed. She had found this second excuse a good one.

CHAPTER XV

CARDINAL DE ROHAN

THE next evening Jeanne without any feeling of discouragement renewed all her preparations of the night before; and on this occasion she had no time to grow impatient, for at seven o'clock a carriage drove up to the door, from which a gentleman alighted, while the carriage was driven into a neighbouring by-street, there to await his return. At the sound of the door-bell Jeanne's heart beat so loud that its pulsations might almost have been heard; however, she composed herself, arranged some embroidery upon the table, placed a new piece of music on her harpsichord, and a newspaper on a corner of the mantel-piece. In a few minutes Clotilde opened the door and announced: "The person who wrote the day before yesterday."

"Let him come in," said Jeanne; and a gentleman, dressed in silk and velvet, and with a lofty carriage, entered the room.

Jeanne, who was displeased at the incognito which he tried to preserve, decided to take all the advantage which she had gained by her reflections. She made a step forward, "To whom have I the honour of speaking?" she said, with the manner of one who patronizes rather than of one who is patronized.

"I am the Cardinal de Rohan," he replied; at which Madame de La Motte, feigning to be overwhelmed with the honour, made a reverence as though he were a king. Then she drew forward an easy-chair for him, and placed herself in another.

The cardinal, observing this freedom from ceremony, laid his hat on the table, and looking at Jeanne, began, "It is true, then, Mademoiselle——"

"Madame," interrupted Jeanne.

"Pardon me, I forgot. It is true, then, Madame——"

"My husband is called the Comte de La Motte, Monseigneur."

"Oh, yes; a gendarme, is he not?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"And you, Madame, are a Valois?"

"Valois, yes, Monseigneur."

"A great name," said the cardinal, crossing his legs, "but rare—believed extinct."

Jeanne divined the cardinal's doubt.

"Not extinct, Monseigneur, since I bear it myself and have a brother, Baron de Valois."

"Recognized?"

"That has nothing to do with it. Recognized or unrecognized, rich or poor, he is still what he was born,—Baron de Valois."

"Madame, please explain to me this descent; you interest me."

Jeanne repeated all that the reader already knows.

The cardinal listened and looked. He did not take the trouble to conceal his impressions. And why should he? He did not believe either in her rank, or her merit; but she was poor and pretty. "So that," he said carelessly, when she had finished, "you have really been unfortunate."

"I do not complain, Monseigneur."

"Indeed, I had heard a most exaggerated account of the difficulties of your position. This lodging is commodious and well furnished."

"For a grisette, no doubt," replied Jeanne, impatient to begin the attack.

"What! do you call these rooms fit for a grisette?"

"I do not think you can call them fit for a princess," replied Jeanne.

"And you are a princess," said he, in that tone of nearly imperceptible irony which so very few persons know how to impart to their utterance without becoming impertinent.

"I was born a Valois, Monseigneur, as you were a Rohan," said Jeanne, with so much dignity that the feelings of the prince were not wounded and the feelings of the man were touched.

"Madame," said he, "I forgot that my first words should have been an apology. I wrote to you that I would come yesterday; but I had to go to Versailles, to assist at the reception of Monsieur de Suffren. I was therefore obliged to forego the pleasure of visiting you."

"Monseigneur does me too much honour in remembering me to-day, and my husband will more than ever regret the exile to which poverty compels him, since it prevents him from sharing this favour with me."

The word "husband" caught the attention of the cardinal. "You live alone, Madame?" he asked.

"Entirely alone."

"That is praiseworthy in a young and pretty woman."

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"I should be out of place, Monseigneur, in all society but that from which my poverty debars me."

"The genealogists do not contest your claim?"

"No; but what does that avail me?" said Jeanne, disdainfully, raising with a charming gesture the little powdered curls on her temples.

The cardinal drew his chair nearer to the fire. "Madame," continued he, "I shall be glad to know in what I can serve you."

"In nothing, Monseigneur," she said.

"What! in nothing? Be more frank."

"I cannot be more frank than I am, Monseigneur."

"You were complaining just now."

"Certainly, I complain."

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, Monseigneur, I see that your Eminence wishes to bestow charity on me."

"Oh, Madame!"

"Nothing else. I have taken charity, but I will receive it no more."

"What can you mean?"

"Monseigneur, for some time past I have been very much humiliated; I can endure it no longer."

"Madame, you are wrong; there is no humiliation in misfortune."

"Not even with the name I bear! Come, would *you* beg, Monsieur de Rohan?"

"I do not speak of myself," said he, with embarrassment mingled with hauteur.

"Monseigneur, I know only two ways of begging, —in a carriage, or at a church door; in velvet, or in rags. Well, just now, I did not expect the honour of this visit; I thought you had forgotten me."

"Oh, you knew, then, that it was I who wrote?" said the cardinal.

"Were not your arms on the seal of the letter which you did me the honour to write me?"

"However, you feigned not to know me."

"Because you did not do me the honour to announce yourself."

"Well! this pride pleases me," said the cardinal, and he regarded with attention the animated eyes and haughty countenance of Jeanne.

"I was saying, then," continued Jeanne, "that before seeing you I had taken the resolution of throwing off all this flimsy parade, which covers the nakedness of my name, and of going in rags, like other mendicants, to beg my bread from the passers-by."

"You are not at the end of your resources, I trust, Madame?"

Jeanne did not reply.

"You have some property, even if it be mortgaged? Some family jewels?—this, for example;" and he pointed to a box, with which the delicate fingers of the lady had been playing. "A singular box, upon my word! Will you permit me to look? Oh, a portrait!" he continued, with a look of great surprise.

"Do you know the original of this portrait?" asked Jeanne.

"It is that of Maria Theresa."

"Of Maria Theresa?"

"Yes, the Empress of Austria."

"Really!" cried Jeanne. "Are you sure, Monseigneur?"

The cardinal looked at the box more attentively than before. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

"From a lady who came the day before yesterday."

"To see you?"

"Yes."

"From a lady——" and the cardinal examined the box with minute attention.

"I am mistaken, Monseigneur, there were two ladies," continued Jeanne.

"And one of them gave you this box?" said he, with evident suspicion.

"No; she dropped it here."

The cardinal remained thoughtful for some time, —so thoughtful that the Comtesse de Valois was puzzled, and thought that it would be well for her to be on her guard.

Then the cardinal looked up, carefully observing the countess, and said, "What was the name of this lady? I beg pardon for being inquisitive. I am ashamed of seeming to play the part of a judge."

"Indeed, it is a somewhat strange question."

"Indiscreet, perhaps, but not strange."

"Yes, very strange; for if I had known the name of the lady who left this little box here, I should have returned it long before this."

"Then you know not who she is?"

"I know only that she is the head of some charitable institution."

"In Paris?"

"No; in Versailles."

"From Versailles? the head of a charitable house?"

"Monseigneur, I accept charity from ladies; that does not so much humiliate a poor woman; and this lady, who had heard of my wants, left with me a hundred louis when she went away."

"A hundred louis!" said the cardinal in surprise; then fearing lest he might wound Jeanne's susceptibility, he added, "I am not astonished, Madame, that they should give you such a sum. You deserve, on the contrary, all the solicitude of charitable persons, and your name makes it a duty to help you. What surprises me is that it was brought to you by the head of a charitable institution; they are not in the habit of giving such donations. Could you describe this lady to me, Countess?"

"Not easily, Monseigneur," replied Jeanne, to whet the curiosity of the cardinal.

"How so, since she came here?"

"Because, probably not wishing to be recognized, she hid her face in a very large hood, and was, besides, enveloped in furs." The countess had the air of trying to remember.

"However——" repeated the cardinal.

"I thought I saw—but I do not affirm it, Monseigneur."

"What did you think you saw?"

"Blue eyes."

"The mouth?"

"Small, though the lips were rather thick,—the lower one, particularly."

"Tall or short?"

"Of middle height."

"Her hands?"

"Perfect."

"Her neck?"

"Long and slender."

"Her countenance?"

"Grave and noble."

"Her manner of speaking?"

"Somewhat embarrassed. But you, perhaps, know this lady, Monseigneur?"

"Why should you think so, Madame?" demanded the prelate, quickly.

"From the manner in which you question me; besides, there is a sympathy which all doers of good works have for one another."

"No, Madame, I do not know her."

"But Monseigneur, if you had some suspicion?"

"How should I?"

"Oh, suggested by this portrait, perhaps?"

"Yes, certainly, the portrait," said the cardinal,

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rather uneasily, fearing that he had not been cautious enough.

"Well, Monseigneur, this portrait——"

"Oh, this portrait still appears to me to be that of——"

"That of Maria Theresa, is it not so?"

"I believe so, certainly."

"Then you think——"

"That you have received a visit from some German lady who has founded a charitable institution——"

"At Versailles?"

"At Versailles; yes, Madame." And the cardinal was silent. But it was evident that he doubted, and that the presence of this box in Jeanne's apartment renewed his distrust.

Jeanne did not wholly understand what foundation the prince could have for his suspicion—so unfavourable to her, certainly—that she was spreading a snare for him under false appearances.

Indeed, anyone might have known the interest which the cardinal took in the queen's affairs; it was a court rumour which was by no means a secret, and we have already remarked upon the efforts of certain enemies to maintain the animosity between the queen and her grand almoner.

This portrait of Maria Theresa, this box which the queen constantly carried with her, and which the cardinal had seen a hundred times in her hands,—how could it have come into the hands of Jeanne the mendicant? Had the queen really been to see her in this poor apartment? If so, was she indeed unknown to Jeanne? Was the latter, with some secret motive, concealing the honour which had been bestowed upon her?

The prelate doubted; he had already doubted the evening before. The name of Valois had cautioned him to be on his guard; and if the queen had really been there, it was no longer a poor woman he had to deal with, but a princess succoured by a queen who bestowed her gifts in person. Was Marie Antoinette charitable to this degree?

While the cardinal was thus pondering over his doubts, Jeanne, who watched him constantly, whom not an emotion of the prince escaped, was in agony. It is indeed real martyrdom for a conscience burdened with some mental reservation to be suspected by those whom one wishes to convince by the actual truth.

The silence was embarrassing to both.

At last, however, the cardinal broke the silence by saying, "And the other lady?"

"Oh, I could see her plainly! She is tall and beautiful, with a determined expression, a brilliant complexion, and a fine form."

"And the other lady did not call her by name?"

"Yes, once; but by her Christian name."

"What was it?"

"Andrée."

"Andrée!" repeated the cardinal, with a start which did not pass unnoticed by the countess.

The cardinal now knew everything; the name of Andrée put an end to all his doubts. It was known that the queen had gone to Paris on that day with Mademoiselle de Taverney.

The cardinal breathed again. There was neither snare nor plot in the Rue Saint Claude. Madame de La Motte appeared to him beautiful and pure as the angel of truth. Still, he would try one more test; the prince was a diplomatist.

"Countess," he said, "one thing astonishes me,—that you have not addressed yourself to the king."

"But Monseigneur, I have sent him twenty petitions."

"Without result?"

"Yes."

"Then, if the king failed you, any of the princes of the blood would have listened to your claim. Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans is charitable, and often likes to do what the king refuses to do."

"I have solicited his Highness the Duc d'Orléans, Monseigneur, but uselessly."

"That astonishes me."

"Oh, when one is poor, and not supported by anyone——"

"There is still the Comte d'Artois; sometimes dissipated men perform more generous actions than charitable ones."

"It was the same with him as with the others."

"But the princesses, the aunts of the king, Madame Elizabeth particularly, would refuse assistance to no one."

"It is true, Monseigneur, her Royal Highness, to whom I wrote, promised to receive me; but I know not why, after having received my husband, she never deigned to notice me."

"It is strange, certainly," said the cardinal; then, as if the thought had just struck him, he cried, "But good Heavens! we are forgetting the person to whom you should have addressed yourself first of all."

"And to whom ought I to have applied?"

"To the dispenser of all favours, to her who never refuses help where it is deserved,—to the queen. Have you seen her?"

"Never," answered Jeanne, with perfect simplicity.

"You have never presented your petition to the queen?"

"Never."

"You have not tried to obtain an audience with her?"

"I have tried, but did not succeed."

"At least, you must have tried to throw yourself in her way, that she might remark you, and send for you to court. That would have been a method worth trying."

"I have not employed it."

"But that is very strange!"

"I have been only twice to Versailles, and then saw but two persons there; one was Doctor Louis, who had attended my poor father at the Hôtel Dieu, and the other was Monsieur le Baron de Taverney, to whom I had an introduction."

"What did Monsieur de Taverney say to you? He might have brought you to the queen."

"He told me that I was very unwise."

"How so?"

"To bring forward as a claim to the benevolence of the king a relationship which would be sure to displease him, as nobody likes poor relations."

"I recognize the egotistical and rude old baron." Then, reflecting on Andrée's visit to the countess, "It is very strange!" he thought. "The father rejects the solicitor, and the queen takes the daughter to her. Something must result from that singular contradiction." Then, aloud, "Upon my word, it surprises me to hear that you, a lady of the first rank, have never seen the king or queen!"

"Except in a portrait," replied Jeanne, smiling.

"Then," said the cardinal, "I will conduct you myself to Versailles, and will open the doors for you."

"Oh, Monseigneur, how good you are!" cried Jeanne, overwhelmed with joy.

The cardinal approached her, and said, "It is impossible but that before long everybody must become interested in you."

"Alas, Monseigneur!" said Jeanne, with an adorable sigh, "do you think so?"

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"Oh, I am sure of it!"

"I fear you flatter me," she said, looking earnestly at him, for she could hardly believe in his sudden change of manner, who ten minutes before had treated her with the levity of a prince.

This look of Jeanne, thrown as if by the arrow of the archer, wounded the cardinal either in the heart or in his sensual being, awakening either the fire of ambition or the fire of desire,—fire in either case.

Monsieur de Rohan, who was a connoisseur in women, acknowledged to himself that he had seen few so seducing. "Ah, upon my word!" said he to himself. with the eternally scheming spirit of a man used to diplomacy, "it would be too extraordinary and too fortunate, that at the same time I should meet a virtuous woman with the appearance of an intriguer, and should find in this state of poverty an all-powerful protectress."

"Monseigneur your occasional silence disquiets me. Pardon me for saying so."

"Why so, Countess?"

"Because a man like you fails in politeness to only two kinds of women."

"Oh, good Heavens, Countess! what are you about to say? Upon my word, you frighten me!" and he took her hand.

"I repeat it,". said she,—"with women whom you love too much. or with women for whom you have but little respect."

"Countess Countess! you make me blush. Have I, then failed in politeness toward you?"

"Certainly."

"Do not say that,—it would be terrible!"

"It is serious, indeed, Monseigneur; and yet you cannot love me too much, and I have given you no reason for not respecting me."

The cardinal took Jeanne's hand.

"Oh. Countess! you speak as if you were angry with me."

"No, Monseigneur, for you have not yet merited my anger."

"And I never will, Madame, from this day in which I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"Oh. my mirror! my mirror!" thought Jeanne.

"And from this day, my solicitude for you will not cease."

"Oh no more, Monseigneur," said the countess, who had not withdrawn her hand; "that is enough."

"What do you mean?"

"Monseigneur, do not speak to me of your protection."

"God forbid that I should pronounce that word 'protection'! Ah, Madame it is not you that it would humiliate, but myself."

"Then Monsieur le Cardinal, let us admit one thing which will flatter me exceedingly"

"If so, Madame let us admit that thing."

"Let us admit that you have paid a visit to Madame de La Motte Valois.—nothing more."

"But nothing less, at least," replied the gallant cardinal, and raising Jeanne's hand to his lips he kissed it with some ardour

The countess withdrew her hand.

"Oh, politeness only," said the cardinal, with a graceful delicacy.

Jeanne restored to him her hand, which the cardinal now kissed very respectfully

"Ah, that is as it should be, Monseigneur."

The cardinal bowed.

"To know," continued the countess, "that I shall have a place small though it be, in the mind of a man so occupied and so eminent,—I assure you it is a year's consolation."

"A year? that is a short time; let us hope for more, Countess."

"Very well, I do not say no, Monsieur le Cardinal," said she, smiling.

This "Monsieur le Cardinal," was a familiarity of which Madame de La Motte was guilty for the second time. The prelate, sensitive in his pride, might have been astonished at it; but the affair had gone so far that not only was he not astonished, he was even pleased, as if he had received a favour. "Ah, this seems like confidence," he said, drawing still nearer to Jeanne. "So much the better; so much the better."

"I have confidence, yes, Monseigneur; because I perceive that your Eminence——"

"You said 'Monsieur' just now, Countess."

"You must pardon me, Monseigneur; I am not acquainted with court usage I say then that I have confidence in you because you are capable of understanding a mind like mine, adventurous and brave, and a heart still pure in spite of the trials of poverty, in spite of attacks upon me by vile enemies. Your Eminence will know how to appreciate in me—that is, in my conversation—whatever you may find that is worthy of you; as to all the rest your Eminence will grant indulgence."

"We are, then, friends, Madame; it is agreed?"

"I, indeed wish it."

The cardinal rose and advanced toward Madame de La Motte; but as his arms were rather more widely extended than the occasion required, the countess glided lightly beyond their reach.

"A friendship of three!" she said, with an inimitable accent of raillery and innocence.

"What do you mean by 'friendship of three'?" asked the cardinal.

"Why, is there not, somewhere in the world, a poor gendarme, an exile, called the Comte de La Motte?"

"Oh, Countess, what an unseasonable memory you have!"

"But I must speak to you of him, since you do not speak of him to me."

"Do you know why I do not speak of him to you, Countess?"

"Tell me, if you please."

"It is because he will always speak for himself quite enough; believe me, husbands are not easily silenced."

"And if he speaks for himself?"

"Then others will speak of you,—will speak of us"

"How is that?"

"They will say, for example, that Monsieur le Comte de La Motte was pleased, or was displeased because Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan came three, four, or five times a week to visit Madame de La Motte in the Rue Saint Claude"

"Ah! but do you mean that, Monsieur le Cardinal?—three, four, or five times a week!"

"What, then, means our friendship, Countess? I said 'five times'; I was wrong. I should have said six or seven times, without counting the bissextile days."

Jeanne laughed. The cardinal observed that, for the first time, she appreciated his pleasantry, and he felt flattered.

"Can you keep people from talking?" she said. "You know well that it is impossible."

"Yes; I can," he replied.

"And how?"

"Oh, very easily. With, or without, reason, I am well known to the Parisians."

"Oh certainly. and with reason, Monseigneur."

"But you, they have the misfortune not to know."

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"Well?"

"Let us reverse the situation."

"Reverse it? You mean——"

"If you should be willing—if, for instance——"

"Go on."

"If you should go out, instead of making me go out?"

"You mean that I should go to your hôtel,—I, Monseigneur?"

"You would go readily enough to call on a minister."

"A minister is not a man, Monseigneur."

"You are adorable. Well, I am not speaking of my hôtel; I have a house——"

"A private house, to speak plainly."

"By no means,—a house of yours."

"Ah!" said the countess, "a house of mine? And where is that house? I know nothing of it."

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock you shall have the address."

The countess blushed, and the cardinal gallantly took her hand. This time the kiss that he impressed upon it was at once respectful, tender, and bold. They then bowed to each other, smiling, with that attenuated ceremoniousness which indicates an approaching intimacy.

"A light for Monseigneur!" cried the countess.

The old woman appeared with a light, and the prelate departed.

"Well, well!" thought Jeanne; "it seems to me that I have made a great step in the world."

"Come, come!" said the cardinal to himself, as he got into his carriage; "I have made a double stroke. That woman is bright enough to catch the queen as she has caught me."

CHAPTER XVI

MESMER, AND SAINT-MARTIN

THERE was a time when Paris, free from business, with plenty of leisure, was entirely engrossed with questions which in our day are the monopoly of the rich, who are called useless, and of the scholars, who are called idle.

In 1784, the period which we have reached, the fashionable topic, the topic which superseded all others, was mesmerism,—a mysterious science, badly defined by its discoverers, who, not feeling the necessity of rendering a discovery democratic from its birth, had allowed it to assume the name of a man,—that is, an aristocratic title, instead of one of those scientific names taken from the Greek, by the aid of which the bashful modesty of modern scholars popularizes every scientific subject.

Indeed, of what use would it have been in 1784 to popularize a science? Did the people, who for more than a century and a half had not been consulted by the governing power, count for anything in the State? No; the people were the fertile soil, which produced,—a rich harvest to be reaped; but the lord of the soil was the king, the harvesters were the nobility.

In our day all this is changed. France is like a secular hour-glass; for nine hundred years it has marked the hour of royalty; the powerful hand of the Lord has turned it; for centuries to come it will mark the era of the people.

In 1784 the name of a man was a recommendation. In these days success depends upon the names of things.

But let us leave *to-day* and look back upon *yesterday*.

Doctor Mesmer was in Paris, as we have already heard from Marie Antoinette. This Doctor Mesmer deserves a few words from us, as his name was then on everybody's lips. He had, in 1777, brought from Germany, the land of mysteries, a science inflated with clouds and lightning. By the flashes of this lightning the man of science saw but the clouds forming above him a dark canopy; the vulgar saw only the lightning. He had begun his career in Germany by writing a thesis upon the influence of the planets. He had endeavoured to prove that these celestial bodies, by virtue of that power which produces their mutual attraction, exercised an influence over living bodies, and particularly over the nervous system, by means of a subtle fluid which exists everywhere in the universe. But this first theory was too abstract; one must, to understand it, be initiated in the science of the Galileos and the Newtons; and in order that this theory should become popular, it would have been necessary for the whole body of the nobility to be converted into a scientific society. He therefore abandoned this theory, and as the basis of his doctrine, gave his attention to the magnet, which was then awakening much interest, and was supposed to be efficacious in curing disease.

Mesmer therefore added the action of magnets to his first system, and tried to see what he could derive from this combination. Unfortunately for Mesmer, on arriving at Vienna, he found a rival, named Hall, already established there; and this rival pretended that Mesmer had robbed him of his discoveries. Thereupon Mesmer—a man of imagination—announced that he had abandoned the magnet as useless, and that he effected cures not by mineral, but by animal magnetism.

This, although called by a new name, was not in reality a new science. Traditions in regard to it had been handed down from the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, and it had been revived from time to time by the sorcerers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, many of whom had paid for their knowledge with their lives.

Urbain Grandier was nothing more than an animal magnetizer.

Mesmer had heard of the miracles of this science.

Joseph Balsamo, the hero of one of our books, had left some traces of his work in Germany and especially in Strasburg.

Mesmer set out in search of these fragments of knowledge,—scattered and fluttering like those will-o'-the-wisps which hover at night over stagnant pools,—and condensed them into a science to which he gave the name of mesmerism. He then communicated his system to the Academies of Science in Paris, London, and Berlin. The first two did not deign to reply to him; the third said that he was mad.

Mesmer recalled the Grecian philosopher who denied that there was such a thing as motion, and whom his antagonist confounded by walking away. He came to France, and took out of the hands of Doctor Storck, and of the oculist Wenzel, a young girl seventeen years old, who had disease of the liver and amaurosis, and after three months of his treatment, restored her health and her sight.

This cure convinced many people,—among them a doctor called Deslon, who, at first an antagonist, became his disciple.

From this time the reputation of Mesmer rapidly increased. The Academy declared against the innovator; the court was in his favour. Negotiations were opened by the ministry to induce Mesmer to enrich humanity by the publication of his doctrine. The doctor fixed his price. There was some haggling, and at last the government offered him, in

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the king's name, an income for life of twenty thousand francs for public lectures, and ten thousand more for the instruction in his system of three persons to be chosen by the government.

Mesmer, however, indignant at the royal parsimony, refused, and set out for the Baths at Spa with one of his patients; but while he was gone, Deslon, his pupil, possessor of the secret which he had refused to sell for thirty thousand francs a year, opened a public establishment for the treatment of patients.

Mesmer was informed of this disastrous fact; he denounced Deslon's conduct as treacherous and thievish; he was near going mad. Then one of his patients, Monsieur de Bergasse, conceived the idea of forming a company. A capital of three hundred and forty thousand francs was raised on the condition that the secret should be revealed to the shareholders. Mesmer agreed to this, and with the money returned to Paris

The time was propitious. France was in that state when, as often happens in communities where there is nothing of an excitable nature to occupy the minds of the people, every one feels dimly that a crisis is approaching. Under the apparent calmness there prevailed a general uneasiness and all were seeking for something that would create excitement. They had lost all interest in questions of national import, and a new opera was to them of more moment than a treaty of peace with England, or the recognition of the independence of the United States. In fact, every one was ready to be carried away by anything so mysterious and strange as this theory, which proposed to cure invalids, restore intelligence to fools, and amuse the wise.

Everywhere Mesmer was talked of. What had he done? On whom had he performed these miracles? To what great lord had he restored sight or health? What lady's nerves, worn out by dissipation, had he soothed? What young girl had he compelled to predict the future in a magnetic trance?

The future!—that great word of all ages, that word of absorbing interest for all minds, the solution of all problems. But what, then, was the present?

A royalty without radiance, a nobility with authority, a country without commerce, a people without rights, a society without confidence. From the royal family, uneasy and isolated on its throne, to the plebeian family starving in its hovel, there was misery, shame, and fear everywhere.

To forget others while thinking of self, to draw from new, unknown sources the assurance of long life and unalterable health, to snatch something from avaricious fate,—was not this the object of an aspiration, easy to be understood, toward that unknown good from which Mesmer would lift the veil?

Voltaire was dead, and there was no longer in France a single burst of laughter, except the laugh of Beaumarchais, more bitter than that of the master. Rousseau was dead; there were no more religious philosophers in France. Rousseau had wished to sustain belief in God; but since Rousseau was no more, no one dared to venture that undertaking for fear of being crushed under its weight.

War had formerly been a serious occupation for the French people, but now the only war in which they were engaged was in America, where the people fought for what they called "independence," and what the French call by the more abstract word "liberty." And even this distant war—this war carried on not only in another country, but in another world—had come to an end. All things considered, was it not better worth while to give attention to Mesmer,—that German doctor who, for the second time within six years, created an excitement in France,—than to Lord Cornwallis or Monsieur Washington, who were so far away that probably the people of Paris would never see either of them? Mesmer was there; they could see him touch him, and—supreme ambition of three-quarters of Paris—could be touched by him.

And so this man, who on his arrival in Paris had not been sustained by any one, not even by the queen, his compatriot, who aided so willingly those who came from her country; this man, who but for Doctor Deslon who betrayed him would have remained in obscurity,—this man reigned supremely over public opinion, leaving far behind the king, of whom the public had never talked, Monsieur de Lafayette, of whom they did not yet talk, and Monsieur Necker, of whom they talked no longer.

And as if this age had undertaken the task of giving to every mind according to its aptitude, to every heart according to its sympathy, to every body according to its need,—in contrast with Mesmer arose Saint-Martin, the teacher of spiritualism, whose doctrine came to comfort the souls wounded by the positivism of the German doctor.

Imagine an atheist with a religion more attractive than religion itself; a republican full of consideration and respect for kings; a gentleman belonging to the privileged class, tender and loving toward the people,—endowed with the most logical, the most charming eloquence, attacking the religions of the world which he calls senseless, for the sole reason that they are divine!

Imagine Epicurus, powdered, in embroidered coat, spangled waistcoat, satin small-clothes, silk stockings and red shoes,—Epicurus, not content with overthrowing gods in whom he does not believe, but attacking governments, which he treats like religions because they can never agree among themselves, and almost always cause unhappiness to mankind, arguing against social law, which he attacks by saying: "It punishes in the same way crimes of different degrees; it punishes the effect without considering the cause."

Suppose now that this tempter, who calls himself "the unknown philosopher," instead of saying, "All men are equal," which is an absurdity, invents this formula: "Intelligent beings are all kings." And then conceive the effect of such a sentiment, falling on a society without hope, without direction. Remember that at this time women were tender and foolish, and men were eager after power, honour, and pleasure; that it was a time when kings allowed their crowns to rest lightly on their heads,—crowns toward which, for the first time, curious and threatening looks were cast from places of obscurity. It will not then seem strange that such a doctrine should find proselytes,—a doctrine which said: "Choose from among yourselves a superior soul,—superior in love, in charity, in the capability of loving well, of making others happy; then when this soul of a man shall be clearly revealed to you, bend the knee, humiliate yourselves, annihilate yourselves, inferior souls, in order to leave room for the dictatorship of this soul, whose mission it is to restore you to your normal condition, —that is, to an equality of suffering amid unequal gifts and opportunities."

Add to this that the unknown philosopher surrounded himself with mystery; that he sought the deepest obscurity to discuss in peace, far from spies and parasites, the grand social theory which might become the policy of the world.

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"Listen to me," he said, "faithful souls, believing hearts,—listen, and try to understand me; or rather do not listen, unless you have sufficient interest and desire for knowledge to understand me, for you will find it difficult, and I will not impart my secrets to any, who will not tear away the veil from before them. I say things that I do not wish to seem to say, therefore I shall often appear to say what I really do not say."

Thus worked for the glorification of soul and of matter, while dreaming of the annihilation of God and the destruction of the religion of Christ, these two men, who had divided the more serious portion of the French people into two camps.

To the vat of Mesmer, from which flowed forth health and happiness, was drawn the sensual life, the elegant materialism of this degenerate nation; while for the study of truth and error were united the pious, charitable, loving souls, thirsting for realities after their long familiarity with delusions.

If within these privileged spheres ideas either diverged, or became confused, it must be remembered in what a crude state the citizens and the people—since called "the third estate"—still remained; they only guessed that something was being done for them, and in their impatience burned with a desire to steal the sacred fire, like Prometheus, to animate a world all their own in which they should manage their own affairs.

Conspiracies in the forming stage of conversations, associations in the form of clubs, social meetings in the form of quadrilles,—that is, civil war and anarchy,—would be discerned under all thls by the thoughtful observer.

Alas! now that the veils have been torn away, now that the people have been ten times overthrown by the Promethean fire which they stole, tell us what the thinker could have seen at the end of this strange eighteenth century, if not the decomposition of a world, if not something like that which happened after the death of Cæsar and before the accession of Augustus. Augustus was he who separated the pagan from the Christian world, as Napoleon is he who has separated the feudal from the democratic world.

Perhaps we have led our readers into a digression which has seemed to them somewhat long; but indeed it would have been difficult to treat of that epoch, without touching upon the serious problems which pertained to its very life and character.

Now the effort has been made,—the effort of a child who with his nails scratches off the rust from an antique statue, in order to read beneath the rust an inscription almost effaced.

Let us return to our story. If we continue to occupy ourselves with real events, we shall say too much for the romancer, too little for the historian.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VAT

We have endeavoured to give an idea, in the last chapter, of the interest and enthusiasm which drew such crowds of people to see the cures publicly performed by Mesmer.

The king, as we know, had given permission to the queen to go and see what all Paris was talking of, accompanied by one of the princesses. It was two days after the visit of Monsieur de Rohan to the countess. The weather was fine. The thaw had come, and hundreds of sweepers were employed in clearing away the snow from the streets. The clear blue sky was just beginning to be illumined by its first stars, when Madame de La Motte, elegantly dressed, and presenting every appearance of opulence, arrived in a coach which Clotilde had carefully chosen as the best-looking at the Place Vendôme, and stopped before a brilliantly lighted house. This house was the one occupied by Doctor Mesmer. Numbers of other carriages were waiting at the door, and a crowd of people had collected to see the patients arrive and depart. These spectators, when they saw some rich invalid, enveloped in furs and satins, carried in by footmen, seemed to find some consolation in the evident proof it afforded that God made men healthy or unhealthy without reference to their purses or their genealogies. A general murmur would arise when they recognized some duke paralyzed in an arm or leg, or some marshal whose feet refused their office, less in consequence of military fatigue and marches than of halts made with the ladies of the opera or of the Comédie Italienne. Sometimes it was a lady, carried in by her servants, with drooping head and languid eye, who, weakened by late hours and an irregular life, came to demand from Doctor Mesmer the health she had vainly sought to regain elsewhere.

Many of these ladies were as well known as the gentlemen, and their names circulated noisily through the crowd; but a great many—doubtless those who names would have created the most scandal—avoided public gaze, on this evening at least, by wearing satin masks, for there was a ball at the Opera that night, and many of these ladies intended to go to it immediately on leaving the Place Vendôme.

Through this crowd Madame de La Motte walked erect and firm, with a mask on her face; she elicited from them only the exclamation, "Ah, that one cannot be very ill!"

But it is not to be supposed that this phrase implied the total absence of comments. For if Madame de La Motte was not sick, why should she come to Doctor Mesmer's? If the crowd had been acquainted, as we are, with the events we have before related, it would have seen that nothing was more natural than this visit.

Indeed, Madame de La Motte had been reflecting upon her conversation with Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan, and especially upon the particular attention with which the cardinal had honoured that box containing the picture, which had been left in her house. And as in the name of the owner of this box lay the secret of the sudden change to graciousness in the manner of the cardinal, Madame de La Motte had decided upon two methods by which she might try to discover this name.

In the first place, she had resorted to the more simple of the two. She had gone to Versailles to inquire at the bureau of charity for the German ladies. There, as we may imagine, she had received no information. There were a great many German ladies living at Versailles, on account of the avowed sympathy of the queen for her countrywomen; there were supposed to be one hundred and fifty or two hundred of them. They were very benevolent, but there was no bureau of charity supported by them.

Therefore Jeanne's inquiries about the two ladies who had come to visit her had proved fruitless. In vain did she say that one of them was called Andrée; no one knew in Versailles a lady of that name, which moreover was not German. To ask Monsieur de Rohan himself what name he suspected, would show him that she was interested in the subject; it would, moreover, detract from the pleasure and merit of a discovery made in spite of

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the whole world, and apparently beyond the bounds of possibility

Now since there had been mystery in the conduct of these ladies at her house, mystery in the astonishment and reserve of Monsieur de Rohan, it was by way of mystery that she must reach the solution of these enigmas. Moreover Jeanne found an enticing attractiveness in this struggle with the unknown.

She had heard that in Paris for some time past there had been a man of learning a worker of miracles, who had discovered the means of expelling from the human body disease and pain as Christ drove out demons from the bodies of the possessed. She learned that this man not only cured physical ills, but wrested from the soul the wretched secret which was destroying it. The most obstinate will of his patients had been seen to soften and change to the docility of the slave under his singular influence.

And then, in the sleep which succeeded the pain — after the learned physician had quieted the most disturbed organization by plunging it into complete forgetfulness —the soul, delighted with the rest it owed to the enchanter, gave itself up wholly to the control of this new master. From that moment he directed all its workings; it was subservient to him; and every thought of this grateful soul was transmitted to him in a language which had over ordinary language the advantage, or disadvantage perhaps of being absolutely truthful.

Moreover, issuing from the body which served as its prison, at the first order of him who for the moment controlled it, this soul would roam through the world mingle with other souls probe them incessantly, search them pitilessly; and then, like the hound who forces the game from the thicket where it is hiding, as it thinks in safety, it would finally drive this secret from the heart where it was buried, pursue it, overtake it, and bring it to the feet of the master.

Hence came the revelation of many marvelous secrets. Madame de Duras had recovered in this way a child stolen when out at nurse; Madame de Chautoné an English dog no larger than her hand, for which she would have given all the children in the world; and Monsieur de Vaudreuil, a lock of hair for which he would have given half his fortune. These revelations had been made by clairvoyants, operated upon magnetically by Doctor Mesmer

Thus, persons could choose, in the house of the illustrious doctor, the secrets the best calculated to test this faculty of supernatural divination; and Madame de La Motte expected, in being present at one of the assemblies to meet this phœnix, and by his means to discover the owner of the box, which was for the time being the object which occupied all her attention. With this purpose in mind she entered in great haste the room where the patients were assembled.

This apartment was divided into two principal salons. After crossing the antechambers and exhibiting the necessary passport to the ushers, the visitor was admitted to a salon, the windows of which were hermetically closed, excluding light and air during the day-time, and noise and air during the night. In the middle of the salon under a chandelier whose candles gave a feeble and almost dying light, could be seen a large vat closed with a cover. It was not of elegant shape; it was not ornamented; no drapery concealed the nakedness of its metal sides. This vat was known as "Mesmer's Tub."

What virtue did this vat contain? Nothing can be more easy to explain. It was almost entirely filled with water, impregnated with sulphur; and porous jars, arranged methodically on the bottom of this vat, inverse to one another in alternation, were saturated with this solution. Thus were established the mysterious cross-currents by the power of which cures were effected.

To the cover was attached, by an iron ring, a long rope. The patients were seated on chairs ranged around the vat —men and women together, some indifferent, some serious some anxious, awaiting the result of the experiment A servant wound this rope around the diseased limbs of the patients, so that all should receive at the same time the charge of electricity from the vat. And besides in order that the action of the animal fluids transmitted from one to another might not be interrupted, the patients were instructed to put themselves in contact with one another, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, or foot to foot in such a manner that the warming and regenerating influence should pass through all at the same moment.

This medicinal performance was indeed a curious spectacle, and it is not strange that Parisians were excited by it to a high degree.

Twenty or thirty patients were seated around the vat A servant silently wound the cord about them, and then quietly withdrew, after indicating to them certain iron rods which, passing through holes in the vat, would conduct the healing fluid to any selected portion of the body.

Then a mild and penetrating warmth pervaded the room; the air was filled with delicate perfumes under the influence of which the most rebellious brain must yield its force of will. Soon the invalids abandoned themselves to the voluptuous impressions induced by this atmosphere· and then was heard music. soft and thrilling coming from invisible sources. rising and dying away again amid the perfumes and the warmth. It struck upon the nerves with irresistible power It seemed like one of those mysterious, inexplicable sounds in Nature by which even animals are surprised and charmed,— like a wailing of the wind among the crevices of the rocks.

Upon all faces, at first animated by surprise, soon appeared signs of physical enjoyment induced by all these sensuous influences. The soul yielded and came forth from the refuge to which it resorts when attacked by bodily ills, and expanded itself in joy and freedom, controlling and transforming the material frame.

The invalids took in their hands the iron rods, and applied them to breast, heart, or head according to the location of the special malady to be treated.

Imagine, then on all these faces, happiness succeeding to suffering and anxiety; imagine the drowsy content resulting from these all-absorbing sensations; imagine the heavy silence interrupted only by sighs, which brooded over that assembly,— and you will have an exact idea of the scene which, two-thirds of a century after it occurred, we have now endeavoured to sketch.

The actors in this scene were divided into two classes. There were in the first place the invalids, but little concerned for what is called "respectability,"—a barrier much regarded by the average citizen, but easily overstepped by the very high or by the very low,—who had come to that salon only to be healed, and who gave all their attention to the fulfilment of that purpose. Besides these, there were the sceptical, or simply curious who, not suffering with any infirmity, had visited Mesmer's house as they would have gone to the theater. wishing either to witness the effect produced on those who were seated around the enchanted vat, or as spectators to study this new system of physics. These persons were chiefly interested in the patients,

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and in those who shared in the operation, though in good health.

Among those of the first class, zealous disciples of Mesmer, might be distinguished a young woman of fine form and beautiful face, somewhat extravagantly dressed, who, submitting herself to the action of the fluid, and by means of an iron rod applying to her person—to her head and the lower part of her chest—the strongest doses of the fluid that could be obtained, began soon to roll her lovely eyes, as if overcome with languor, while her hands trembled under those first titillations which indicate the invasion of the magnetic influence. When her head was leaning on the back of the easy-chair every one could examine at leisure that pale brow, those convulsed lips, and that beautiful neck, taking on by degrees the appearance of marble, as her blood circulated more rapidly.

The spectators looked at the young woman with astonishment, and two or three among them, leaning toward one another, uttered words which doubtless had some strange significance, and which had the effect to increase the attention which these persons were bestowing on the woman.

Among the visitors of the second class above mentioned—the curious spectators—was Madame de La Motte, who, without fearing to be recognized, or caring much if she were, held in her hand the satin mask which she had worn while going through the crowd. She stood near the door, leaning against a pillar, and being veiled by a curtain she could see without being seen. And in all that scene what seemed to her most worthy of observation was the face of the young woman agitated by the magnetic fluid. In fact, that face had interested her to such a degree that for several minutes she had stood motionless, riveted to the spot by her eagerness to see, and her desire to ascertain something further. "Oh!" she murmured, without taking her eyes from the lovely patient, "there can be no doubt about it. It is the sister of charity who visited me, and who has occasioned all Monseigneur de Rohan's interest in me." Firmly convinced that she could not be mistaken, and eager to take advantage of the chance which had procured for her the information she had vainly sought, she left her place and went nearer to the young woman.

At that moment the person in question closed her eyes, contracted her lips, and beat the air feebly with her hands,—which, it must be admitted, were not precisely those delicate hands with tapering fingers, those hands white as wax, which Madame de La Motte had so much admired a few days before.

The contagion of the crisis suddenly seized upon the greater number of the patients, moved as they were already by the music and the perfumes. Every nervous susceptibility had been addressed. Men and women, carried away by the example of their young companion, began to utter sighs, murmurs, shouts, and moving their arms, legs, and heads, gave themselves up, openly and irresistibly, to that paroxysm which the master called a "crisis."

At that moment a man appeared in the salon, without any one knowing how he had entered. He might have sprung from the vat, or perhaps was condensed from the perfumed atmosphere of the room. His lilac-coloured coat, and his handsome face, pale, calm, and intellectual, were quite in harmony with the mystery of his appearance. He held in his hand a long wand, which was plunged, so to speak, into the famous vat. He made a sign; the doors opened, twenty robust servants rushed in, and with skilful address seized the patients as they wavered in their armchairs, and bore them into the neighbouring hall.

While this was going on, and the young woman already referred to, abandoned herself to a paroxysm of delight, Madame de La Motte, who, with other curious spectators, had moved toward the hall intended for the patients, heard a man cry out: "It is she; it is certainly she!"

Madame de La Motte was about to ask, "She! who?" when suddenly two ladies entered the farther end of the first salon, leaning upon each other, and followed at a respectful distance by a man, who, though disguised as a bourgeois, had still the appearance of a servant.

The tournure of these ladies, one of them especially, struck Jeanne so forcibly that she made a step toward them, when a cry from the young woman near her startled every one. The same man whom Jeanne had heard speak before, now called out, "But look, gentlemen, it is the queen."

At these words, Jeanne started.

"The queen!" cried many voices in surprise. "The queen here? The queen in that state? Impossible!"

"But look," said he again; "do you know the queen, or not?"

"Indeed," said many, "the resemblance is incredible."

Madame de La Motte had replaced her mask, and could therefore ask questions without fear of being recognized. "Monsieur," said she to the speaker, who was a stout man with quick, observant eyes, "did you say the queen?"

"Oh, Madame, there is no doubt of it."

"And where is she?"

"Why, that young lady that you see there, on the violet cushions, and in such a state that she cannot moderate her transports, is the queen."

"But on what do you found such an idea, Monsieur?"

"Why, simply upon this fact, Madame, that that woman is the queen," replied the accuser, imperturbably. And he left Jeanne to go and spread his news among the rest.

She turned from the almost revolting spectacle, and going near to the door, found herself face to face with the two ladies she had seen enter. When she saw the face of the elder one she uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter?" asked the lady.

Jeanne quickly took off her mask, and asked, "Do you recognize me, Madame?"

The lady made, but quickly suppressed, a movement of surprise, and said, with a slight agitation, "No, Madame."

"Well, Madame, I recognize you, and will give you a proof."

On hearing these words the two ladies drew nearer together in fright. Jeanne drew the box from her pocket, saying, "You left this at my house."

"But supposing this to be true, what makes you so agitated?"

"I am agitated by the danger that your Majesty is incurring here."

"Explain yourself."

"Not before you have put on this mask, Madame"; and she offered hers to the queen, who hesitated, thinking herself sufficiently concealed by her hood.

"I beg your Majesty; there is not an instant to lose."

The queen put on the mask. "And now, come, come!" said Jeanne; and she drew away the two ladies so eagerly that they stopped only at the street-door, which they reached in a few seconds.

"But what is the matter?" said the queen, taking breath.

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"Your Majesty has not been seen by any one?"

"I believe not."

"So much the better."

"But, in short, will you explain to me——"

"Will not your Majesty believe your humble servant when she tells you that you are incurring the greatest danger?"

"Still—that danger—what is it?"

"I shall have the honour to tell your Majesty whenever you will grant me an hour's audience; but it is a long story, and your Majesty might be seen and recognized." Then seeing that the queen looked displeased, "Oh, Madame!" said she, turning to the Princess Lamballe, "join your petitions to mine, and persuade the queen to leave this place, and to leave it immediately."

The princess made a gesture of entreaty.

"Then let us go," said the queen, "since it is your wish." Then turning to Madame de La Motte, "You ask for an audience?" she said.

"I beg for that honour, that I may explain my conduct to your Majesty."

"Well, bring this box with you, and apply to Laurent, the door-keeper; he will have his orders." Then going into the street, she called in German, "Kommen sie da, Weber!"

A carriage immediately drove up; they got in, and were soon out of sight.

When they were gone, Madame de La Motte said to herself, "I have done right so far; as to the future, I must reflect."

CHAPTER XVIII

MADEMOISELLE OLIVA

During this time the man who had pointed out the fictitious queen to the people, touched on the shoulder another man who stood near him, in a threadbare coat, and whose eyes were eagerly observant, and said, "For you, who are a journalist, here is a fine subject for an article."

"How so?" replied the man.

"Would you like an abstract of it?"

"Certainly."

"Here it is: The danger of being born the subject of a king governed by a queen who indulges in such paroxysms as these."

The journalist laughed. "But the Bastille?" he said.

"Nonsense, are there not anagrams, by the aid of which all royal censors can be avoided? Who can interfere with you, if you retail the history of Prince Silou and the Princess Etteniotna, queen of Narfec? What do you say to that?"

"It is an admirable idea!" said the journalist, with enthusiasm.

"And I do not doubt that an article entitled 'The Paroxysms of the Princess Etteniotna at the House of the Fakir Remsem' would have great success."

"I believe it would."

"Then go and write it with your best ink."

The journalist pressed the hand of the unknown.

"Shall I send you some copies, Monsieur?" said he. "I will do so with pleasure, if you will give me your name."

"Certainly, yes! The idea pleases me; and written out by you its value will be increased a hundred fold. What is the usual circulation of your journal?"

"Two thousand."

"Then do me a favour. Take these fifty louis, and publish six thousand."

"What! Monsieur, you overwhelm me; may I not know the name of so generous a patron of literature?"

"You shall know it when I call for one thousand copies at two francs each. Will they be ready in a week?"

"I will work night and day, Monsieur."

"Let it be amusing."

"It shall make all Paris laugh until the tears come, except one person."

"Who will weep tears of blood, will she not?"

"Oh, Monsieur, how witty you are!"

"You are very good. By the way, date the publication from London."

"As usual."

"Monsieur, I am your humble servant"; and the stout man dismissed the journalist, who, with his fifty louis in his pocket, hurried away silently, like a bird of evil omen.

The unknown again turned to look at the young woman, who had now subsided into a state of exhaustion. He noticed the fine and voluptuous lines in that delicate beauty, her noble grace in the unconscious attitude assumed in sleep; then retracing his steps, "Really," he said to himself, "the resemblance is frightful! God had his motive in creating it, and has no doubt condemned her to whom the resemblance is so strong."

While he made these reflections, the young woman rose slowly from the midst of the cushions, leaning on the arm of a neighbour already roused from the ecstasy, and began to arrange her somewhat disordered toilet. She blushed a little on seeing the attention she attracted from the spectators, answered with coquettish politeness the grave but kindly questions of Mesmer; then stretching her round arms and pretty legs, like a cat waking out of sleep, she walked across the three rooms, meeting bravely the looks, whether of mockery, lust, or alarm, which the spectators fixed upon her. She was somewhat astonished, however, when she found herself saluted with deep and respectful bows by a group which had already been assembled by the indefatigable stranger, who placed himself behind them, and whispered, "Never mind, gentlemen, never mind, she is not the less the queen of France—let us salute her."

The little person who was the object of so much respect hastened with some anxiety through the last vestibule, entered the court-yard, and looked about for a coach or chair. Seeing none, she was about to set off on foot, when a groom approached, and said, "Shall I call Madame's carriage?"

"I have none," she replied.

"Madame came in a coach?"

"Yes."

"From the Rue Dauphine?"

"Yes."

"I will take Madame home."

"Do so, then," said she, deliberately, feeling only for a moment the uneasiness which this unexpected proposal would have caused any other woman.

The man made a sign, and a carriage drove up. He opened the door for her, and then said to the coachman, "To the Rue Dauphine." They set off, and when they had reached the Pont Neuf, the little lady, who liked very much this way of traveling, regretted that she did not live as far off as the Jardin-des-Plantes. They soon stopped, however; the footman handed her out, held out his hand for the key, opened the door to spare the little lady's fingers, and after seeing her safely inside the dark passage, bowed, and immediately drove off again.

"Really," said she to herself, "this is an agreeable adventure; it is very polite in Monsieur Mesmer. Oh, I am very tired! and he must have seen that. He is a great doctor"; saying these words, she

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mounted to the second story, and knocked at a door, which was quickly opened by an old woman.

"Oh, good-evening, mother! Is supper ready?"

"Yes, and growing cold."

"Has *he* come?"

"No, not yet; but the gentleman——"

"What gentleman?"

"He who was to speak to you this evening."

"To me?"

"Yes."

This colloquy took place in a kind of antechamber, with a glazed door, which opened into a large room fronting on the street. Through the glass could be distinctly seen the lamp which lighted this room, the aspect of which, if not exactly palatial, was at least comfortable. Old curtains of yellow silk, faded in places, a few chairs covered with green Utrecht velvet, and an old yellow sofa,—such was the magnificence of this apartment.

The young girl abruptly opened the glazed door, and saw seated upon the sofa a man of good appearance, rather stout than thin, who with a handsome white hand was toying with a very elegant lace frill. Although she did not recognize him, it was the same man whom we have seen taking so much interest in her at Mesmer's.

She had not time to question him, for he began immediately, " I know all that you are going to ask, and will tell you without asking. You are Mademoiselle Oliva, are you not?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"A charming person, highly nervous, and much interested in the system of Monsieur Mesmer."

"I have just left there."

"All this, however, your beautiful eyes are saying plainly, does not explain what brings me here, and that is what you wish most particularly to know?"

"You are right, Monsieur."

"Will you not do me the favour to sit down, or I shall be obliged to get up also, and in that way we could not talk at our ease."

"Really, Monsieur, you have very extraordinary manners," replied the young woman, whom we shall henceforth call Mademoiselle Oliva, since she deigned to answer to that name.

"Mademoiselle, I saw you just now at Monsieur Mesmer's, and found you to be all I could wish."

"Monsieur!"

"Do not alarm yourself, Mademoiselle! I do not tell you that I found you charming,—that would seem like a declaration of love, and I have no such thing in my mind. Do not draw back, I beg, or you will oblige me to scream as if to a deaf man."

"What do you want, then?" said Oliva, innocently.

"I know," continued the stranger, "that you are accustomed to being called beautiful; but I, who also think that you are so, have other things to talk to you about."

"Really, Monsieur, the manner in which you speak to me——"

"Do not get angry before you have heard me. Is there any one that can overhear us?"

"No, Monsieur, no one. But still——"

"Then if no one can hear, we can converse at our ease. What do you say to a little partnership between us?"

"A partnership? You must know——"

"Do not misunderstand; I do not say 'liaison'—I say 'partnership.' I am not talking of love, but of business."

"What kind of business?" said Oliva, with astonishment and at the same time with curiosity.

"What do you do all day long?"

"Why——"

"Do not be afraid; I am not here to accuse you; tell me what you please."

"I do nothing, or, at least, as little as possible."

"You are indolent."

"Oh!"

"That is right."

"Ah, you say it is right?"

"Certainly. What is it to me if you are indolent? Do you like walking?"

"Very much."

"To see sights, and go to balls?"

"Exceedingly."

"To live well?"

"Above all things."

"If I gave you twenty-five louis a month, would you refuse me?"

"Monsieur!"

"My dear Mademoiselle Oliva, now you are beginning to doubt me again, and it was agreed that you were to listen quietly. I will say fifty louis, if you like."

"I like fifty louis better than twenty-five; but what I like better than either is to be able to choose my own lover."

"*Morbleu!* but I have already told you that I do not desire to be your lover. Set your mind at ease about that."

"And I say, *morbleu!* too; what am I to do to earn my fifty louis?"

"You must receive me at your house, and always be glad to see me. Walk out with me whenever I desire it, and come to me whenever I send for you."

"But I have a lover, Monsieur."

"And what then?"

"What do you mean by 'what then'?"

"Well, dismiss him, *pardieu!*"

"Oh, Beausire cannot be sent away like that."

"Do you wish me to help you?"

"No; I love him."

"Oh!"

"A little."

"That is just a little too much."

"I cannot help it."

"Then Beausire can stay."

"You are very obliging, Monsieur."

"Well,—but do my conditions suit you?"

"Yes; if you have told me all."

"Listen, my dear; I have said all I wish to say now."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour. But there is one thing you must understand."

"And that is——"

"That should it be necessary, you must really be my mistress."

"Ah, you see; there can never be any necessity for that, Monsieur."

"But you will need only to appear to be so."

"Oh, as to that, I agree to it."

"Then that is settled; and here is the first month's pay in advance."

He held out the money, and as she still seemed to hesitate a little, slipped it himself into her pocket without even grazing that round and lithe form which the great connoisseurs of Spain would not have disdained as he did.

Scarcely had he done so, when a knock at the door made Oliva spring to the window. "Good God!" she cried; "escape quickly,—here he is!"

"Who?"

"Beausire,—my lover. Be quick, Monsieur!"

"Ah, upon my word, so much the worse!"

"What do you mean by 'so much the worse'? Why, he will tear you in pieces."

"Bah!"

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"Do you hear how he knocks?"

"Well, open the door. Why the devil do you not give him a pass-key?" And he sat down again on the sofa, saying to himself, "I must see this fellow, and judge what he is like."

The knocks became louder, and were mingled with oaths.

"Go, mother, and open the door," cried Oliva, in rage. "As for you, Monsieur, if any harm happens to you, it is your own fault."

"My own fault, as you say," observed the imperturbable unknown, without stirring from the sofa.

Oliva listened at the head of the stairs, with a palpitating heart.

CHAPTER XIX

MONSIEUR BEAUSIRE

OLIVA threw herself before the new-comer, a furious man, who with hands extended before him, pale face, and clothes in disorder, rushed into the room uttering hoarse imprecations.

"Beausire! Come, now, Beausire!" said she, in a tone that betrayed but little fear on the part of that courageous woman.

"Let me alone!" cried the man, roughly breaking loose from her. And lashing himself into greater fury, "Ah!" he said, "it is because there is a man here that the door was not opened! Ah! ah!"

The unknown remained on the sofa, calm and motionless. His attitude seemed to Beausire to betray indecision or even fright. He went up to him, grinding his teeth in a threatening manner. "I suppose you will answer me, Monsieur?" he said.

"What is it that you would like to have me tell you, my dear Monsieur Beausire?" replied the unknown.

"What are you doing here; and in the first place, who are you?"

"I am a quiet man at whom you are just now glaring terribly, and I was conversing with Madame, very properly."

"Certainly," murmured Oliva, "very properly."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Beausire.

"There, there!" said the unknown, "don't be so rude to Madame, who has done no wrong; and if you are angry——"

"Yes, I am angry!"

"He must have lost at cards," said Oliva, in a low tone.

"Death of all the devils!" bawled Beausire, "I am cleaned out!"

"And you would not be sorry to clean out some one else?" said the unknown, laughing. "That is easily understood, dear Monsieur Beausire."

"No more of your impudent pleasantry! Do me the favour to get out of this."

"Oh, Monsieur Beausire, indulgence!"

"Death of all the devils of hell! get up and be off, or I will smash the sofa and everything on it!"

"You did not tell me, Mademoiselle, that Monsieur Beausire was subject to these fits. Good Lord! what ferocity!"

Beausire, exasperated, made a theatrical gesture, and in drawing his sword, described with his arms and the blade a circle at least ten feet in circumference.

"Once more," he said, "get up, or I will nail you to the back of the sofa."

"Really you could not be more disagreeable," replied the unknown, quietly, and with his left hand drawing from its sheath a small sword which he had hidden behind the sofa.

Oliva uttered piercing shrieks.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, be quiet," said the man, calmly, holding his sword in his hand without rising from his seat,—"be quiet, or two things will happen: in the first place, you will confuse Monsieur Beausire, and he will be run through by my sword; in the second place, the watch will come up and carry you straight off to Saint Lazare."

Oliva exchanged her shrieks for a most expressive pantomime.

The scene that ensued was curious. Beausire, with his breast uncovered, half-drunk, and furious with rage, was making wild and unskilful passes at his adversary, who, still seated on the sofa, parried them with the utmost ease, laughing in a way to terrify Saint-Georges himself.

Beausire began to grow tired, and his anger had given place to an involuntary terror; for he reflected that if this man, who was now content to stand on the defensive, were to attack instead, he, Beausire, would be done for in a moment. Suddenly, however, the man by a skilful movement set Beausire's sword flying across the room; it went through an open window and fell into the street. Beausire did not know which way to look.

"Oh, Monsieur Beausire," said the unknown, "you should be more careful; if your sword should fall point downward on anyone he would be a dead man."

Beausire, recalled to himself, ran down at his utmost speed to get his sword, and prevent an accident which would have got him into trouble with the police. Meanwhile Oliva, seizing the hand of the victor, said, "Oh, Monsieur, you are very brave, but Monsieur Beausire is treacherous, and you compromise me by remaining; when you are gone he will certainly beat me."

"Then I will remain."

"Oh, no; when he beats me I beat him in return, and I always get the best of it, because I am not obliged to use any restraint; so if you would but go, Monsieur——"

"But my pretty one, if I go now, I shall meet Monsieur Beausire on the stairs; probably we shall fight again, and as I shall not feel inclined to stand on the staircase, I shall have to kill Monsieur Beausire or be killed by him."

"*Mon Dieu!* It is true; what a scandalous thing that would be!"

"Well, then, to avoid that, I will remain here."

"For the love of Heaven! go away; go up to the next story, and as soon as he returns, I will lock the door and take the key, and you can walk away while we fight it out."

"You are a charming girl; au revoir."

"Au revoir! until when?"

"To-night, if you please."

"To-night! are you mad?"

"*Pardi!* yes, to-night. Is there not a ball at the Opera to-night?"

"But it is now midnight."

"I know it, but what matters that to me?"

"We must have dominos."

"Beausire will procure them,—when you have beaten him."

"You are right," said Oliva, laughing.

"And here are ten louis to buy them with."

"Adieu! Adieu! Thanks!" And she pushed him toward the landing.

"Good! he is just closing the door below," said the unknown.

"There is only a latch and a bolt inside. Adieu! he is coming up."

"But if by chance he should beat you, how will you let me know?"

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She reflected a moment. "You have a servant?"

"Yes."

"Send him here, and let him wait under the window till I let a note fall."

"I will; adieu"; and he went upstairs.

Nothing could be easier, the stairway was dark, and Oliva drowned the sound of his footsteps by calling loudly to Beausire: "Are you coming back, madman?" Beausire while coming up the stairs was reflecting seriously upon the moral and physical superiority of this intruder,—so insolently established in a stranger's house. He at last reached the landing-place where Oliva was waiting for him. His sword was in its scabbard, and he was thinking up a speech.

Oliva seized him by the shoulders, pushed him into the antechamber and double-locked the door as she had promised.

The unknown, before leaving the house, could hear the beginning of the combat, in which might be distinguished by their sharp sound, like brass instruments in a orchestra, that kind of blows called vulgarly and by onomatopœia, slaps. With these slaps were mingled screams and reproaches.

"Indeed," said the unknown, moving away, "I would not have believed that this woman, so terrified just now at the return of the master, possessed such power of resistance."

The unknown lost no time in awaiting the conclusion of the scene. "There is too much heat in the beginning for it to last long," he said, and he turned into the Rue d'Anjou-Dauphine, where he found his carriage waiting. He spoke a word to one of his servants, who left the carriage and took up a position opposite Oliva's windows, hiding himself in the deep shadow of a small piazza overhanging the entrance of an old house.

In this position the servant could see, on the curtains of the window, two shadows which at first were greatly agitated, and gave him some idea of what was going on inside. The shadows became quieter by degrees, and at last only one remained.

(*To be continued*)

The Rose of Sharon

[*This unique love letter, written by an unknown lover in humble life, was picked up on the beach at Sidmouth, England, in 1887 by Mrs. William De Morgan: "Later that same year Burne-Jones made merry with the bride and groom" over its appropriateness.* William De Morgan and his Wife. A. M. W. STIRLING.]

MY DEAREST MAREY,—'i be verry well and appey to inform you that i be very well at present and i hope you be the same dear Marey—i be verry sorry to hear how as you don't like your quarters as i chant be able to look on your dear face so offen as i have done dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly loveley Rose of Sharon. Dear Marey, dear Marey i hant got now know particler noose to tell ye at present but my sister that marryd have got such a nice lettel babey, and i wish how as that our littel affare was settled and we had got such a nice lettel dear two.

Dearest Marey i shall not be appy till then Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. Sometimes i do begin to despare as i am affraid our not will never be tide but my Master have prommist i how as that when i git ye he will putt ye in the Darey yard to feed the Piggs and ge ye *atin pens* a week Dearest Marey puer and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. i be comming over tomorrow to by the Ring and you must come to the stayshun to mete me and bring a pese of string with you the size of your finggar and be shure you don't make A miss take dear Marey.

Father is A going to ge us a beddsted and Granny A 5 lb note to by such as washin stand fier irons mouse trap and Sope, and wee must wayte till wee can by carpetting and glass crackery ware and chiney. Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely rose of Sharon. i be very appy to say our old Sow As got 7 young uns laste nite and Father is a going to ge us A roosester for our Weding Brakefest Dearest Marey pure and holey meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. So no more at present from your fewture and loving husband

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

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Some Persons of Importance

[I'm not quite sure whether these "Persons" have been pro- or demoted by their shift in position in the magazine. The "department" formerly reposed like an alien, perhaps even fossil, fly amid the pure amber of Advertising behind the Contents page; and while it is the custom in some publishing offices to refer to the run-over text that trickles through the advertising pages as "contaminated matter," I fear Mr. Kipling was more nearly correct when (his thrifty American publisher having mailed him a batch of American magazines with the advertising sections torn off, to save postage) he wrote back indignantly, "if you must save mailing weight in sending me magazines, for heaven's sake tear out the text."

Anyhow, this will henceforth be the home of these fragmentary notes on the great writers (and some not-so-great, yet interesting) whose work makes the GOLDEN BOOK *whatever it is.*

H. W. L.]

MR. CHAUNCEY THOMAS relates that he wrote "The Snow Story" one broiling August afternoon of 1900, in Washington, D. C., "while stretched full length on the grass under a tree, just to cool off"—intending it merely as an account in fiction form of how he had crossed Berthoud Pass six years previously in a February blizzard. (This is up in that prodigious Colorado country, northwest of Denver, where a "pass" is apt to be several thousand feet higher than Mt. Washington or Mt. Mitchell, and where rise the wonders of the Continental Divide and the Rocky Mountain National Park.)

The tale was published next year, somewhat ruthlessly edited, in *McClure's*,—which received some twenty-two hundred letters about it during the first week after its appearance—and has since been reprinted in many places and several languages.

Naturally enough, for there is a quite startling authenticity in it: suddenly one lives, with the narrator, through these life-and-death experiences among Nature's stark immensities; it would be hard to name any piece of modern fiction which in similar space more vividly translates one into utterly unfamiliar and most dramatic surroundings, so that the flabbiest stay-at-home feels he has participated in each swift turn of emotion, each awed sight of the high mountains lashed by the storm.

Mr. Thomas was born in Denver in 1872. He has been cowboy, hunter and rancher in the Rockies; newspaper man, magazine editor (on *McClure's*, *Smart Set*, *Success*, the Munsey publications, and *Outdoor Life* from 1913-25), lecturer and writer on frontier history and ballistics (he's an expert revolver shot) as well as of fiction. We shall publish at least two other stories by him, one a tale declared twenty-five years ago to have "a new plot in the world's literature." Certainly this yarn, "Six Pounds Short," has a distinctly new twist in detective-story complications.

One unique tribute to "The Snow Story" came some years ago when the United States Government named a Colorado peak "Mt. Chauncey" after the author.

THE name made so famous (his victims called it notorious) by the son of a Paris notary, François Marie Arouet, was apparently as much his own creation as were those living characters in the satire of *Candide*. Characteristically, the young iconoclast found himself, at the age of twenty-two in the Bastille—for writing lampoons upon the Regent; and during his two years' imprisonment in that grim fortress he revised his first tragedy, *Œdipe*,

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began another, the *Henriade*, and decided that the name which had landed him where he was had become a liability: so, with plenty of time for reflection, he worked out an elusive anagram on Arouet l. J. (*le jeune*), whereby, *u's* being equivalent to *v's*, and *j's* to *i's*, he emerged from captivity in April, 1718, as Voltaire. And he proceeded, for a term of sixty years, to write that name all over eighteenth-century French literature in letters as large and far more durable, than those now made by the airplane sky-writer.

Indeed, as John Morley well put it, "Voltaire was the very eye of eighteenth-century illumination. It was he who conveyed to his generation in a multitude of forms the consciousness at once of the power and the rights of human intelligence."

That biography by Morley, though written over half a century ago—long before this highly exploited "new biography" began to borrow its seasoning from historical romance—is still a living presentation of the great Frenchman as a world force:

> When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, or the Reformation.
>
> The existence, character, and career of this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. The peculiarities of his individual genius changed the mind and spiritual conformation of France, and in a less degree of the whole of the West, with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deeplying collective forces. A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times. We may think of Voltairism in France somewhat as we think of Catholicism or the Renaissance or Calvinism. It was one of the cardinal liberations of the growing race, one of the emphatic manifestations of some portion of the minds of men, which an immediately foregoing system and creed had either ignored or outraged. . . .
>
> Another might well have said of him what he magnanimously said of his famous contemporary, Montesquieu, that humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them.
>
> The four-score volumes which he wrote are the monument, as they were in some sort the instrument, of a new renascence. They are the fruit and representation of a spirit of encyclopedic curiosity and productiveness. Hardly a page of all these countless leaves is common form. Hardly a sentence is there which did not come forth alive from Voltaire's own mind, or which was said because some one had said it before. His works, as much as those of any man that ever lived and thought, are truly his own.

It is beyond question that on reading even a little satire like "Micromegas" one experiences an extraordinary liberation of mind. In the streaming light of this radiant intellect, irrational prejudices and blindly-accepted notions become too grotesque to hamper one's ideas any longer. That is an exciting and desirable sensation.

Incidentally, one is apt to conclude, after a few tastes of these "four-score volumes," that the earnest analysts of historical thought who have tried to trace the origins of American independence and our first national sailing charts, have credited too little to the general awakening of reason in which Voltaire led during the half century preceding 1776.

THE name of Edward Henry Peple (1869-1924) always brings to my mind the vision of a pleasant-faced bookkeeper whom I used to notice working away in the accounting department of Doubleday, Page & Company, just about twenty-five years ago. All of a sudden he disappeared—and it became known that he was the author of a successful play! From 1902, when *The Prince Chap* made a distinct hit on Broadway, until 1921 some sixteen of his plays were produced, besides half a dozen novels, mostly on the same themes as his stage work.

Peple was a Virginian, educated in Richmond, but spent most of his working life in New York. He had a real gift for the theater, and his one-act plays (like *The Girl* in this issue) are highly ingenious in their stagecraft.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is still something of a fighting word. Some of the forwards have maintained that he is the Hope of American Letters—while his name and work are anathema to a group which still insists that art must be Moral or the nation perishes. Personally I find myself growing less and less certain about some of these basic questions; I cannot help remembering Eleanor Hoyt's French restaurant-keeper discussing whether

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or no the poor, charming little waitress had "gone to Hell"— "As for me, I do not know: it is my wife who has ze inforr-mas-ion."

I do know there is one group of readers, small or large, who feel they have something of a grievance against Mr. Anderson—the said complaint being to my mind quite a compliment in itself. These folk were mightily impressed by some of the tales in *Winesburg, Ohio*, and in other earlier books; they felt a magnificent freshness, verity, and almost mystical passion in the author's point of view and expression; and they insist that while they were quite ready to go almost anywhere with such an inspiring leader—they have begun to doubt if the leader knows where he is going!

Take *Dark Laughter*, says one of these objectors. The "seeking" hero finally discovers the woman who belongs to him. And these two just walk out of the picture together That's too, too easy—even though the author does casually remark that now Bruce and Aline "would be compelled to face new problems, a new kind of life." What I want to know is, what happened when the lady discovers that a wandering, mystical workman's wages will by no means support her in the manner to which a mill-owner's wife has been accustomed. And oh, so many, many other obvious matters, which the least adult experience of life as it exists must suggest.

It's perhaps a fair demand of one who sweeps into the scrap-basket so many of the conventions by which Americans order their lives. Certainly, however, it implies a quality of writing which must be taken far more seriously than that which produces most of the 7,450 new books that the year 1927 poured upon American readers. And I, for one, can testify that there are few contemporaries from whom I can be so sure of getting a mental "jolt" as from Mr. Anderson.

He was born in Camden, Ohio, in 1876, and educated in the public schools. (His brother, Karl, has been a well-known illustrator and portrait painter for many years.) His first book was *Windy McPherson's Son* (1916); then followed: *Marching Men* (1917) *Mid-American Chants*, a volume of poems (1918); *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919); *Poor White* (1920); *The Triumph of the Egg* (1921); *Many Marriages* (1922); *Horses and Men* (1923); *A Story Teller's Story* (1924); *Dark Laughter* (1925); and *Notebook*, and *Tar, a Midwest Childhood* (1926).

In the fall of 1927 it was announced that Mr. Anderson had bought a small country newspaper, *The Smyth News*, in the town of Marion, Virginia, where he had been living for a couple of years; and the large city dailies have since then quoted at times from a column, "What Say," which he seems to keep for his own personal expression. In disclaiming an intention of doing anything radically different in his new venture, the author-editor remarked:

> The paper is owned and edited in every way, except politically, by Sherwood Anderson, sometimes favourably, often unfavourably, known as a novelist and story-teller. He does not claim to be a poet. . . .
>
> We cannot expect to revolutionize life here. I would, however, like it if everything done in this shop can be done partially for the pleasure of doing it well.

We can all wish strength to his elbow in that. And all who are sensitive to vigorous writing and a personality will be looking for Mr. Anderson's next development.

SOME years ago, becoming interested in that ancient problem of the homing instinct in birds, I set about finding out how much science knew about it. Quite a mass of books and pamphlets was gathered, yet a careful perusal left me little wiser than when I started. But the one item which did produce some illumination was a pamphlet or two (issued by the Carnegie Institution) by a professor of psychology, John Broadus Watson. This gentleman had been attracted by the problem—and his common sense method of attacking it was to go down to the Dry Tortugas islands and make a series of precise experiments with the terns that nest there—"noddies" and "boobies"! His results were necessarily not conclusive (a vast amount of work would be needed for that), but at least one felt that here were some actual facts, checked scientifically,—one little piece of solid footing for a bewildered student.

I confess that experience made me all the more interested when, about 1912, this same Dr. Watson announced a new method of approach to the study of human psychology which

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he christened "Behaviorism," and which he has expounded in: *Behavior*, 1914; *Psychology from the Standpoint of the Behaviorist*, 1919; and *Behaviorism*, 1925, as well as in magazine articles. Likewise, his enthusiastic followers, notably Dr. George A. Dorsey, have applied and extended his system.

I confess that, while I have no right to an opinion, I find myself unable to accept some of the extreme conclusions of the school. But Dr. Watson himself, with the "sweet reasonableness" of a genuine scientist, does not object to that in the least, even from an ignoramus. Limit the application of the idea all you want, he would declare; here, in this band where we agree the method is operative, is matter to be discovered, codified and applied, which is of infinite significance to human beings. These results show that with more such knowledge one can make men and women in almost any mould which society considers desirable. Their possibilities in education are simply incalculable.

It's hard to escape from that conclusion—which is a main reason for printing here Dr. Watson's own explanation of just what Behaviorism is.

Incidentally, the author has practically abandoned the close laboratory work from which his narrated results have been drawn. Since 1924 he has been vice-president of one of the largest advertising agencies—a striking example of a man applying to every-day business problems the training of twenty-five years in "pure science."

IT'S something of a surprise to find one's misdeeds displayed in the morning newspaper "column" from which one is trying to get one good laugh to start the day right! As witness this reproof which stared me in the face recently in "The Conning Tower":

SIR: In an article about our Presidents as authors, the GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE reprints on page 404 of its March issue a limerick that it ascribed to Woodrow Wilson. Probably you know it:

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far;
But my face, I don't mind it
Because I'm behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.

This was written by Anthony Euwer and appears in his book, "Rhymes of Our Valley," with a note to the effect that it was first printed in the Pittsburgh Index about 1898. President Wilson had a habit of reciting it. I think that it's about time that Euwer received exclusive credit.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

Mea culpa—and profuse apologies, both to President Wilson and Mr. Euwer.

H. W. L.

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